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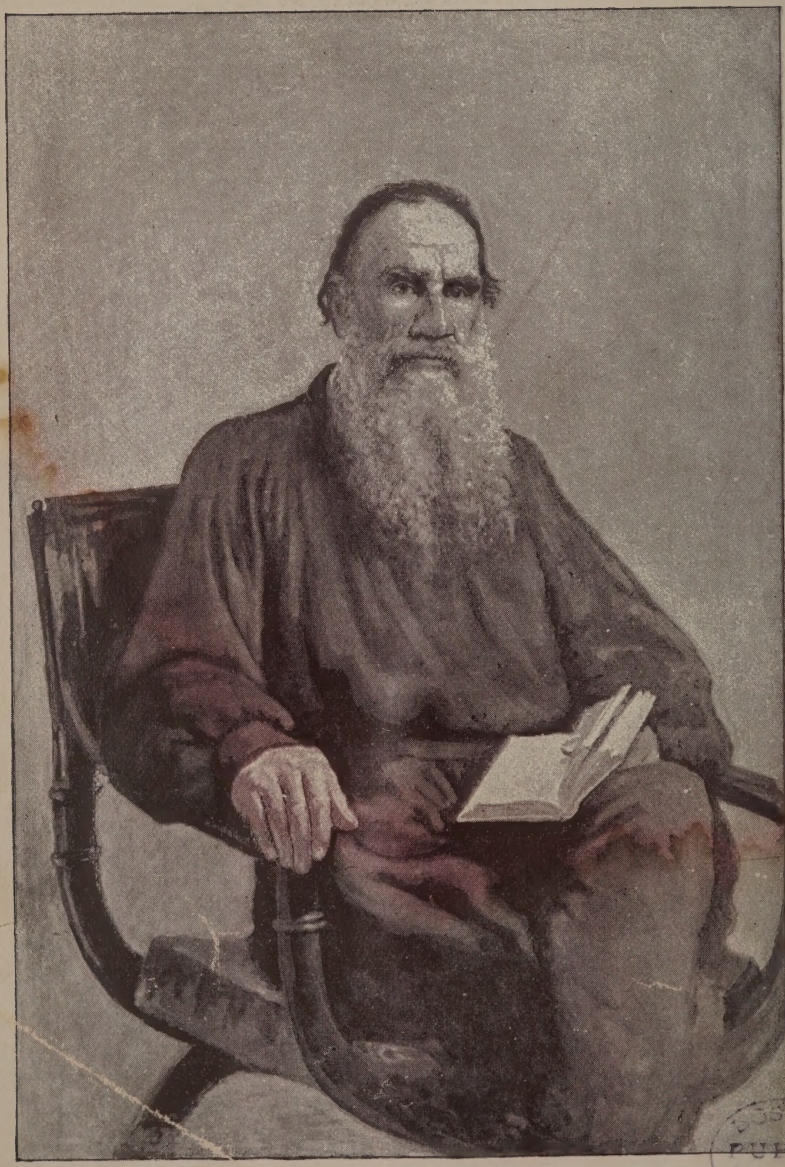

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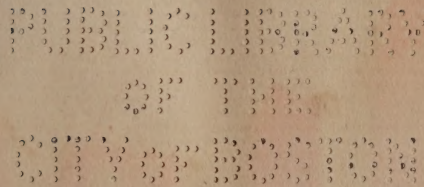

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THE ARENA.

No. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1890.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE.

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ AND THE REV. ADIN BALLOU. UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE COMPILED BY REV. LEWIS G. WILSON.

THE following correspondence between Count Leo Tolstoï and the late Rev. Adin Ballou is, at the present moment, of commanding interest. To such as may have supposed that the most conspicuous figure in Russian letters and reform had no prototype in the championship of Non-Resistance — in so far as that doctrine is a result of New Testament interpretation — it will be worthy of note that such a man has just passed from our midst at the ripe old age of eighty-seven. For more than sixty years Mr. Ballou labored earnestly in the interests of non-resistance, drawing his inspiration from the New Testament, after much the same process of reasoning at present so ably emphasized by the great Russian novelist and ascetic. And it is a fact worth engaging the attention of all students of social advancement, that, during the last year, these two men have come into personal intellectual contact, and the main features of their respective views of the above doctrine have been laid side by side before us.

Two minds of more than ordinary power are here discussing the same question. But one is the product of New England, and the other of Russian antecedents and traditions. Mr. Ballou is the offspring of many generations (beginning with the remarkable struggles of the Huguenots) of political and reli-

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gious independence. Count Tolstoï is the subject of an extreme reaction against the surveillance and oppression of the Russian civil and military system. These two men compare their views upon the subject of non-resistance, and it may well be left to the reader whether the one evinces the maturity of judgment and calm reason resulting from generations of unretarded intellectual freedom, or whether the other displays the intense and impatient mental condition of one who arrives at the same truths within the space of a few years of a single generation. That the reader may also have a just idea of the men engaging in this correspondence it will be well to present a very brief account of Mr. Ballou's interesting career.

As early as the year 1830 Mr. Ballou had espoused the cause of "Christian Non-Resistance." To it he gave the strength and fervor of brilliant intellectual abilities, and in the year 1841, with about thirty followers, established the "Hopedale Community" in the township of Mendon, some thirty miles west of Boston. Space will not admit of an extended account of the high ideals, gratifying achievements, and subsequent failure of this enterprise. In the words of its founder it started out under the following principles. "It was not designed or expected that Hopedale should ever become an incorporated body-politic under any human government, however otherwise good, which requires its subjects, at its behest, to slaughter human beings in war, or to train for that purpose in armies, navies, and militias, or to inflict death on criminals, or to resort to deadly force against offenders, or, under any pretext whatsoever, to do unto any class of mankind what they would not have done unto themselves, or to violate in any respect the plain precepts and examples of Jesus Christ. It was strictly a practical Christian movement, conscientiously and unselfishly regardful of individual, social, and universal welfare." It received inspiration from the teachings of the New Testament as indicated in the beatitudes and kindred instructions, and it attempted in itself and in its relations with the world in general to carry out and apply literally such injunctions as the following: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil thus with evil."

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven." "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve," etc. This Community continued to flourish for fourteen years. "It gradually increased in numbers and resources, amid innumerable difficulties," until its membership aggregated "three hundred souls, dwelling in fifty houses, on a domain of more than five hundred acres, with a respectable array of homely, but serviceable mills, shops, and conveniences. We had also a schoolhouse, chapel, and a library of several hundred volumes. We had a handsome village site with good streets, where rough places had been made smooth, and crooked things straight. And our total capital had risen to over ninety thousand dollars."

Without entering further into most interesting details concerning the history of the Hopedale Community, let it suffice to say that in the year 1856, owing to various complications of both a financial and moral nature, it was dissolved. Its property was absorbed by some of its wealthier members, and henceforth it became a village, and then a municipality of the usual type. Its founder survived all the shocks and vicissitudes of the enterprise, and continued for many years to apply, in his own dealings with his fellowmen, the great moral fundamentals upon which it was established. Several books have come from his hand, the most important among them being "Christian Non-resistance," "Practical Christian Socialism," "Primitive Christianity and its Corruptions," etc., all of which are now out of print. Some time in June of last year (1889), the writer, being impressed by the similarity between the teachings and opinions of Count Tolstoï and those of Mr. Ballou, resolved to send the former some of the above mentioned works, together with a photograph of the latter, a letter of explanation, etc., believing that Tolstoï, in his lonely attitude before the world,

would receive encouragement and strength were he to know that, almost upon the other side of the globe there dwelt a man who could fully sympathize with him, and had for many years been identified, in the main, with the great truths for which he stood. That the writer was not mistaken the following letter from Count Tolstoï, received in July (1889), fully indicates: —

Dear Sir : — I have seldom experienced so much gratification as I had in reading Mr. Ballou's treatise and tracts. I cannot agree with those who say that Mr. Ballou "will not go down to posterity among the immortals." I think that because he has been one of the first true apostles of the "New Time" — he will be in the future acknowledged as one of the chief benefactors of humanity. If, in his long and seemingly unsuccessful career, Mr. Ballou has experienced moments of depression in thinking that his efforts have been vain, he has only partaken of the fate of his and our Master.

Tell him, please, that his efforts have not been vain. They give great strength to people, as I can judge from myself. In those tracts I found all the objections that are generally made against "non-resistance" victoriously answered, and also the true basis of the doctrine. I will endeavor to translate and propagate as much as I can, the works of Mr. Ballou, and I not only hope, but am convinced, that the time is come, "when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."

The only comments that I wish to make on Mr. Ballou's explanation of the doctrine, are, firstly, that I cannot agree with the concession that he makes for employing violence against drunkards and insane people. The Master made no concessions, and we can make none. We must try, as Mr. Ballou puts it, to make impossible the existence of such persons, but if they are — we must use all possible means, sacrifice ourselves, but not employ violence. A true Christian will always prefer to be killed by a madman, rather than to deprive him of his liberty. Secondly, that Mr. Ballou does not decide more categorically the question of *property*, for a true Christian not only cannot claim any rights of property, but the term "property" cannot have any signification for him. All that he uses, a Christian only uses till somebody takes it from him. He cannot defend his property, so he cannot have any. Property has been Achilles' heel for the Quakers, and also for the Hopedale Community. Thirdly, I think that for a true Christian, the term "government" (very properly defined by Mr. Ballou) cannot have any signification and reality. Government is for a Christian only regulated violence; governments, states, nations, property, churches, — all these for a true Christian are only words without

meaning; he can understand the meaning other people attach to those words, but for him they have none, just as for a business man if he were to come in the middle of a cricket party, all the divisions of the ground, and regulations of the game, could have no importance or influence upon his activity. No compromise! Christian principles must be pursued to the bottom, to be able to support practical life. The saying of Christ that, "*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me*," was true in His time, and is true in ours; a follower of Christ must be ready to be poor and suffer; if not he cannot be his disciple, and "non-resistance" implies it all. Moreover, the *necessity* of suffering for a Christian is a great good, because otherwise, we could never know, if what we are doing we are doing for God, or for ourselves.

The application of every doctrine is always a compromise, but the doctrine in theory cannot allow compromises; although we know we never can draw a mathematically straight line, we will never make another definition of a straight line than "the shortest distance between two points."

. . . . . .

"*I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I, if it be already kindled?*" I think that this time is coming, and that the world is on fire, and our business is only to keep ourselves burning; and if we can communicate with other burning points, that is the work which I intend to do for the rest of my life. Many thanks for your letter, and for Mr. Ballou's portrait and books. Please tell him that I deeply respect and love him, and that his work did great good to my soul, and I pray and hope that I may do the same to others. Your brother in Christ, LEO TOLSTOY.

The foregoing letter, in-so-far as it treated the question of non-resistance, appeared to Mr. Ballou to exceed the limit of practical good sense. Being somewhat in doubt as to whether he fully understood Tolstoï upon certain points, and wishing also to make some inquiries concerning several suggestions in the work, "My Religion," he addressed the following letter to the Count, on January 14, 1890:—

Dear Sir and Brother:—

I gratefully appreciate your approval of my work on Christian Non-Resistance and your fraternal sympathy with me therein, as expressed in your letter of July 5, 1889, to Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, of this place. I am an old man of little distinction or fame in this world, and must soon pass into the realm of the Invisible where the ambitious of this world are of small account. It gives me little concern to know that a mere handful of mankind concur

with me in this sublime doctrine and that the vast multitude, even in the so-called Christian church and state, hold it in contempt; for I am none the less certain it is divinely true and excellent, and will finally prevail.

I have candidly considered your exceptions to some of my definitions and qualifications of Christian Non-Resistance, and do not complain of your frank dissent from them. Such differences are to be expected among free and independent minds. But I am obliged to say with the same fraternal frankness, that I am confirmed in my persuasion that on the minor points of difference between us I am in the right. I desire therefore, briefly, to defend my positions as against yours. In this I am sure you will indulge me.

1. You say, "I cannot agree with the concession that he makes for employing violence against drunkards and insane people: the Master made no concessions and we must make none." I made no concessions for employing *violence* in any case; but for employing uninjurious, benevolent physical force, in the cases alluded to, where the absolute welfare of all the parties concerned should be scrupulously regarded. I make no concession to killing, injuring, or harming any human being. What I approved, is not only sanctioned but dictated by the law of pure good will. This class of cases includes all cases of delirium, partial delirium, and passional outrage wherein the assailant, as well as the victim, will have reason for thankfulness that beneficent restraint and prevention was imposed. There are multitudes of such cases in human experience; and the employment of beneficent physical restraint in such cases must not be confounded with the popular doctrine that it is right to employ deadly physical force against human offenders and enemies. *This* is the resistance of evil which Christ forbade.

2. You say, "The Master made no concessions and we must make none." True, he made no concessions allowing us to employ vindictive, or deadly, or harmful force against our human offenders and enemies, and we must make none. The use and employment of such forces had been sanctioned by law and custom from time immemorial as necessary and right for the resistance of evil doers. It is still the fundamental assumption of all legislators, governments and worldly-minded individuals. But Christ uncompromisingly prohibited it. What then? Did he ever prohibit the resistance of evil by uninjurious and beneficent forces of any kind, physical or moral? Never! And to construe his precept, "Resist not evil," as meaning absolute passivity to all manner of evil, because he made no specific qualifications, is to ignore the context and make him the author of self-evident absurdity. The context clearly shows what kind of resistance of

evil had been sanctioned by law and custom, and what he meant to abrogate. And it shows exactly the application and limitations of his precepts. It means neither less nor more than the context plainly indicates. And enlightened reason goes the same length.

3. You say, "The application of every doctrine is always a compromise, but the doctrine or theory cannot allow compromise, etc." I am not sure that I understand this statement. If I do, it means that no doctrine, theory, or precept can be carried out in practice without compromise. If this be your meaning, I must dissent. In ethics, I think no doctrine, theory, or prescribed duty is sound that cannot be put in practice uncompromisingly. And it seems to me to be a dangerous concession to make to human tergiversation, that a moral precept strictly right is expected to be compromised in application to actual practice. Religionists and moralists the world over, have ever been professing to hold sacred many great precepts — such as the Second Commandment and Golden Rule —yet wholly violating them on this very ground that, as the world is, they cannot be applied and lived out without compromise. Should we — non-resistants — go and do likewise? — be rigid in statement of our doctrine, yet lax and inconsistent in practice?

4. You say, "True Christians will always prefer to be killed by a madman rather than to deprive him of his liberty." And by parity of reason from the same principle, I suppose you must say, a true Christian, if watching with a delirious sick man would prefer to see him kill his wife, children, and best friends, rather than restrain or help restrain him by uninjurious physical force of his insane liberty. What precept of Christ makes insane liberty thus sacred? Or what dictate of enlightened reason, humanity, or fraternal love demands such conduct towards the insane?

5. You say, "A true Christian not only cannot claim any rights of property, but the term 'property' cannot have any signification for him; all that he uses, a Christian only uses until somebody takes it from him." But food, raiment, and shelter are necessaries of mortal existence to Christians as to all human beings. They are indispensable material goods to this extent at least. Jesus said, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." If they are necessaries of mortal life, they certainly have a very important "signification." Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." When they have been "added" to true Christians according to the will of the Father, whose are they? Are they not the rightful property of those who possess them? — to whom God has "added" them? as truly theirs as their bodily faculties — for the

just use of which they are morally responsible — and which no human beings have any right to deprive them of by fraud or force?

Yet, you say, "A true Christian cannot claim any rights of property. . . . All that he uses, a Christian only uses till somebody takes it from him." But has anybody a right to take it from him at will? Is there no such thing as theft, robbery, extortion, or crime against property, against which a true Christian may protest? On the other hand, is there no such thing as a true Christian having any property to give away in alms or charity, according to Christ's injunction? I do not so understand Christ or the dictates of reason, or the law of love.

6. You say, "Government is, for a Christian, only regulated violence . . . governments, states, nations, property, churches — all these for a true Christian are only words without meaning, etc." But these are realities, we cannot ignore them as nonentities. They are outgrowths from nature, however crude and defective. Man is a social being by natural constitution, he is not and never can be a solitary, independent, individual being. He must, and will be inevitably more or less a socialist. Families, governments, states, nations, churches, and communities, always have existed, and always will. Christ came to establish the highest order of governmental association, a purely fraternal social order — a church "against which the gates of hell should not prevail." For this he lived and died. No-governmentism, non-organizationism, sheer individualism, is no part of true Christianity. It is impossible, unnatural, irrational — a chaos. We should aim with our Master, to transform by the moral forces of divine, fundamental principles uncompromisingly lived out, all barbaric, semi-barbaric, and unchristian social organizations into his ideal one, the true church, wherein the greatest are least and all in unity of spirit with him, as he with the universal Father. If in this holy aim we must dissent from the selfish and warlike multitude, let us follow him even unto death, till the final triumph arrive. These are my highest convictions of truth and righteousness.

Permit me to add a few queries on some positions assumed in your work entitled "My Religion."

1. Concerning the Son of Man you say,— "The son of man is homogeneous (of the same race) with God." (p. 125.) "The son of man is the light in every man that ought to illuminate his life." "This light is reason, which alone should be the object of our worship, since it alone can show us the way to true well-being." (p. 126.) "The son of man, endowed with true kingly authority will call upon the faithful to inherit the true life; they have fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, clothed and consoled the wretched, and in so doing they have ministered to the son of man who is the same in all men. They have not lived the

personal life, but the life of the son of man, and they are given the life eternal." (pp. 142-3.)

Query. If the son of man is "homogeneous with God," is the light from heaven given to illuminate — is *reason*, which alone should be worshipped — how is it in any sense of man? Is it not of God, or rather the very God himself? But if it is God how can it need or receive ministrations from men, for which it should return compensation? Are not these ministrations said to be rendered, by human beings personally, to human persons? Are not givers and receivers said to be personally blest? Again, did not Christ uniformly represent himself as personally the son of man? Once more,— Is reason really and absolutely God, alone to be worshipped? Is it not rather a faculty of God, and also finitely of the human soul? Pardon these queries of an unmystical mind.

2. Concerning individual conscious existence after death, etc., you say — "Strange as it may seem, Jesus, who is supposed to have been raised in person, and to have promised a general resurrection—Jesus not only said nothing in affirmation of individual resurrection and individual immortality beyond the grave, but on the contrary, every time he met with this superstition, he did not fail to deny its truth." (p. 143.) "Jesus affirmed only this, that whoever lives in God will be united with God; and he admitted no other idea of the resurrection. As to personal resurrection, strange as it may appear to those who have never studied the Gospels for themselves, Jesus said nothing about it whatever." (p. 144.) I have diligently studied the Gospels for myself more than seventy-five years, and these assertions are so utterly contrary to the sense in which I have understood many passages in those Gospels, that had I familiar opportunity to question you, I fear I should be troublesome. But as I have no such opportunity, I will content myself with the following inquiries, "Will the most righteous derive any conscious good from their faithfulness, except here in this present mortal existence? If united to God, as you express it, will they have any consciousness of it after physical death? And as the vast majority of mankind abide in spiritual death, disunited from God, and have no opportunity for improvement after death, of what value is their personal existence at all? And what credit does such an abortive existence reflect on their Creator?

Trusting that your Christian consideration will make generous allowance for the freedom with which I have addressed you and for even any seeming impertinences, I remain, with high esteem and Christian affection,

Your friend and brother,

ADIN BALLOU.

In answer to the foregoing, Mr. Ballou received the following letter on March 26, 1890, from Count Tolstoï.

Dear Friend and Brother: —

I will not argue with your objections. It would not bring us to anything. Only one point which I did not put clearly enough in my last letter I must explain to avoid misunderstanding. It is about compromise. I said that compromise, inevitable in practice, cannot be admitted in theory. What I mean is this: Man never attains perfection, but only approaches it. As it is impossible to trace in reality a mathematically straight line, and as every such line is only an approach to the latter, so is every degree of perfection attainable by man only an approach to the perfection of the Father, which Christ showed us the way to emulate. Therefore, in reality, every deed of the best man and his whole life will be always only a practical compromise — a resultant between his feebleness and his striving to attain perfection. And such a compromise in practice is not a sin, but a necessary condition of every Christian life. The great sin is the compromise in *theory*, is the plan to lower the ideal of Christ in view to make it attainable. And I consider the admission of force (be it even benevolent) over a madman (the great difficulty is to give a strict definition of a madman) to be such a theoretical compromise. In not admitting this compromise I run the risk only of my death, or the death of other men who can be killed by the madman; but death will come sooner or later, and death in fulfilling the will of God is a blessing (as you put it yourself in your book); but in *admitting* this compromise I run the risk of acting quite contrary to the law of Christ — which is worse than death. As soon as I admit in principle my right to property, I necessarily will try to keep it from others, and to increase it, and therefore will deviate very far from the ideal of Christ.

Only when I profess daringly that a Christian cannot have any property, will I not in practice come near to the ideal of Christ in this instance? There is a striking example of such a deviation in theory about anger (Matt. v. 22) where the added word "without any cause" has justified and justifies still, every intolerance, punishment, and evil, which have been and are so often done by nominal Christians. The more we keep in mind the idea of a straight line, viz., the shortest distance between two points — the nearer we will come to trace in reality a straight line. The purer we will keep the ideal of Christ's perfection in its unattainableness, the nearer we will in reality come to it.

Allow me not to argue upon several dogmatical differences of opinion about the meaning of the words "son of God," about

personal life after death and about resurrection. I have written a large work on the translation and explanation of the Gospels in which I exposed all I think on those subjects. Having, at the time — ten years ago — given all the strength of my soul for the conception of those questions, I cannot now change my views without verifying them anew. But the differences of opinion on these subjects seem to me of little consequence. I firmly believe that if I concentrated all my powers to the fulfilment of the Master's will which is so clearly expressed in his words and in my conscience, and nevertheless, should not guess quite rightly the aims and plans of the Master whom I serve, he would still not abandon me — and do the best for me.

I would be very grateful to you should you send me a line. . . . . Two of your tracts are very well translated into Russian and propagated among believers, and richly appreciated by them. With deep veneration and tender love, I remain,

Your brother and friend,

LEO TOLSTOY.

In accordance with the request in the closing paragraph of the above letter, Mr. Ballou sent a reply filled with friendly sentiments, and closing with the following words: —

It [the doctrine of non-resistance] is leavening many minds, but the bewitching influence of politics and the temporal advantage which the old system, founded on deadly compulsion, affords to multitudes of professional aspirants, are almost omnipotent. The one and almost only argument I encounter is, Your doctrine is heavenly, grand, and Christ-like, but it is impractical as society *is*. We must have government, hold office, and make money. So church, state, and the political multitude are anchored securely in compulsory civilization until the millennium!

But none of these seductions swerve me a hair's breadth from Him who is "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." And I am confident of two conclusions. First, that Christianity will never enter its promised land till the nominal church re-embraces non-resistance as its capstone; and second, that this doctrine will finally be thus re-embraced. It is now accounted foolishness, but will prove to be the "Wisdom of God." It is now set at naught by the builders, but will yet become "the headstone of the corner."

Wishing you benedictions, divine and innumerable, I remain your friend and brother in Christ Jesus, evermore,

ADIN BALLOU.

After a brief illness, Mr. Ballou breathed his last on Aug. 5, 1890. He retained his mental powers, undiminished in

vigor, up to within a short time of his death. The foregoing correspondence was his last utterance upon a subject to which he had given more than half a century of earnest thought and labor, and for which he had suffered a vast deal of persecution and misrepresentation. "Your tidings," wrote the daughter of Count Tolstoï, upon hearing of Mr. Ballou's death, "are very sad, and my father is deeply grieved."

THEN AND NOW.

BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, D. D.

THE New York *Nation* some time since made the comprehensive remark that the difference between the hut of the barbarian and the modern lady's drawing room marked the whole advance of human civilization. It means all the difference between a talking animal, and a cultured, noble, Christian woman. The hut was only a place to eat and sleep in, and to keep out the weather. The home is for head, and heart, and spirit. Every noble faculty is appealed to to be satisfied.

If any creature on earth has reason for exultant, tearful, heavenward-rising thankfulness, it is the modern woman. Never in all the world's history has she been so free from burdens, so exalted in privileges as to-day. This nineteenth century is the era of her coronation. To-day she stands queen of herself and of the world.

In the palmiest days of the "good old times" the only woman who was allowed any privileges or culture was the courtesan. The wife's home was a prison, and her hands alone were of value. Whether or not she had any brains she was not permitted to discover; and this has held substantially true, the world over, until within the last hundred years; and the most convincing proof of this is the character of the books of the best society. You would not dare to read aloud in mixed society any book of the last century. Books were not made for women; and so whether they were decent or not, was a small consideration. Even the old preachers indulged in coarseness of language that would not now be permitted in a political harangue. Some of Martin Luther's sermons could not be read in a modern school.

It is not so long ago that the custom was universal of women leaving the table as soon as dinner was over, while their husbands, fathers, brothers, and friends remained behind to revel in drinking, profanity, and obscene jesting and story-telling. Imagine such a thing here in Boston to-day!

Swearing in the drawing room, and in the "best society," was no uncommon thing ninety years ago. Even the ladies themselves not rarely indulged in it. Dean Ramsey tells an anecdote that well illustrates how it was regarded. A sister was speaking of her brother as much addicted to the habit; and she said, "Our John sweers awfu', and we try to correct him for it; but," she added apologetically, "nae doubt it *is* a great set off to conversation." The "double-intendre" and indelicate allusions, such as now no respectable company would endure, were then quite common in mixed society. Governor Strong, of Massachusetts, relates having heard John Hancock make a remark that caused the ladies at his table to rise and leave the room, amidst a roar of laughter from the *gentlemen* left behind.

Eighty years ago, eminent lawyers would use language in the court room, in the presence of ladies, for which they would now be arrested by the sheriff. Then, women were punished by being publicly whipped on the bare back. Prisoners in pillories were pelted with eggs, and jeered and taunted by the bystanders. The whipping-post, the stocks, cropping and branding were common. It was no very rare sight to see a man and his wife, from the first society, sitting on the gallows for an hour, with ropes round their necks.

And those who favor the harsher forms of punishment might profitably take notice of the fact that milder councils, fewer crimes, and the general elevation of society are invariably accompaniments of each other.

To be poor and insane then was worse than torture or death. The poor were "sold" at public auction, their board and keeping knocked down to the lowest bidder, who was left to treat them very much as he pleased. Almshouses were almost unknown. The insane wife of a prosperous man was sometimes fastened in a room in the house, and kept there for years, her screams making hideous the public road on which he lived. I preached, not long since, to two hundred insane persons; and they were so well-kept, well-cared for, and well-behaved, that I told a friend that the principal difference I could see between them and the rest of us, was that they had been caught and shut up, and we were at large.

And then the schools of the "good old times" and ours. In some parts of the land, there were no free schools at all.

Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, in the "year of grace" 1675, said, "I thank God we have no free schools nor printing presses. . . . God keep us from both."

But when they did have them, even their colleges were behind our city high schools. I can myself remember when the first qualification sought for in a new master for our old village school, was that he should be able to thrash all the big boys; and he was counted a success if he could make a good quill pen, and get through the winter without being pitched through the window; whether we learned anything was a minor consideration.

As for the girls, a hundred years ago, their sphere was so definitely settled, and was so very narrow, that what and how much they knew, was counted as of very little importance. No provision was made for their education at the public expense. If they could knit, and work their "samplar," all investigation into the state of their brains was indefinitely postponed.

But, thank God, they are now learning to make their own sphere, according to the brain and power that has been given them. I rejoice to see the day approaching, when they may stand up, head, heart, and hand beside their brothers.

The common school-girl of to-day is better off, in all that makes life desirable, than was any queen of two hundred years ago. She stands not out conspicuous among her companions because all have gone up together on to a higher plane. Picture to yourself the "Good Queen Bess" breakfasting with her friends off a piece of boiled beef, in a palace where there were no carpets, almost no books, no gas, no coal, no piano nor sheet music, no thousands of things that go to make up the common comforts of an ordinary home. Then call up the surroundings of your own lives.

More comfort, more purity, more intelligence, more refinement, more everything worth having, — these mark the advance of our social life. Never were houses so good, never was furniture so convenient and abundant, never was dress so comfortable and healthful, never manners so simple and sensible, never the means of all enjoyment and development so common, and so universally accessible as to-day.

If one is to judge by common remark as to what the world is coming to, it might be thought useless to look for anything in our religious condition, unless to find reason for new editions of Jeremiah.

Only a few years ago a prize essay was published that had a wide circulation, called "Primitive Piety Reviewed," and every little while a wail is lifted up over church degeneracy; the "good old times" are sighed for; and it is proposed to cure the ills of the present by reverting to the thought and life of the past.

Now I would not claim that the religious world of to-day is all it ought to be, or might be. But I hazard little in saying that this is true,—the church has made definite and sensible progress from the first, and never was better than to-day. Glance up the line of the ages and see.

Take an inside look at the church in Corinth, that Paul founded and established. Here is a man, retaining for a long time his standing, and threatening a division in the church, who is guilty of a crime so flagrant that now, not only would no church think of retaining him, but no decent society would tolerate his presence. Look again into the same church. It is Sunday morning. Disorder and revelry are heard. Can it be possible? Yes, they are drunk, and at the Communion table. They have turned the Lord's Supper into the banquet of the pagan temple.

Come down to the year 350. The church historian, Eusebius, says the church, pastor, bishop, and people, are full of strife, rivalry, hypocrisy, and every form of wickedness. Then a little later, the Golden-Mouth, Chrysostom, says the church of his time is more like a market or a theatre than a church. People come there on the Lord's day to buy and sell and gossip. Wanton women come there openly to ply their trade. He closes his lament by saying "Everything is filled with their abounding corruption." The church's own picture of the tenth century is drawn in no brighter colors.

The General Assembly in Scotland in the year 1596 tells of drunkenness, gaming, and debauchery as characteristic of the religion of their times. I have traced it down from the first, and, for the life of me, cannot find any "primitive piety" that I am at all anxious to see "revived." The brightest period of the Church which I can discover is somewhere about December, 1890. I hardly care to go back even a hundred and fifty years. Then the minister and deacons took their regular toddy between sermons. It was no infrequent thing for reverend gentlemen to go home after an evening out with the wrong hat on; or to be picked up in the street,

finding the brick in it heavier than they could conveniently carry. Then the people in New England were seated in church by the selectmen of the town, according to their wealth and social rank. Single men and women were put in separate galleries by themselves. It was common for the tithing men to speak to disorderly persons in church, or to rap over the heads with their canes the careless urchins who forgot their behavior. There were no fires in churches, and the minister had sometimes to preach in great coat and mittens. Benevolent and missionary societies were either unheard of, or put aside as questionable novelties. Slavery was supported from the Bible, North as well as South. Even President Jonathan Edwards could buy a boy in Connecticut, and take him home behind him on his horse, and when remonstrated with by a pestilent abolition deacon, could preach a sermon in defence of slavery. There were no Sunday schools, no religious magazines or newspapers,—and of the thousand benevolent enterprises of the age, hardly one was existent.

And yet, in spite of these facts, there are large numbers of people perpetually bemoaning our degeneracy, and sighing over the departure of the "good old times" of our early American life.

The reason of the present distressing state of affairs I heard explained not long ago. One man thought it was because the "good old doctrines" were now-a-days not preached at all, and the other was equally sure that it was because they were preached all the time. Never was a grander fallacy than this whole idea. Never was more ignorance of the past displayed than by those who talk of the falling away of modern times. Never was the church so bright and fair as now, and never did the sky of the future redden with a more glorious promise of the coming day. In those "good old times," men lived under the horrid shadows of frightful superstitions.

An educated young lady was in my house not long ago. When it was time to leave, remembering that she came in at the back door, she must go out by the same. She was superstitious about entering one way and going out another. Thousands of persons even yet shrink from beginning any important work on Friday. Many will twist their necks almost into an attack of rheumatism rather than see a new moon over their left shoulder. Multitudes still believe in the magic of the

witch-hazel for finding water. Grown women and mothers can be found who do not dare to go upstairs alone in the dark. Dreaming a thing three times is a sign of something. A dog barking under the window at night is a sign of something else. Lord Byron would jump and leave the table if salt was spilled. Dr. Johnson always wished to leave the room right foot first; and by many, even to-day, moons and stars are supposed to affect all sorts of house, and farm, and shop arrangements. I know a man who will stick his jack-knife in the headboard of his bed at night, to keep him from having the cramp.

All these are but broken remnants of superstitions that, but a little while ago, reigned in awful supremacy of supernatural horror over the whole world. Think what kind of a world this was only a century or two since! Hell was just underground; and through the mouths of caves, devils came and went at will. Fairies and gnomes, spirits of earth, and air, and water were everywhere, working mischief at pleasure. Graveyards and old ruins were generally haunted. Every midnight the belated traveller, or wakeful watcher, shuddered at the thought of all terrible overhanging calamities and frights. A swimmer might be dragged under by a water spirit. The baby in the cradle might be carried off by some spiteful spirit, and a fairy child, without any soul, left in its stead. A witch could make a compact with Satan, and use all her fearful power against any she chose to injure. She could make an image, and then by pounding it, or sticking it full of pins, she could rack you with suffering. When a man dreamed, his soul was off on a journey, leaving his body behind, and while he was away a demon might come and take possession of it, and keep its right owner out. Crazy persons were "possessed." A black dog, or cat, or hen, might be either witch or devil; and so the whole life was lived under a lurid cloud of superstitious terrors. God was far off, and the devil was nigh. Old Cotton Mather thought the Indians were a people whom the Devil had lured off into the wilderness away from Christianity, where he could have his own way with them unhindered.

Now it is to modern science only that we owe our emancipation from the yoke of this awful tyranny. Scientific explorers have been over the earth; and finding no mouth of hell, that is gone. Science has explained earthquakes

and volcanoes; and now devils fight no longer in the bowels of the earth. Ætna and Vesuvius are no longer vent-holes of the pit. Astronomy has shattered the follies of astrology; and people have found out that the stars are minding their own business instead of meddling with theirs; and eclipses, no longer moon-swallowing monsters, are only very natural and well-behaved shadows. Since psychology is studied we know that witchcraft is folly, and insanity is only a disease to be treated and cured.

Thus Science,— like a mother going upstairs to bed with her frightened boy,— has been with her candle into all the old dark corners that used to make us creep, and cringe, and shiver with terror.

And now, for our final outlook, let us glance at the politics of other days.

I presume that, by this time, the most of us are ready to give up our Golden Age in the past, that history has never been able to find, and to admit the fact that the world has been making slow but definite progress from the first crude patriarchal government down to the election of President Harrison. Whatever may be the evils of any department of our government, there never has been a time when government, the world over, was so good as to-day.

But while most persons may agree to this, they find it very hard to rejoice in special and recent changes in our own national history. It is a curious fact that at any particular period, most of the really great men have just died off. It is still the fashion to think that most of our brilliant statesmen died about the time of the Revolution; or at any rate to think they did not survive Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Douglass, and Lincoln. But I will stake my reputation as a prophet on the statement that history will credit this age with some as great men, as wise statesman, as noble patriots, as have ever drafted resolutions or made speeches. Hancock, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jackson are greater than living men, chiefly because they have been idealized, and lifted up as historic pedestals that remove them in our thought from the atmosphere of common life.

The Hartford *Courant*, some time since, indulged in some interesting historical reminiscences. Among other things, it recalled some of the criticism on Washington, as significant at this time, on the occasion of his retirement from the Presi-

dency. The following was from a Philadelphia paper. "The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with our fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption. A new era is opening upon us — an era which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits; and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name."

Would you like just a glimpse at the inner life of Hancock? A recent and responsible writer says, — "No man has probably been more overrated than John Hancock. He was rich, lived ostentatiously, and was very generous; but he was vain and unscrupulous. Almost everybody with whom he traded was obliged to sue him. You could seldom pass the court-house during term-time without hearing some case cried against him. He would present a clergyman, on election day, with a suit of clothes, and the tailor would have to sue the Governor for payment. His widow related that he invited the whole Senate of Massachusetts to breakfast with him one day, without giving her any notice, and when she said, 'We have no milk for the coffee of so many persons,' he replied, 'Send the servants out to milk the cows on the Common.' But Hancock was not the only man who, in those days, dishonored his position. Chancellor Livingstone remarked to the father of the late Judge William Jay, 'Jay, what a set of ——— rascals there were in the old Congress.'"

Yet we worship these as political saints, for the not very conclusive reason that they are dead, and their faults are lost sight of in the blaze of their glory. Our living heroes will be lifted up by and by, and, their blemishes being hidden, they shall show grand and fair in the splendor of the renown that posterity shall accord them.

We can do very fairly, when we lay ourselves out, at calling names in politics even now. But all the bitterness of our partisanship is the very honey of sweet fellowship compared with the fierce hatreds of the olden times. In the days of Queen Anne, it was a common thing for fashionable ladies to wear little patches on their faces to indicate which faction

they belonged to; and the shillaleh days of an Irish Borough Election hardly carried the party conflict farther than they did.

Even in this country, only a little while ago, members of different parties were hardly on speaking terms with each other, and their wives and daughters had no social intercourse. The leading inn-keeper of Northampton, Mass., when advertising a house to be sold or let, could add, "No Democrats need apply." I know the newspapers haven't quite forgotten the traditions of Billingsgate yet; but the loud barking is mostly stage show. Their teeth are pasteboard. They shake hands and laugh behind the scenes. And whatever may be the secret plots and machinations of which each party is always accusing the other, it is a hopeful fact that both parties are compelled to base any hopes of success at the polls on justice, integrity, and a noble devotion to the welfare of the whole people. Croakers always have had a special faculty for seeing "breakers ahead," and smooth water behind. But the sober facts of history justify the statement that never was the ship of human hope in stauncher trim, and never was a fairer, broader sea ahead.

What then? Why, this. In spite of present ills, and difficulties, and corruptions, and discouragements, learn to see things as they are. How many a curse has this servile, unreasoning worship of the past fastened upon us! As if an evil that has stood a thousand years was not as abominable as one sprung up to-day! We ought indeed, in church, society, and state, to reverence the past, as father of the present. But not so blindly as to keep errors and fallacious systems, simply because our ancestors endured them. I'll not carry my grist to mill with the corn in one end of the sack, and stone to balance it in the other, simply because grandmother did. From the ease with which the popular chariot gets into ruts in following the "good old ways," comes most of the difficulty of making the world give up its wrongs. So evils stand, because they are old. So old good grows not to new better. So reformers are persecuted, and the world's prophets are cast out.

The past — of our own lives, and of the world — seems fair and sacred to us, because we forget and lose the reality of its roughness and difficulties. Just as one on a mountain summit sees not the irregularities of the way, that with unspeakable toil and difficulty, led him there. It looks a

smooth, winding sweep of path, even as a river. Or, things past become good, because one likes to remember difficulties and dangers when they are over; as a storm at sea, in which life itself was perilled, lives only as a pleasant excitement in the memory; and there is a sort of self-heroism produced by the thought of dangers gone through and overcome.

But, for whatever motive, let those who will, sigh over, long after, and worship the "days of yore." Put me down in the fore-front of radical progress. I care for what has been only as it can serve me as a schoolmaster. Give me the solid rocks of fundamental principles to build on, in rearing the walls of a better future. Of all the years, the days, the hours, since animal climbed up into man, give me this year, this day, this hour, and a wise foresight, and a fearless strength to grapple with the issues of to-morrow's dawn, and shape them to the lifting up of man, and the glory of Him who has led us on our way. The van of the nineteenth century is the noblest place of the time. Humanity is a giant just waking from an age-long sleep. When he learns the use of hand and brain, we may expect to see the city of earth-wide civilization builded as fair as that which John saw coming down from God out of heaven.

Instead then of reversing the engine of progress and going back to some former station, I would keep up steam, and have an engineer with an outlook toward the future. I cannot believe that God is suffering the Universe to grow to worse; and if to better, then let us not cling so close to the past as to have no hands with which to grasp the coming.

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
Not in vain the distance beckons; forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

It sails onward, in the stream of God's wise and loving providence, toward the great ocean of a pacific and blessed future. It swings and rolls upward, attracted by the "Sun of Righteousness" the sun of the time to be, into a higher air, a clearer light of intelligence, and a warmer atmosphere of love and human brotherhood.

THE NATURE OF THE NEGRO.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.

It is evident that the greatest questions of national conduct which our race has ever had to consider, are to come to its American representatives from the presence of Africans in their States. In other lands and times, these problems presented by the association of very diverse races in one society have often been encountered. They have been variously dealt with, but the adjustments have usually been determined in the way which suited the momentary purpose of the conqueror; extermination, subjugation by slavery, by caste gradations, or by military rule have been the normal means by which the superior dispose of the inferior races. Our British kindred have, on every continent, assayed these several methods of mastering inferior peoples; we, too, have had our turn with them, and have, in our management of the matter, provided ourselves with a heritage of painful memories by the enslavement of the blacks and the extermination of the Indians. We are all now alive to the fact that the ancient way of dealing with the lower varieties of human beings will not satisfy the modern man. This century of exceeding changes has in nothing else so far departed from the past, as in the conceptions of public duty by lowly and oppressed men. In no other country is this modern and beneficent motive so well developed as in our own; no other people, indeed, has in this generation had such opportunities of humanitarian culture forced upon them. The civil war which, in its final and truest motive, was a struggle for the emancipation of the subjected race; the perplexing difficulties of the Indian question, which have led our citizens to an effort to remedy the evils due to centuries of ill-doing, have afforded us good and timely education concerning the obligation which binds the strong to help the weak.

Almost as characteristic of our time as its humanistic spirit, is the motive which leads men to a scientific study of the problems which are presented by human relations. Of

old these relations appeared to most men as merely commonplace, or if a higher view of the subject was taken, they were regarded as matters to be regulated by divine prescription. This religious view of human interests has somewhat restrained the ardor of men of science, who have been disposed to essay investigations into the constitution of society by their critical methods of inquiry; in larger part they have been kept from this field, by the exceeding complication of social phenomena which made it seem impossible to secure the well-affirmed data on which all truly scientific work depends. Lately, however, these reasons for not approaching such questions, have in good part disappeared; the student of nature is no longer the obnoxious person he was thought to be a generation ago; his true character as a helper is at last made clear; all nature is, therefore, now free to him; he may wander where he will, over sea, and land, and into the depths of the heavens. Moreover, the men of science have at length found a clue to unravel a part of the mysteries which surround the matter of human relations; the knowledge of the laws of inheritance, one of the affirmed triumphs of modern biology, has led us to understand the extent to which the conduct of men is determined by the habits of their ancestors.

This view of the conditions of the human quality is novel only in the measure of affirmation which modern knowledge has given it; "the parents have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are on edge" is a sufficient text for all the naturalist's discourse on heredity, if he but allow himself the usual exegetical range and the ordinary conjectural emendations of the pulpit. In fact, in this, as in many other of its widest conquests, science has only fathomed the deeps of which the surface was well known in common experience. The Hebrew bible and all similar harvests of knowledge is full of these ideas as to the fixedness of racial attributes. Investigators have only extended the conception by showing that the varieties of men, following a common original law, hold fast to the ways of their forefathers, and that the moral as well as the physical characteristics of a race are to a greater or less degree indelible, whether the given kind belong to the human or to lower creatures. It is evident that this well affirmed theory is of the utmost importance to us, when we have to consider the nature of any people who have been placed in new conditions. If we trust to this view as

all naturalists do, the first object of our inquiry should be to trace, as far as we may, the origin and nurture of the race which is the object of our inquiry; to see what their historic environment has been, and to ascertain the peculiarities which their habits of life have bred in them. I, therefore, propose briefly to consider the state of the Africans in their parent land, so far as information is at hand, and on this foundation endeavor to build a better knowledge of their state in this country.

The peoples of Africa, whence the greater part of our negroes have been derived, have been well known to us for but a short time; about all the trustworthy information concerning them has been secured within a century. As they are quite without historic records and apparently not rich in traditions, there seems no chance of ever constructing a history of their social development. The type of the Central African races is very provincial, it is distinct from that of other peoples, and is therefore almost necessarily ancient, for it is almost an axiom with naturalists that well isolated organic forms have a relatively great antiquity. Moreover, the negro type of to-day is almost certainly nearer to the anthropoid or pre-human ancestry of men than the other marked varieties of our species, such as the Aryan, Tartars or Semitic folk. The measure of this approach to the lower being whence men came, is less great than it is commonly assumed to be, but the closer affiliation seems clear. This also supports the presumption that the negro has been much longer in about the state in which we now find him than is the case with these other races of men. Some historic evidence of this fixed character might seem to be found in the existence of characteristic delineations of negro faces and forms in the oldest monuments of Egypt; but we cannot give overmuch weight to this argument, for the reason that the Hebrews and perhaps Aryan varieties of men also find a place in these ancient galleries of portraits. They serve at least to attest the existence of the negro in substantially the same shape in which we now find him some forty centuries ago. It seems likely that if we could look back for twice or thrice that term, we should find the equatorial Africans in form and habits much like their descendants of to-day.

The conditions of these African tribes of to-day is that which characterizes all people who have taken the first rela-

tively easy step above the lowest savagery and show no clear signs of ability to climb the next round of the ladder. They have learned a number of the earlier lessons of deliberate associated action and in so far are lifted above the level of the least advanced men, such as the Andaman islanders or the Bushmen. They have acquired the habit of subjection to chiefs, of the chase, of rude war, and of simple husbandry. As yet there are no conceptions of formal law, no organized commerce, no trace of any education of youth, no beginnings of the literary motive. Religion, save that derived from foreign sources, is in the most primitive form of nature worship in which men have conceived of the forces which can do them ill, but have in no way organized this vague conception. In this vast aggregate of population which the negro district of Equatorial Africa contains, there is not and probably never has been any trace of organization above the level of the tribe held together by the power of a chief. Here and there a strong chieftain secures a certain temporary control over several clans, as it often happens in this state of the social development, but the relation seems in no case to rise above the tributary stage. We must not, however, infer too much from this simplicity of the governmental system, for it was the state of all the higher races a few thousand years ago. It is doubtful if much advance above this level was possible before the use of records began, and the art of recording is the most difficult of accomplishments. There are some reasons for believing that the social conditions of the negroes in Africa are rather above the level of their political organization; here and there certain arts are well advanced, and almost everywhere the people normally subsist by a deliberate and rather careful agriculture. They are clearly laborers beyond the level of most other savages, and are undoubtedly by far the most given to systematic toil of any primitive tribes of the tropical, or perhaps any other districts. From the descriptions of travellers it appears that, while there are great differences in the physical development of the diverse tribes of these dark-skinned people, the essential form of body remains alike; the same adherence to a general type is observable in the habits. There seems, for instance, in all the districts which have not been harried by the slave hunters, the same forms of the simple architecture, and the processes of the arts are very much alike in all the tribes. The crops which

are tilled generally belong to peculiar varieties of plants; these have apparently been developed by ages of tillage; their number and diversity indicates long continued culture.

The moral status of these people is exceedingly primitive. While they are less cruel than most men of their general conditions, the sympathies are not much developed; they are limited to a moderate devotion to the chief, in which fear plays the largest part; and to a love of their children. Friendship between equals, which is the flower of a higher civilization, is unknown. All the negroid races are rudely polygamous, and the wife has not risen above the grade of a chattel. The result is that there are no enduring families with their store of traditional pride, which has done so much to promote the advance of the races where marriage has a higher form. The general tone of the people is shown by the fact that cannibalism is rather common among them. Although rather too much importance is assigned to this habit, which is singularly revolting to the higher races, it is doubtless an effective measure of the advance to which a race has attained. It seems probable that all the lower races of men have been given to this custom. Sometimes it has been founded on the idea that the flesh of the valiant enemy was likely to give courage to the victor who ate it. Primitive war means frequent and dire hunger to the combatants, and feeding on the slain must be an obvious resource to men who have not developed civilized prejudices. In a broad view of humanity, cannibalism appears not as a mark of degradation but as an index of a primitive and lowly æsthetic state. It is a valuable bit of evidence as to the degree to which the people have developed their respect for the body of the fellow-man, which is an important but little recognized feature of the more cultivated races. In this state of mind of the man with reference to the fellow-being, depends in large measure all that is best in our higher life. It would be interesting to trace the history of anthropophagism farther, but we must here dismiss it with the statement that it is of value to us in our inquiry only for the reason that it shows how near the negro of Africa is in his motives to the elementary man. It would of itself suffice to show that a large part of the spiritual advance which forms the very foundation of civilization which, indeed, separate it from savagery, had not been won by these children of the dark

continent when they gave their unwilling colonists to the new world.

If the Africans had come to the Americas in the ordinary course of migrations; if they had been free to develop their tribes on these new fields, there is no reason to believe that they would have in any way departed from their ancient type of life. The conditions of the Congo and the negro countries would have been repeated along the Amazon and the Mississippi, and would have endured there indefinitely. Coming as slaves they were, however, at once subjected to a change in many of their important habits of life. Their simple yet strongly inherited motives remained with them, undergoing such changes of adjustment, but not in nature, as the exigencies demanded. The uncomplicated, social framework of slavery made it easier for the blacks to accommodate their ancient habits to the new life, than we might at first suppose would have been the case. The master took the place of the chief, to whom the black for immemorial ages had been accustomed to render the obedience and loyalty which fear inspires; under this white lord's control, he was hardly more a slave than before. On the whole this lowly man gained by the change in the quality of the servitude: by the contact with the new master he gradually acquired some sense of the motives of the dominant race. Christianity was imposed upon him by the superior will; at first he secured little save its external forms, but gradually some parts of this persuasive religion entered his mind and enlarged his conceptions of spiritual things. The discipline of orderly, associative labor, though the field of the activities was limited, had a civilizing influence, for it tended to subjugate the passions of the savage, and to make him more of the routine man which civilization demands.

The effect of the external manners of the dominant race has also had a great influence on the negro. While the bearing of a people is naturally the revelation of their inner motives, the external action when imitated, tends in a way to arouse the impulses which the action expresses. The negro is a very imitative creature; in no other feature does he so well show the strong, sympathetic quality of his nature; in this apeing of his social superiors, he has greatly helped his advance. We see the essential difference between the African and the Indian in the measure of this faculty. The Ameri-

can aborigines are content with their ways, and slow to take on the manners and customs of the whites; they have thus never reconciled themselves with their conquerors. The negro is contented only when he feels that he has brought himself into accord with his superiors. A proof of this proposition may be found in the sometimes very droll, but often singularly effective efforts of the blacks to use the complicated phrases which they have picked up from the whites, even though it be with little sense of their true meaning. The Indians never do this; they are unsympathetic and, therefore, not at all imitative.

Another important influence came to the blacks through their contact with the English language. The peculiar richness of this speech, the call it institutes upon the mind for contextual thoughts makes it to the savage perhaps the most educative of tongues. It cannot be compassed by any lowly people without a decidedly developing effect. The negro has mastered this language in a very remarkable manner, and without deliberate instruction by any form of schooling, and by so doing has given better proof of his natural capacity than by any other of his accomplishments in this to him very new world. There are tens of thousands of untrained blacks in this country who, by their command of English phrase, are entitled to rank among educated men. I believe that in general our negroes have a better sense of English than the peasant class of Great Britain; they seem to me to use more connotative words, though they often have twisted their meaning, than the humbler people of our race. I have often been amazed at the way in which an illiterate negro preacher would seize on the great monumental words of our language with a tolerable grasp of their deeper sense, catch their appropriate stimulus to thought and under their guidance go forward in his discourse. It may seem to some that this is parrot work, but the intonation and gesture, which is all their own, shows the attentive observer that they have come very near to our race over this way of speech.

The struggle of the African with the difficulties of our incompleted, open-structured English speech is one of the most interesting features of his history. His inherited habits of mind framed on a very limited language, where the terms were well tied together and where the thought found in the words a bridge of easy passage, gave him much trouble when

he came to employ our speech where the words are like widely separated stepping-stones which require nimble wits in those who use them. It would require a separate essay to deal with this interesting subject, so I can only note a few of the most instructive examples of the devices to which the negroes have resorted in their difficult intellectual task. In the manner of children, they often adopt the plan of using phrases rather than single words, framing their speech by these larger units, each serving them as does a separate word the educated man. Our verb with its imperfect denotation of time and number gives them at first much trouble; to help themselves they have adopted some new but imperfectly defined tenses; "gwine done," "gone done," "done gwine done," seem to me to be natural efforts to give clearness to our indices of action, which we are able to supply from our grasp of the context,—a mental habit to which the lower races with difficulty attain.

So, too, the prefix "uns" to denote the persons of the plural helps the primitive mind. "You uns" is from their point of form a neat addition to our language. How far these and other modes of speech may be the invention of the African, and how far they have been adapted from the speech of the whites of a century ago, I am unable to say; being no philologist I must leave this to others; but whatever the origin, though I believe them to be the inventions of the negro, their use by this people is, from the point of view of their intellectual history, most interesting.

After the African race had been to school to the English language and literature and the Protestant religion of this country for about two centuries, they were subjected to a most searching examination by the trials which befel them in the civil war; no other test could have been devised which was so well calculated to prove the measure of their gain by their life in contact with the whites. It is almost needless to tell any person who knows even in outline the history of the blacks of both North and South, how well they met this test; but, as the point of view is one that, so far as I know, is new, it may be best to recapitulate the leading facts in this extraordinary chapter of our national records. At the time when the civil war began, there were about six million blacks in the South, whose ancestors two centuries or less ago were savages, accustomed to violent outbreaks of passion such as lead all primitive peoples to brutal orgies. These included

over a million of men employed on large plantations where they saw little of the master class, and were apparently not much subjected to their influences. It was commonly supposed that these people were ground down by the slavery that was to them oppressive and revolting. It is certain that the more intelligent of their natural race chieftains to the number of many thousands, chafed greatly in their bonds. Even those who know the negro as well as men can know others from afar, supposed that the first sound of our war would be the signal for a general revolt among these slaves. They were right in their supposition that the greater part of the negroes knew that the northern armies were fighting to free them: they were wrong in their estimate of the moral state of the race in this country. Most intelligent judges expected from the slaves of the southern States, action like that which took place in Hayti and St. Domingo, when under apparently similar conditions, the negroes rose and massacred their sometime masters. But during the long years of the rebellion, the negroes of the South remained as peaceful and law abiding as did the poor whites. I have yet to learn of the slightest beginnings of armed revolt among them. Their own masters trusted them entirely, leaving to their care the helpless women and children with no fear as to the treatment which they would receive at their hands.

The riddle of the singular difference between the conduct of the West Indian slaves and those of our own country is, it seems to me, tolerably easy to read. The slaves of St. Domingo and Hayti, were largely new comers from Africa; they had, probably on the average, not been for more than one generation in their pupilage as slaves; the greater part of them were plantation hands who had little or no contact with the superior race. Moreover, their masters were of a lower moral and intellectual grade than those who held the slaves of the southern States. Our African people had probably been in their new educative conditions on the average for four or five generations; during this time they had generally been domesticated with their masters, for the large plantations of the Gulf State type were very new features in the economic history of the South. Moreover, their masters were of the race which has the capacity of dominating alien people, and impressing them with its motives in a way possessed by none other. The schooling of the negro

in the households of the South, was such as no savages had ever received from a superior race; it is unlikely that a lowly people will ever again secure such effective training.

When we properly estimate the meaning of the conduct of the negroes during the war, and in the period which has elapsed since their enfranchisement, we perceive that this race, during their residence in this country, have made a moral advance of really surprising extent. It is doubtful if any equally large body of men, so short a time parted from savagery, have ever gone so far in certain of the paths which all civilized people have to follow. It is hardly too much to say that the negro has been thoroughly dissavaged. He has been accustomed to associative labor which he has learned to pursue with no more spur to his interests than impels the whites. I know that there is much talk concerning the indolence of the negro, but the statistics show pretty clearly that he does as much productive work per capita under the conditions of freedom as he did under those of slavery. He is fairly faithful in his contracts, and is generally law abiding. Although the conditions of slavery were most unfavorable to the growth of the economic motives, the freedmen have rapidly developed a disposition to save money and acquire property. They show a great desire to own land,— a disposition which is most likely to lead to their advancement, for it favors the evolution of the domestic instincts which slavery necessarily depressed. or at least did not foster.

In considering the directions in which the negro has advanced during his life in this country, we must note the fact that he has mainly gained by the growth of those virtues, the seeds of which were planted in his African experience. Respect for authority, however it came to be set over him, laboriousness above the level of common savages, a kindly humor, were all native in him, and have here merely extended by his American training. His gentleness and decency of conduct are the principal moral gains which he has made. The intellectual advance which he has acquired is hardly to be measured, but it is evidently great; there are hundreds, if not thousands, of black men in this country who in capacity are to be ranked with the superior persons of the dominant race. And it is hard to say that in any evident feature of mind they characteristically differ from their white fellow citizens. Good, however, as is this record of advance, there

are many and exceeding difficulties which the negro has to overcome before he can claim a permanent place in the civilization with which it has been his good fortune to come in contact. We must now consider this part of the problem.

It seems to me that the greatest difficulty with the negro in his present state of social development arises from his inability to combine his work with that of other men. This feature is well shown by the almost entire absence of partnership relations between them. I have never been able to find a trustworthy instance in which the black man of the pure race had entered on this relation which is almost the foundation of our modern business life. So far as I have been able to learn, this form of economic association, though perhaps not coeval with civilization, is yet very old, and the lack of it among the negroes probably indicates the absence of confidence in their neighbors which is characteristic of primitive people. It is a singular fact that, although the negroes do not form partnerships, they readily enter on contracts in certain of which they have labor which they specialize. All those familiar with the race can probably recall instances of this sort which have come within their own experience. I have, indeed, recently noticed a case in which, in one of the old slave States, a negro contractor, engaged in mining ore, employed a number of white men in the task, the relation giving rise to no remark. I know of no industrial partnerships among the negroes of the North, many of whom are from stocks which have been long free. It is in just such ways that we should expect the lack of the inherited motives which are the source of power in the English race, to manifest itself in the Africans. The success of the white people has been due to the coincident development of many different capacities, any one of which failing, the race could not have attained the large measure of success which it has won.

Among these many moral features, which are spun together into the strong bonds of our society, we must count the monogamic motive. On the sacredness of the marriage relation depends the development of the stocks of families, with their inheritances of traditions from generation to generation. The value of this feature, in the social economy of the higher races, is not properly appreciated. Whether it is exhibited in the form of the worship of ancestors, as among the Chinese, or in the more general sense of ances-

tral worth, as among our own people, the effect is to develop the altruistic motives, and to make the man less isolated in his actions than in the savage state. All this family sense remains to be developed among the negroes. In a long and intimate connection with this folk, I have never heard a man refer to his grandfather, and any reference to their parents is rare. The negro must be provided with these motives of the household; he must be made faithful to the marriage bond, and taught the sense of ancestry. This, it is plain, is a difficult task to accomplish, for the reason that the regard for the forefathers was mainly developed in a state of society through which the negro did not pass, and to which he cannot be subjected. It came from a time when, as in the feudal period, men inherited privileges as they do not in our existing commonwealth. Marital faith, however, may be inculcated by social laws, and the ancestral sense may possibly be re-enforced and extended by the diffusion of knowledge concerning the laws of heredity. It is difficult to see how we can assist the blacks in this perplexing question, but it is clearly one of the points where they most need help.

Another department of education in which the negro greatly needs training is in politics. It has been a matter of surprise to many people who conceive the Africans as differing from the men of our own race in color alone, that the negroes have, in all their political action so far, disappointed what seemed to be reasonable expectations. At the time just after the war when they were in control of the States where they had just been slaves, they made most ignominious failure in government. Since the white people regained power, they have submitted themselves in all political matters to their control. In part, this resubjugation of the blacks has doubtless been due to their fears; they are indeed an exceedingly timid people, their race education, both in the African ages and in their relatively brief American life, has altogether tended to make them fearful: in larger part it is due to the lack of those instincts of government which a peculiar series of experiences have developed in the English folk. To give the ballot any meaning whatever, the man who casts it must have a keen and intelligent interest in public affairs; he must be brave enough to force this expression of his will against the obstacles which he is sure to encounter

in his efforts. This combination of political interest, foresight, and valor in the use of the electoral franchise is so rare among those of our own race that we can barely maintain the institutions which depend upon it for their support. We need not, therefore, be surprised that these people, who have had no trace of the training necessary to develop this combination of capacities, are as yet unfit for this peculiar duty of the citizen. The ballot is as dangerous a plaything as a gun, and until the negro acquires the habits of thought and action which make it an effective arm, he will be impotent to use it to any good effect. It is more than absurd to devise legislative plans for making him free to use his vote. The enfranchisement can only come by education; until he is properly developed as a citizen, his ballot will represent his immediate personal needs, and have no relation to statesmanship.

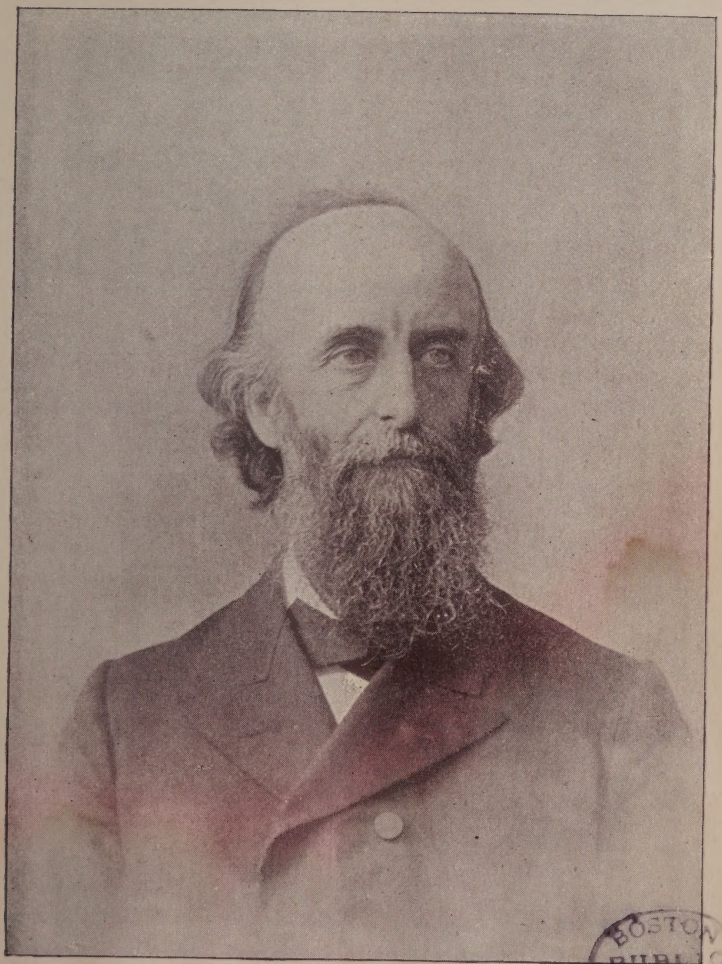
WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

WHEN a reformer demands our support, we ask him four questions; not always formulating them carefully, but always instinctively demanding an answer to them.

1. What do you propose to accomplish?
2. What means do you propose to employ?
3. How can these means work out this result?
4. On what power do you rely?

For example: Forty years ago the Garrisonian abolitionists demanded the attention and the sanction of the people of the United States to a proposed reform. These questions and their answers might be formulated thus: What do you propose? The abolition of slavery. By what method? By the withdrawal of the Free States from the Union. How will this accomplish the abolition of slavery? It will take all Federal support from slavery, and leave the negroes to secure their liberty by fighting or flight. On what power do you then rely for their emancipation? On the power of their own self-asserting manhood. Mr. Henry George now demands the attention and the sanction of the people of the United States to a proposed reform. Apply to this reform the same test questions. What do you propose? The abolition of poverty. By what means? By the abolition of all taxes except a tax on land values. In what way will this tend to abolish poverty? It will emancipate the poor from their bondage to the land-owners. On what power do you then rely for the abolition of poverty? On the power of a self-asserting manhood when the present serfdom is abolished. Some critics may think these answers inaccurately or inadequately here reported. Perhaps they are. It is difficult to state the principles of reforms so large in so limited a space. But they will serve to illustrate the general proposition that these are the test questions to which any proposed reform must give adequate answer, and by which any proposed reform must be tried. The critics of Edward Bellamy generally



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Lyman Abbott.

regard his picture of Boston in the twentieth century as unattractive; they do not believe in his purpose. The critics of the prohibition movement generally agree that universal temperance is desirable, but they do not believe that prohibitory legislation is the best means of accomplishing it. They do not believe in the method. The critics of Henry George would be glad to see poverty abolished, and perhaps may not doubt that the State has a right to all land values, but they do not believe the results which Mr. George anticipates will follow from such change in taxation. They do not believe in the process which he foretells. And finally, most Christian believers are of the opinion that the power of self-asserting manhood is insufficient for any considerable social or moral reform. If a man proposes an undesirable reform, he is called a crank. If he proposes a desirable reform by inadequate methods, he is called impracticable. If the process which he anticipated appears to us improbable, we doubt his foresight. If he relies upon powers unreal or inadequate, we think him visionary. Their respective critics are unconvinced by Edward Bellamy's answer to the first question, by the prohibitionist's answer to the second question, by the abolitionist's answer to the third question, and by the answer of all three to the fourth question.

Now Jesus Christ has given in the New Testament a definite answer to these four questions. It is given in four discourses reported by his contemporaries and friends. There is indeed some question among Biblical critics whether these discourses were delivered as reported, or whether they were composed by his reporters from scattered utterances of their Master upon the same general theme. It is not necessary for my purpose in this paper to consider this question. In the one case we have the formal and uninterpreted answer of the Master himself, to these crucial questions; in the other case we have his answer as it is interpreted to us by those nearest to him and best able to understand the object, method, process, and power of their Master. And these answers, therefore, if we can correctly apprehend them, will serve at once to tell us what is Christianity and to give us some test of its truth and value.

1. The first question Christ answers very explicitly in his first published discourse. Going up from Jerusalem to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, he went into the

synagogue; his fame as a preacher at Jerusalem had preceded him; and the ruler of the synagogue, following the custom of the times, invited him to address the people. Only a brief report of the sermon has come down to us, chiefly that portion of it which aroused the ire of the auditors and incited them to mob the speaker. But enough of the opening is preserved to give us clearly the Master's answer to the question, What is the object of Christianity? The roll containing the prophecy of Isaiah was handed to him; he turned to the following passage and read it.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

This writing he proceeded to say was fulfilled in his advent. It was for this he was anointed, on this mission he was sent. The end of Christianity then is philanthropic. It is to promote the well-being of mankind. It is to comfort the afflicted, to inspire with new hope the despairing, to set free the enslaved, to give light to the darkened. Light, liberty, life, are its ends. A few months later Jesus appointed twelve men to carry on his mission in the smaller villages while he carried it on in the larger towns. He gave them instructions exactly in the spirit of this opening discourse. "Heal the sick," he said; "cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give." His example enforced these expositions of the object of his mission. "He went about doing good." He healed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, fed the hungry, instructed the ignorant.

To this work he gave the whole and undivided energies of his life. He organized no society, no church, which confessedly was not established till after his death. He framed no liturgy, unless the one prayer which he gave his disciples in answer to their specific request, can be regarded as a liturgy. He certainly organized no order of public worship. There is nothing, literally nothing, in his instructions corresponding to the Levitical legislation of the Old Testament. He founded no scheme or system of philosophy; and the philosophy which undoubtedly underlay his teaching, as some philosophy underlies all teaching which has in it any unity, must be gathered from the counsels which he gave concerning practical life.

The reader may, perhaps, think that time expended in showing that the object of Christ was the well-being of mankind, is time wasted. But if he will consider for a moment the object of other religions, or even of much what has passed in the world for the Christian religion, he will, perhaps, see that it is not unimportant to get clearly the Master's own answer to this great fundamental question, What do you propose? Buddhism, for example, does not propose the well-being of man, but the cessation of being. I have come, says Christ, that they may have life. I have come, says Siddartha, that they may have death. The objects are not only not the same; they are antipodal. To-day thousands of consecrated women, wearing the black veil and the white cross, are working in hospitals and schools, nursing the sick, or teaching the ignorant. They are attempting to carry out Christ's object, the well-being of mankind. But also thousands of priests are saying mass, that is, offering anew the sacrifice of Christ for sin; and their object is not, except remotely, to promote the earthly welfare of men; it is to appease the wrath of God. In thousands of Protestant pulpits, next Sunday, ministers will be heard, whose sermons will be, in some form, a reflection of Saint John's favorite text, "Little children, love one another." Their instructions will have the object which Christ declared at Nazareth to be the object of his mission. But other thousands of ministers will be preaching for a very different purpose: to exhibit their system of theology, to build up their church order and organization, to make men content with their present condition,— not discontented and desirous to improve it,— to teach men to be willing to be poor and blind here, and look for riches, and liberty, and light hereafter. This is ecclesiasticism, not Christianity. It is not Christianity, because its object is not Christ's object, which was simply and solely to promote the well-being of mankind.

2. The second question, By what method do you propose to accomplish this result? he answered equally explicitly in his second reported sermon, known as the Sermon on the Mount. That sermon began where the other left off. The first sermon declares his object: I have come to make men blessed; the second declares in what blessedness consists: Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers. In other words, Christ's

method for improving the condition of mankind is by the improvement of character; and in the main, the Sermon on the Mount is an amplification of these its opening sentences. It is a sermon on character-building. What is purity? Not so much as looking on a woman to lust after her. What is peacemaking? Loving your enemies.

Reformers may be roughly divided into two classes: those who hope to improve the character of men by improving their condition; and those who hope to improve the condition of men by improving their character. These two reforms go together; but the socialist puts improvement of condition first, both in time and in importance, and the Christian disciple puts the improvement of character first, both in time and in importance. Jesus Christ lived in a time of slavery, and said nothing about emancipation; of low wages, and said nothing about raising them; of dirty streets, and said nothing about sanitary reform; of bad government, and said nothing about political reform; of drinking and drunkenness, and did not, like Mohammed, prohibit the wine bottle to his followers; of the loosest possible divorce laws, and gave instruction concerning divorce only in answer to a question of the Pharisees. It may, indeed, be said that if Christ had lived in our own time, when his auditors would have been directly responsible for slavery, low wages, dirty streets, bad food, the open saloon, and lax divorce laws, he who rebuked the Pharisees for their sins would have rebuked these public and organic sins also. Christ's silence when preaching to men and women under corruption and despotism is not a justification for the silence of his followers when preaching to men and women responsible for corruption and despotism. But there can be no question in the mind of the candid reader that Christ's method of reforming society was, primarily, the reconstruction of the individual, in contrast with the method of much of modern social reform, which aims at the reconstruction of the individual by a reformation of society. The negro is deprived of suffrage by fraud or force in some sections of the South. The method of socialism is to send Federal troops to protect his right to the ballot box; the method of Christianity is to send the schoolteacher to develop in him a manhood strong enough to make him self-protecting. Drunkenness is a disease in America with the proportions of a pestilence. The method of social-

ism is to send the constable to close the saloon; the method of Christianity is to send the teacher and the preacher to make the man strong enough to control his own appetite. I am not here discussing which of these methods is the better; and, what I have said above I repeat, that they are not mutually exclusive. It is legitimate, however, even if hardly necessary, to say that I have more faith in education than in the Force bill, in the methods of John B. Gough than in those of Neal Dow.

Jesus Christ is sometimes called the first Socialist. If every man who desires the social improvement of his fellows is a Socialist, Jesus Christ certainly should receive from a grateful humanity that honorable designation. But if a Socialist is one who depends on a change of environment to change human character, then Jesus Christ was not a Socialist, because he depended on human character to change environment. He believed, and his followers believe, that the way to get clean streets is to make clean men, the way to make pure government is to make pure men, the way to make men free is to make free men.

3. Christ's forecast of the process of Christianity is afforded by his third great discourse, or it may be by a series of fragmentary discourses gathered by Matthew into one, known as the parables by the seashore. In these parables Christ compares Christianity to a husbandman, sowing seed in various soils with harvests as various; to a field in which an enemy sowed tares which grew up together with the wheat; to a mustard seed, the smallest of seeds but growing up to be a great herb. In short, he declared that the reform which he proposed would have very small beginnings; it would grow gradually; its growth would depend upon the reception given to his teachings by the individual or the community; it would come to its perfection by forces working from within outward, not by forces working from without inward; and that, finally, along with the growth of good would go a like growth of evil. Now these are the principles of evolution. Christianity has been sometimes called by its friends revolutionary; it would be more correct to say that it is evolutionary. It has emancipated the slave, raised the condition of the laboring man, improved the condition of women, ameliorated the corruptions and vices of government, exercised a restraining influence on the appetites and

the passions of mankind. Yet there is still serfdom, if not absolute servitude in Christian communities; wealth is still inequitably distributed; woman is still in many households a servant in the kitchen, or an ornament in the parlor, and the subject, not the equal, of her husband; government is both corrupt and despotic, even in democratic America; and drunkenness in time of peace, and passion in time of war, vie with each other in producing desolation upon the earth. These facts ought not to surprise the believer in Jesus Christ, for Jesus Christ foretold them to his own disciples, who expected that the kingdom of God would immediately appear. They afford a ground rather for believing in his methods than for attempting some other, as the gradual recovery of a patient affords added ground for confidence in the physician who has told him that only by gradual process can he recover his health, and for distrust in the success of dealers in patent medicines, each of which has offered him a new nostrum, and all of whom have successively promised him an immediate recovery. Reforms of social order can be quickly and easily executed; reconstruction of individual and race character requires long periods of time for its accomplishment. An edict of the slaveholder can in a day abolish tobacco from his plantation; but it cannot prevent the slaves from substituting more deleterious clay for the tabooed tobacco. The pen of Abraham Lincoln can proclaim the negro as free, and the sword of General Grant can in two years achieve their emancipation; but to create in the enfranchised race such a manhood as will make them free men, capable of maintaining the rights and exercising the duties of free men, requires years if not centuries. Of this truth Jesus Christ abundantly warned his followers; and those of them who believe in his teaching and follow his leadership are not surprised that the progress of the race is slow, and are not inclined to abandon his slow but thorough methods for others which are more superficial and are prodigal in their promise of more immediate results.

4. Jesus Christ had ideals so high, that to a considerable proportion of his followers, they seem to this day quite impracticable. What a social transformation if we treated each other as brethren, if we did to others as they would have us do to them, were as ambitious to be peacemakers as we have been to be warmakers, and habitually loved our enemies, and did good to those who had done evil to us!

But such were some of the characteristics of the kingdom which Jesus Christ said it was his object to establish on the earth. By what power did he hope to accomplish so great a result?

By the power of God.

Let not the reader cast aside THE ARENA at this point, with the emphatic exclamation, Theology! No! Not by theology. Theology is the knowledge of God; and the world, according to Christ, is to be set right, not by the knowledge of God, but by God himself. Life is dependent on the sun, not on optics. The city Arab, who never once thinks of the sun, may derive more health from it, than the self-conscious invalid in his sun-bath.

The method of the modern school for ethical culture is the method of personal contact. The moral physician goes into the region which he wishes to improve, builds his Toynbee Hall, or his Palace of Delight, in the East End of London; or takes up his quarters in Forsyth Street, in New York City, and lives with the men and women whom he hopes to transform. Not long since, I was in conversation with a lady who has had rare success in the organization and administration of a boys' club. "Some of my critics," said she, "find fault that I do not teach the boys more. But I put no emphasis on any particular teaching. I want ladies and gentlemen to come and spend an evening or two a week with my boys, and out of the contact the boys will get life."

Christianity is an enlarged application of this modern philosophy. It is the faith that God has entered thus into human life, still enters into it, is in touch with mankind, and by that touch, more than by any particular teaching, mankind receives life. This is the truth sententiously expressed in the phrase so common with Jesus, the Kingdom of God. It is a kingdom whose power comes from the Divine Spirit. This is the truth reaffirmed by Paul's "Not the righteousness of the law, but the righteousness of God through faith." That is, character is formed not by a self-conscious endeavor to conform conduct to some external standard, but by fellowship with the Divine Being. This is the centre of Christ's Sermon on the Bread of Life, delivered at Capernaum, and reported in the sixth chapter of John: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven.

. . . Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life."

Life comes not through law, enforcing obedience by reward and penalty, nor through philosophy, affording a knowledge of life and its laws; but chiefly through personal contact, — of the lower nature with the higher, of the city Arab with the gentleman, of man with God. This is the meaning of Christ's constant declarations such as, "The words that I speak, I speak not of myself;" "I am in my Father, and my Father is in me;" "he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me;" "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." It is the universal law, "Life begets life," applied in the spiritual realm.

It is this truth which underlies and gives their value to many doctrines dear to the followers of Christ, — dear, not because of their philosophical relations, but because they are expressions of this vital experience. Revelation is our faith that God is not unknown, but has been and is an unveiled God, whom to know is life eternal. Incarnation is our faith that God has dwelt in the One Man, that He may dwell in all men, and by that indwelling fill all humanity with His own life of patient love. Atonement is our faith that there is not a great gulf fixed between us and our Father, but that we may be at one with Him, having the inspiration of His presence and sharing His life. Regeneration is our faith that character can be reconstructed on the divine pattern by this divine indwelling. There are some of us who cannot bear to drop these words out of our vocabulary, or the articles which they represent out of our creeds; but it is because we cannot easily recognize a new language or new forms of thought. There are others of us who are quite willing to let both the words and the credal statements go, because use has dimmed and in some cases distorted their meaning; but to both, the faith which those words expressed to past generations is equally dear.

It is in its answer to this fourth question that the modern school of ethical culture diverges from Christianity. Some years ago I sat down to a quiet conference with an honored friend belonging to that school, a gentleman of scholarship and culture, who was about to make his home in one of the poorest wards of New York City. "What are you going there for?" I asked him. "To do what I can to make the

boys and girls who live that dull and sunless life, truer, better, nobler of soul, more truly men and women." "It is a slow work." "Very slow," he replied, "I expect no great results; I want no reporting of my work. If I can make one boy at a time take one step upward at a time, I shall be content." "And how do you expect to accomplish this?" I said; "on what power do you rely, — you who do not believe in God, in immortality, in Christ?" "I should not exactly say that," he answered; "I think it probable that there is a God; I hope that there is an immortality; I have the greatest respect and admiration for Jesus of Nazareth. But I want to teach these men and women in Forsyth Street to rely upon themselves; not on any helper, human or divine. I shall appeal to no rewards here or hereafter; direct them to no arm of man or God outstretched to help. I shall appeal directly to the sense of right and wrong in every soul. I shall try to throw them upon their own resources." Here we were at the parting of the ways. Our object was the same, — his in his school of ethical culture, mine in my Christian pulpit and my Christian press: the welfare of humanity. And our method the same,— the transformation of character. And our anticipated process the same,— the slow process of gradual growth. But the power on which we severally relied was different: he on the self-asserting rectitude inherent in man's nature; I on the helpfulness of a revealed and helpful God. Civilization differs from barbarism not because the Anglo-Saxon can run more miles in an hour or more hours in a day than the North American Indian, but because he lays hold on a power not himself to carry him, a power of which the Indian knows nothing. Christianity is civilization carried into the spiritual realm.

And yet, was the difference between my friend and myself so great after all? Were we not both relying upon the same power? That sense of right and wrong which is inherent in every man, is it not the power of God coming gradually to human consciousness? If it be true, as Herbert Spencer says, that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, do not all the highest and best experiences of the human soul proceed from Him also? And does not the teacher who appeals to truth in man appeal to God as truly as he who appeals to

steam or electricity to do his toil or light his path? The condition of receiving the divine help is not understanding correctly about God, but thinking His thoughts, partaking and living His life of love; a truth which was declared nearly thirty centuries ago by the Hebrew poet.

> "Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord,
> And who shall stand in His holy place?
> He that hath clean hands and a pure heart:
> Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
> And hath not sworn deceitfully;
> He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
> And righteousness from the God of his salvation."

What, then, is Christianity? The answer which the Master makes to that question is to be found in his answer to the four critical questions which we ask of any reformer: What is your object? Your method? Your course of procedure? The secret of your power? The object of Christianity is human welfare; its method is character-building; its process is evolution; and the secret of its power is God.

DION BOUCICAULT.

BY A. C. WHEELER.

DION BOUCICAULT brought the stage romanticism of Victor Hugo and Dumas down to our day.

But the transit was not made in Victor Hugo's vehicle.

That which was a conviction with the Master, became an expedient with the imitator.

To fix the status of this indefatigable worker, who was always felicitous without being fecund, is not an easy matter.

His repertoire affects the student of stage literature now, like a long twilight which gets its glory from what has departed.

And yet it is in Dumas and in Klopstock that we must find the prototypes of this inspired activity, rather than in Lope de Vega.

If he was not endowed with that reflex of the Infinite, which creates by an inbreathing, he was at least gifted with the wonderful finite craft which can fashion by an onlaying.

This is always the playwright's function, in contradistinction to the dramatist's.

But Dion Boucicault had something more than the playwright's craft. He possessed the swift instinct which apprehends the aberrations of the public pulse, and can seize and use for its own purposes those vague emotions which sweep over a community, and are at once irresistible and evanescent.

Let us acknowledge that such men are as apt to be brain brokers as brain workers.

And any survey of Dion Boucicault's restless career will convince us that he was often both.

His recorded confession is the exultant one, not that he achieved greatness in literature, but that he wrought success in the theatre.

Contemporaneous criticism has agreed with him, and it does not become the observant mourners now to rob him of the only chaplets for which he fought.

With the audacity of a Dumas and the dexterity of a Cagliostro, he despoiled genius only to make the mob worship it.

One is justified in saying that he carried Aaron's rod, chiefly known to us by what it swallowed, and not the miraculous metawand of Moses.

For although he made the waters of refreshment to flow in abundance along the waste places of life, there is a general agreement of opinion that the water was in the rock before he struck it.

To estimate correctly such a magician, one must understand not only the materials that he worked with, but the sensibilities that he worked upon.

We have got to regard that multitudinous monster, the amusement public, before we can recognize its masters.

It is at its best the most selfish, the most tyrannical, and the most servile of all aggregates. Nowhere but in the temple of entertainment does man so completely and so shamelessly abandon himself to his susceptibilities.

It is here alone that he collectively and avowedly has no purpose beyond his immediate gratification, and here at least the abeyant desire to be tickled and not taught is coddled into something like authority.

Elsewhere in the world one is compelled by invisible forces to tolerate and respect what one does not understand and does not want. A discreet conformity makes continual acknowledgment that perhaps our appetites are not the best arbiters. We must be tolerant of the abstract, and patient with the poetical.

In the theatre, the world shall be fashioned as our senses desire, or we will have none of it.

It is the Bourse where the fatigued meet to exchange sensations.

Perhaps the stress of our grinding life makes such an asylum for our pet emotions a necessity. It is just possible that the unending pressure of our duties makes the hour's affranchisement of the playhouse into a necessity of our inclinations.

At all events I can very well concede that without some such refuge where the man about town can escape from his obligations into his desires, and the drudge, to whom Nature has denied an imagination, can find one ready furnished by

the carpenter, one would become a martyr and the other a machine.

It is quite true, that in the domain of literature, there is another theatre for which literary dramatists write and of which literary critics descant. It is, however, an ideal and always impending theatre with an ethical and not an ethnological substructure.

This exemplary mirage in whose behalf great pigeon-holes are forever stuffed with great dramas, that will not act; for which Byron and Browning and even Tennyson wrote, is not the playhouse of the people, simply because — as Goethe saw and said,— the monster cannot be made to think in its moments of abandonment. It is satisfied to see something going on.

What Goethe postulated, Dion Boucicault demonstrated.

No such adaptation of means to ends, wears such a fruitless intellectual glory as this.

Dion Boucicault, more than any man who wrote in English (after borrowing in French), fitted the playhouse quickly and exactly to the restless and superficial needs and moods of the public in our time, and he did this, not by being abreast of the thought of our time, but by being abreast of its desires.

In looking at this career of prodigious activity one is amazed to find so many sparks and so little internal fire; always a coruscation without a core; meteoric splendors trailing glory through the night and ending in darkness and silence; recurrent spectacles that fill the hour with romance and fade away like mist frescoes.

Somewhere now, perhaps, an enormous repertory of cinders, that once glowed, and sputtered, and irradiated.

One finds it difficult, indeed, to believe that such a pallid bed of ashes leapt and wreathed its passions, and hissed its emotions once, as if it were a bed of human hearts.

How is one to measure such a cold equilibrium? We ask ourselves helplessly what has become of those energies which were said to furnish perennial delight.

What has become of the three hundred plays?

Is it possible that those friends who looked into the grave of Dion Boucicault were sad when they came away because the bulk of the repertory was buried with him?

If so, properly sad.

For Nature herself, who made man with the capacity to be

amused, appears to have made no provision of perpetuity for the merely professional amuser. And she inflects her vengeance on work which has no abiding purpose, by denying it an abiding place.

No one faced this fiat with a more candid acknowledgment and a more careless audacity than Dion Boucicault.

His talents were epicurean. "Immortality," he said, "is tedious. Success is at least ante-mortem and calculable. Let us see what the monster wants for to-morrow, and then let us go to dinner!"

This was at least French.

Proteus, and not Prospero, was here, with a facile adaptability, an instant understanding of the public maw and a modern journalist's skill to rake the materials together.

No, he did not rehabilitate the drama.

He edited the theatre.

And it is in this feat that we are able for the first time to take in his proportions.

Before that he is uncertain, almost mythical, without antecedents or genesis. Vainly shall we search for the record of school days or any of those formative and predisposing circumstances of heredity and education.

He is not subject to biographical evolution. He makes a theatric début. The lights flash, the band plays. At eighteen he has written "London Assurance."

Some unverifiable traditions of him cling to the theatre. They are not interesting and are mainly ungracious. What he has left on record of his early life is marked by the charm of the romancer, but is not dulled by the veracity of the historian.

To attempt to pluck the young author's heart out of his first comedy is not now a satisfactory experiment, for time and searching have failed to show that he put his heart into it.

Already it is with him a matter of calculable glitter, and of celerity of action. But that comedy and relatively the other, written at the same stage of development and known as "Old Heads and Young Hearts," have shown a tenacity of stage life that keeps them wholly apart from the romances of his later condition.

It is only just in recognizing this to remember that these early plays have not cut entirely from the past. They follow in the main the laws laid down in what the theatre of that

day with the stock companies and "lines of business" clung to as "old comedies." It is less the glittering contrast of personages in "London Assurance," than the distribution of strong acting parts that made it a favorite with stock companies. And the moment it got fairly into the English repertory it began to accrete a special sparkle from the actors who identified themselves with the principal roles, and finally succeeded in giving them a memorial importance by mere association.

Nevertheless, the order of talent shown in "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," whatever the sources of the material, was sufficient, under discipline and with patience and the self-denial of an artistic ambition, to have won an honorable and lasting recognition in the annals of English dramatic literature. But Dion Boucicault did not choose to subject himself to any academic or æsthetic restraints, and did not care a fig for the annals of English dramatic literature. He broke with the past, and began a flirtation with the present.

His series of painstaking comedies suddenly ends, and the long line of romantic melodramas begins.

He has furnished the hints of a personal drama that must have been played at this time. The drama in three acts: Impatience, temptation, and final choice. It is the oldest drama extant and every worker enacts it for himself.

Its prologue is sunny and expectant enough. Its denouement is ushered in by the "Heralds of the pale repose."

Its audience stays when our lights are out.

We can see this eager-eyed, chameleon-souled, young man, bursting with vital forces, and breaking his way into the English comedy repertory. He leaped at once to an eminence to find that it was not a throne but a barricade, and that he would have to fight to stay there.

There must have been voices counselling him to stay, and persevere, and wait, and work upon a crust for the begrudging few who knew.

Equally certain is it that there were siren voices calling from the theatre to him to be enterprising and successful on French wine for the many who did not know and did not care.

This is not a Carlyle who can live on his own conscience and a plate of oatmeal, so that he is permitted to growl undauntedly and unbought.

Rather a nature ill disciplined, wholly sensuous, and altogether restive under the weight of its own schemes.

In no sense a reflective but an operating brain, and it was not in the nature of mercury diluted with mother wit to sit down humbly and write the praise of folly like an Erasmus, when it might fly from capital to capital with its Feliciana like another Count Balsamo, and furnish the multitude with what they are willing to believe is the elixir of life.

Seer? No.

Sorcerer? Yes.

And the gap between a mystic and a magician is immeasurable.

It is the chasm that separates a conviction from a convulsion.

Here, then, passes out of our cogitations the dramatist that might have been.

There is nothing left to us but to turn on the lights, strike up the Irish music, and contemplate the playwright who was.

The Dion Boucicault of "London Assurance" is an unknown quantity. The Dion Boucicault of "The Colleen Bawn" is within the measurement of most of us.

And here it should be said at once that "The Colleen Bawn" is probably the most romantic, as it was certainly the most successful, Irish play that had been written, up to the time of its production.

The success was Dion Boucicault's. The romance belonged to another.

As this play was perhaps the determining triumph in the playwright's career, it is well to consider a moment the methods employed in its fabrication.

You have only to listen to the *raconteur* to discover the quality of the dramatist.

Mr. Boucicault has told over and over again how he made that play, and "Jessie Brown; or, The Siege of Lucknow," and he has told it with an entire absence of literary pride and an overweening amount of stock jobbing vanity that shows how fatally his intellectual and moral judgment had been debauched by the theatre.

He tore the plot bodily from Gerald Griffin. He purloined a "situation" from a French play, he scissored some of the scenes from an illustrated journal. He snatched,

pasted, dovetailed. He swept together, pieced out, painted, and produced. By his own evidence he was the prince of chiffoniers.

But he bowed in acknowledgment of the charge, proudly, and said, "So was Shakespeare."

Alas that such candor should run into a *non sequitur!*

It is allowable to think — though hardly permissible to say what is so obvious,— that Shakespeare imitated the divine method, and when he took the dust of Plutarch or of Boccacio, he breathed into it the breath of life and it became a living soul.

Mr. Boucicault invariably marshaled the already breathing children of the brain and thus addressed them: —

"I am not your parent, but, *sacre bleu*, I am your patentee. I did not procreate you, but I can parade you. Therefore are you mine."

Gerald Griffin, who wove the poetry and pathos of "The Colleen Bawn" out of the precious fabric of his brain, died poor and neglected. Dion Boucicault, who exhibited it, was laurel crowned in a night.

It was not possible to drink the wine of this success and remain sober enough to respect the other goods that were lying about, unguarded save by the very vague and eternal verities.

To run down the schedule of two hundred or two hundred and fifty plays that came after "The Colleen Bawn" is to stir up the whole modern French repertoire. The task is profitless. For the most part these plays are "pot boilers," make-shifts, and transcriptions with Dion Boucicault's name on them. Some of them are scarcely disguised at all. Others are literal translations with a superfluous interpolation in the middle; such is "Led Astray." Taken in the bulk they make a tiresome residuum of futile and faded expedients, reminding the theatrical chronicler of fiascos, disappointments, managerial rows, broken contracts, and newspaper abuse.

Separated from this mass, not so much by their originality as by their applicability to the several periods of production, and by their adjustment of color and conduct to the popular apprehension, are "Arrah na Pogue," "The Octoroon," "The Siege of Lucknow," "The Long Strike," and "The Shaughraun," the latter closing the playwright's career as a successful playwright.

To deny the necromancy of these stage pictures would be folly. They were most cunningly contrived to catch the sense of the public, and to stir the surface nerves with their rapidity and variety of action. "The Shaughraun" is one of the most remarkable examples the stage affords of absolute non-originality, dove-tailing and building itself into a composite cogency that defies criticism and overwhelms sentimentality.

To read these plays without the actor's knowledge of the margin of possibilities in the "business" is to wonder at their vogue and yawn at their literature.

To see them produced under the supervising eye and hand of the necromancer himself, was to thrill under successive waves of color and sound, and give way supinely to what was a nervous vibration of delight.

Mr. Boucicault knew that these heart strings of the public have to be tuned to a certain responsive pitch by events and ideas, before they will answer the demands of the mere stage necromancer.

He did not claim to be the master who could at all times go deep enough to move the unchangeable passions and emotions and sympathies that are imbedded in the nature of the human animal. Living on the periphery of social experience, it is doubtful if the motion and glitter of his environment ever suggested the deeps and truths of the eternal centres.

It was just like such a necromancer to take events themselves into partnership. The press was his barometer. He watched its movements and prognostications with a keen eye.

When "The Siege of Lucknow" appeared, the public mind had been thrilling with the Sepoy rebellion for days. The play was a realization in action of a great unexpressed emotion of horror and admiration.

I recall now the instantaneous public recognition of this; the wild delight of the town over the wizard who could thus bring within the grasp of the indolent senses what had been only a conjecture of the intelligence.

The praise of the audiences found an echo in the press, and nothing can be more surprising than to turn back now and read that in the devices of this play "the great dramatist had proved again how searching and thorough was his knowledge of the human heart."

It remained for Mr. Boucicault to prove how foolish and

fallacious all this was, and how absolutely the play rested for its efficacy upon transitory conditions.

Long afterwards, in one of those desperate moments when he took down an old manuscript and put his judgment in its place, he resolved to revive "The Siege of Lucknow." He had the most beautiful theatre in New York at his disposal, and the once beautiful favorite, Agnes Robertson, who was the first to hear the pibroch, was with him. Those injudicious friends who always insist that in reviving an old play, you can restore the original impressions made by it, recounted the original triumph; rehearsed the original effects, and recalled all the enthusiasm and glory of the original production.

Then it was done.

What was once an "inspiration" was now a reminiscence.

The apathy of the public was ghastly. The wizard who had appealed to events and to the senses, had to feel the pressure of one and the contempt of the other. Other sieges like those of Vicksburg and New Orleans had intervened. Lucknow as an event had been pushed into the uninteresting. And the senses rested at the conclusion that Agnes Robertson was no longer beautiful.

In some of these later exploits, the playwright disappears almost entirely, and the showman fills the scene. Our admiration for his fertility of device begins to give way, and an astonishment at his audacity takes its place.

Like the sensational journalist, when he found that events did not happen in obedience to his wants, he believed it to be a privilege to construct them.

And thus the talent which, with singular modesty, had declined to invent plots, expended its force in inventing rows.

Whatever Celtic inheritance he had, came to his assistance at this juncture, and we grew accustomed to seeing the shillalah, long before we were called upon to pay our shilling.

To recount the Tipperary experiences of a Dion Boucicault would make an amusing theatrical book; but they would not be edifying in an essay.

One may recall a few of the more astonishing escapades of the showman as evidence of the Barnumizing effect of a purely theatric influence upon a man of Boucicault's temperament.

The effrontery of his pen in London when he produced

"Formosa," is perhaps unequalled by anything the elder Dumas accomplished after he had announced his doctrine of "The Right of Conquest."

On that occasion Mr. Boucicault brought his shillalah with a resounding thwack squarely across the face of public decency and boldly announced in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, over his name, that he proposed to open a pathway for the theatre through the sewers of London.

This piece of wholly conscienceless bravado brought all the voluble conservative pens to his aid in denouncing the play and packing the house.

When he went back to London later, to produce "The Shaughraun," the premier of England did not so readily fall into his snare. The Fenian excitement was then at its height, and the playwright wrote an open letter to Disraeli, demanding in the name of the Irish nation and the name of the author of "The Shaughraun," the instant release of the prisoners then under sentence for treason.

The only recorded response of the prime minister is given by the late F. B. Chatterton, who says that some time afterwards there was a party at Lady Waldegrave's and Boucicault's name was mentioned. Disraeli, who had heard it, turned round to his Secretary and said, "Boucicault, Boucicault. A strange name; where have I heard it before? Is it some one in the conjuring business?"

On the night that "The Shaughraun" was produced at Wallack's Theatre in New York, it is well known that he had a vituperative and scandalous speech "fixed" for the cabal of critics who had banded together to slate his play, and it required all the persuasion and authority of Mr. Lester Wallack to prevent its explosion.

The next day, when "The Shaughraun" was known to be a success, he laughingly acknowledged that the play "didn't need it."

On another occasion he made a flaming announcement that he had come back to the country to organize the theatre. The age was ripe, but the stage was rotten. The author of "London Assurance" had been diverting himself with melodrama. It was his duty now to rehabilitate dramatic literature with a Congreve comedy. His public words were, "Hitherto I have given you bunting. I propose now to furnish you with point lace."

It would be difficult to say what became of "Marriage." It was more perishable than point lace.

Like frost-work filagree it disappeared when the hot breath of the multitude touched it.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Boucicault desired in this play to overcome the prevalent notion that he did not write "London Assurance" unaided, by bringing his native wit and sagacity back to intrinsic character and elegant dialogue.

The play was not without indications of a strain in this direction.

It is to be regretted that we cannot bring back the spontaneity and sparkle of youth, by an effort of the will. The public did not care for "Marriage."

One is compelled now to accept "Marriage," "Belle Lamar," "Mimi," "Mora," and "Daddy O'Dowd," as Mr. Boucicault's successive catastrophes, furnished in behalf of a rehabilitated stage.

These are days in his later career when it would seem that he cannot adjust his skill to the appetite of the monster. One after another his contributions to the public maw are spurned. He flies about the country with a company of his own, playing these pieces, but there is not much money in it, and he returns to New York for a basis of operations.

We observe him as lessee and manager of Booth's theatre with astonishment, and we regard his brief career as the partner of Mr. William Stuart in the Park theatre, with ennui. Has his facile muse deserted him? Where, one asks, is the rehabilitated theatre? Is it Booth's, shorn of its Pompeian beauty and debased from its original purpose?

Evidently it was not in the organization, nor in building up by patient labor, the character of a house, that Mr. Boucicault's talents were to be awakened and employed.

We must find a manager in a dilemma, and, needing a quick expedient, see Dion Boucicault operate.

One day Mr. A. M. Palmer appealed to him to come to the help of the Union Square theatre. Nobly and promptly the response was made. "We want a new play," they said, "to fit our company." "You shall have it," was the answer.

Mr. Boucicault heard the bugle call of a hundred battles. He went to Christern's and bought a copy of Octave Feuillet's "La Tentation." He translated it, and inserted an Irishman

in the middle. He made his usual terms; — a percentage of the receipts.

It was produced with an extraordinary company as "Led Astray, by Dion Boucicault." It was an instant success. It saved the theatre. On an investment of twenty-five cents, Mr. Boucicault probably made fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.

In this transaction, the ethics are not as urgent as the exigency. The claim of the piqued management that it could have bought and translated the book and secured the same results without paying an author's royalties, does not hold. In the first place it never would have thought of the book. In the second place, something, perhaps everything, was due to the supervising sagacity expended on the production rather than on the translation.

This experience is, however, not at all unique in this man's history, and it is in a sense repeated in the production of his final success "The Shaughraun."

It may be difficult to understand the ethics, but to comprehend the exigency, you have only to put yourself in the manager's place.

His problem too often is, not How shall I find wings to soar into literature? but, Where shall I find a plank to keep me from going to the devil?

He tries to coax the public with the past, and revives the English classics. Broadway swims past these ivied restorations indifferently on the rushing present.

Mr. Wallack's later experience was that whenever he put the moss-covered comedies on his stage, the grass began to grow in his corridor.

Antique loveliness on Broadway was found to entail contemporaneous loneliness.

In less than three weeks the management is figuring with a pencil, how long it will take him to reach the poorhouse or the insane asylum, on the narrow and exclusive path.

This in the abstract may be pusillanimity. In the concrete, it is self-preservation.

The moment the public stay away from a theatre, these apparitions of failure begin to skulk in the box office. The very enthusiasm of a "small but select" audience is ominous. It is too sympathetic. It seems to indicate to the manager that these people know he is in the woods and are doing the whistling for him.

At such despondent moments there is apt to be wafted back to his recollection the historic platitude of the Necromancer. "Shakespeare spells ruin, and Byron bankruptcy."

With the recollection almost invariably came the induction that to write "Boucicault" across any of the dead leaves of the French drama was, for the theatre, to be born again.

The foyer is as superstitious as the forecastle.

The temple which always had a horse shoe nailed over its door in its prosperity, always kept a shrine for Boucicault in its adversity.

He had a habit of walking into the temple, accidentally, at such crises.

He walked into Wallack's at this particular crisis. He was somewhat impecunious, but self reliant. At the moment public attention was diverted to other gods. There was a dumb sense in the community that "Mimi" and "Mora" and "Belle Lamar" had marked the limits of his exploits with exhaustion, and "Led Astray" had proved that adaptation ended at last in literal translation.

I say he walked in. Perhaps I should say he sidled in without authority and without goods.

But he stayed a year and came out like an army with banners.

He had produced "The Shaughraun."

Greater and nobler plays lie like wrecks all along the record.

A more phenomenal public triumph cannot be mentioned.

Surely Disraeli was right. A conjuror. In twenty-four hours after the final rehearsal of the play, all the conditions of the house were changed, and all its traditions violated.

The management retired with a show of horror to the privacy of chuckling satisfaction. The theatre which yesterday was regarded as behind the age, strode over night into the van of success, and the conjuror himself, transformed into "Con," had not only saved the management, but had renewed his own youth.

In the blare and blazon of success, it was vain to ask "Where did he get it?" The exultant voice of the multitude cried "See where he has landed it!"

The anima was of no account in the face of the animation.

It is a matter of approximate verification that Dion Bouci-

cault received as his share of the profits of the "Shaughraun" over eight hundred thousand dollars.

It is beyond the mathematics of even those who knew him best, to tell what he did with the money.

Nor is it a gracious inquiry to make. At this point of view, when his good fellowship, his profligate generosity, his magnificent recklessness, are not yet cold in our contemplation, one may be excused for giving way to a dazed wonder not unmingled with admiration at the strange career and the stranger endowment of this extraordinary man. The world that called him profligate and purloiner, was quick to recognize him as a prince, and whatever his vicissitudes or his aberrations, he still carried the lamp of Aladdin. Criticism is confused in following the eccentricities of such an orbit, and biography must borrow patience of time. To separate the Bohemian from the Boetian is child's play to the synthetic task of finding the philosopher, the adventurer, the cynic, the wizard, and the wit in the dazzling corona of this meteor.

We are in the habit of speaking of "men of the world" as if we wished to distinguish them from the *enfans perdus* who are not of it. But here we encounter the cosmopolite, the bon-vivant, the master workman, the litterateur whose pen was always sharpened by his wits, the operator who made a bourse of the playhouse, and turned the capitals of the world upside down, and while we are contemplating him, the memory of the tears and laughter of the people makes us wonder if there was not somewhere in him the pathos of Beranger and the sportiveness of Aristophanes.

It were premature arrogance for me to draw the moral of Boucicault's career. Let me at least wait until the smell of the trampled grass is out of my sense. Mankind makes its cenotaphs of justice slowly.

Some sadness in all the splendors, that is enhanced by the mere effort to trace them.

The subject of this paper may have shared it, for I have a letter from him written only two weeks before he died. In it he says: —

"It has been a long jig, my boy, and I am just beginning to see the pathos of it. I have written for a monster who forgets."

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Sincerely
Helen H. Gardener

"THROWN IN WITH THE CITY'S DEAD."

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

I READ that headline. Then I asked myself: Why should the city's dead be *thrown in?*

Where and how are they thrown in? Why are they *thrown* in?

Why, in a civilized land, should such an expression as that arouse no surprise, — be taken as a matter of course? What is its full meaning? Are others as little informed upon the subject as I? Would the city's dead continue to be thrown in if the public stopped to think; if it understood the meaning of that single, obscure headline? Believing that the power of a free and fearless press is the greatest power for good that has yet been devised; and believing most sincerely, that wrongs grow greatest where silence is imposed or ignorance of the facts stands between the wrong doer, or the wrong deed, and enlightened public opinion, I decided to learn and to tell just the meaning — *all* of the meaning — of those six sadly and shockingly suggestive words.

Suppose you chanced to be very poor and to die in New York; or suppose unknown to you, your mother, a stranger passing through the city, were to die suddenly. Suppose, in either case, no money were forthcoming to bury the body, would it be treated as well, with as humane and civilized consideration as if the question of money were not in the case? We are fond of talking about giving "tender Christian burial," and of showing horror and disgust for those who may wilfully accept other methods. We are fond of saying that death levels all distinctions. Let us see.

The island where the city's dead are buried — that is, all the friendless and poor or unidentified, who are not cared for by some church or society — is a mere scrap of land, from almost any point of which you easily overlook it all, with its marshy border and desolate, unkempt surface. It contains, as the officer in charge told me, about seventy-nine

acres at low tide. At high tide much of the border is submerged. Upon this scrap of land — about one mile long and less than half a mile wide at its *widest* point — is concentrated so much of misery and human sorrow and anguish, that it is difficult to either grasp the idea oneself or convey it to others.

There are three classes of dead sent here by the city. Those who are imbecile or insane — dead to thought or reason; those who are dead to society and hope — medium term criminals; and those whom want, and sorrow, and pain, and wrong can touch no more after it stamps its last indignity upon their dishonored clay. I will deal first with these happier ones who have reached the end of the journey which the other two classes sit waiting for. Or, perhaps some of them stand somewhat defiantly as they look on what they know is to be their own last home, and recognize the estimate placed upon them by civilized, Christian society.

Upon this scrap of land there are already buried — or "thrown in" — over seventy thousand bodies. Stop and think what that means. It is a large city, we have but few larger in this country. Remember that this island is about one mile long and less than a half mile wide at the widest point. In places it is not much wider than Broadway.

The spot on which those seventy thousand are "thrown in" is but a small part of this miniature island. This is laid off in plots with paths between. These sections are forty-five feet by fifteen, and are dug out seven feet deep. Again, stop and picture that. It looks like the beginning of a cellar for a small city house. But in that little cellar is buried *one hundred and fifty bodies, packed three deep.* Remembering the depth of a coffin, and remembering that a layer of earth is put on each, it is easy to estimate about how near the surface of the earth lies festering seventy thousand bodies. They are not in metallic cases as may well be imagined; but I need only add that I could distinctly see the corpse through wide cracks in almost every rough board box, for you to understand that sickening odors and deadly gases are nowhere absent.

But there is one thing more to add before this picture can be grasped. Three of these trenches are kept constantly open. This means that something like four hundred bodies, dead from three days to two weeks, lie in open pine boxes *almost* on the surface of the earth.

You will say, "That is bad, but the island is far away and is for the dead *only*. They cannot injure each other." If that were true, a part of the ghastly horror would be removed, but, as I have said, the city sends two other classes of dead here. Two classes who are beyond hope, perhaps, but surely not beyond injury and a right to consideration by those who claim to be civilized.

Standing near the "general" or Protestant trench — for while Christian society permits its poor and unknown to be buried in trenches three deep; while it forces its other poor and friendless to dig the trenches and "throw in" their brother unfortunates; while it condemns its imbeciles and lunatics to the sights, and sounds, and odors, and poisoned air and earth of this island, it cannot permit the Catholic and Protestant dead to lie in the same trenches! — standing near the general trench, in air too foul to describe, where five "short term men" were working to lower their brothers, the officer explained.

"We have to keep three trenches open all the time, because the Catholics have to go in consecrated ground and they don't allow the 'generals' and Protestants in there. Then the other trench is for dissected bodies from hospitals and the like."

"Are not many, indeed most of those, also, Catholics?" I asked.

"Yes, I guess so; but they don't go in consecrated ground, because they aint whole." This with no sense of levity.

"Are not many of the unknown likely to be Catholics, too?"

"Yes, but when we find that out afterward, we dig them out if they were not suicides, and put them in the other trench. If they were suicides, of course, they have to stay with the generals. You see, we number each section; then we number each box, and begin at one end with number one and lay them right along, so a record is kept and you can dig any one out at any time."

"Then this earth — if we may call it so — is constantly being dug into and opened up?" I queried. "I should think it would kill the men who work, and the insane and imbecile who must live here."

"Well," he replied, smiling, "prisoners have to do what

they are told to, whether it kills 'em or not, and I guess it don't hurt the idiots and lunatics none. They're past hurting. They're incurables. They never leave here."

"I should think not," I replied. "And if by any chance they were not wholly incurable when they came, I should suppose it would not be long before they would be. Where does the drinking water come from?"

"Drive wells, and — "

"What!" I exclaimed, in spite of my determination when I went that I would show surprise at nothing.

He looked at me in wonder.

"Yes, it is easy to drive wells here. Get water easy."

There is one road from end to end of the island. The houses for the male lunatics and imbeciles are on the highest point overlooking at all times the trenches and at all times within hearing of whatever goes on there. The odors are everywhere, so that night and day, every one who is on the island breathes nothing else but this polluted air, except as a strong wind blows it, at times, from one direction over another. The women's quarters — much larger and better houses — are at the other end of the island. Not all of these overlook the trenches.

Every fair day all these wretched creatures are taken out to walk. Where? Along this one road; back and forth, back and forth, beside the "dead trenches." To step aside is to walk on "graves" for about half the way, We sometimes smile over the old joke that the Blue Laws allowed nothing more cheerful than a walk to the cemetery on Sunday. All days are Sundays to these wretches who depend on the "civilized" charity of our city. All laws are very, very blue; all walks lead through what can by only the wildest abandon of charity be called by so happy a name as a "cemetery," and even the air and water the city gives them is neither air nor water; it is pollution.

A gentleman by my side watched the long procession of helpless creatures walk past. One man waved his hand to me and mumbled something and smiled — then he called back, "Wie gehts? Wie gehts?" and smiled again. Several of the wretched creatures laughed at him; but when I smiled and bowed, nearly half of the line of three hundred, turned and joined in his salutation. They filed past four times (the whole walk is so short), and they did not fail

each time to recognize me and bid for recognition. If they know me as a stranger, I thought, they know enough to understand something of all this ghastliness. The line of women was a long, long line. I was told that in all there were fourteen hundred women, and nearly five hundred men on the island. The line of women broke now and then as some poor creatures would run out on to the grass and pluck a weed or flower, and hold it gayly up or hide it in her skirts. One waved her hand at us, and said in tones that indicated that she was trying to assume the voice and manner of a public speaker: "The Lord deserteth not His chosen!" I did not know whether, in her poor brain, they or we represented the chosen who were not to be deserted. Another said gayly and in the assumed lisp and voice of a little girl (although she must have been past fifty), "There's papa, oh, papa, papa, papa! My papa!" This to the gentleman who stood beside me. He smiled, and waved his hand to her. Then he said, between his teeth:

"Civilized savages! To have them *here!*"

"It don't hurt 'em," said the officer beside us. "They're incurables. They won't any of 'em remember what they saw for ten minutes. People don't understand crazy folks and idiots, They're the easiest cowed people in the world. Long as they know they're watched, they'll do whatever you tell them — this kind will. They're harmless."

"But why have them here?" I insisted. "If they are to be poisoned, why not do it more quickly and —"

"Poisoned!" he exclaimed, astonished. "Why, if one of the attendants was caught even striking one, he'd be dismissed quick. They get treated well. Only it is hard to keep attendants. We can't get 'em to stay here more than a month or so—just till they get paid. We have to go to the raw immigrants to get them even then. Nobody else will come."

"Naturally," remarked the gentleman beside me.

"Yes, it's kind of natural. This kind of folks are hard to work with, and the men attendants get only about seventeen to twenty dollars a month, and the women from ten to twelve dollars."

"So the attendants of these helpless creatures are raw immigrants," I said; "who, perhaps, do not speak English, who are constantly changing. The water they get is from driven wells, the sights and exercise are obtained from and

in and by the dead trenches. The air they breathe is like this, night and day, you say, and no one ever leaves alive when once sent here."

"No one."

"Who does the work —the digging, the burying, the handling of the dead, the carting, and the work for the insane?"

"Medium term prisoners. All these are from one to six months' men," waving his hand over the men working below us in the horrible trench.

"Do you think they leave here with an admiration for our system of caring for the city's dead — whether the death be social, mental, or physical? Do they go back with a desire to reform and become like those who devise and conduct this sort of thing?"

He laughed.

"Why, it's just a picnic for them to come up here. You can't hardly keep 'em away with a club. Of course, the same ones don't work right *here* long; but when a fellow gets sent up to *any* of these places, he comes over and over until he gets ambitious to go to Sing Sing and be higher toned."

I thought of th same information given me at the Police and Criminal Courts a little while ago. I wondered if there might not be some flaw somewhere in the whole reformatory and punitive system. From the time a fourteen year-old boy is taken up for breaking a window; sent to the reform school, where he is herded with older and worse boys, until he passes through the police court again, — let us say at sixteen, as a "ten-day drunk," — to herd again in a windowless prison van, packed close with fifteen hardened criminals (as I saw a messenger boy of fifteen on my way to the island), and taken where for ten days he enjoys the society of the most abandoned; returns to town the companion of thieves; and goes the next time for three or six months for petit larceny, then for some graver crime, on and up. At last, when he has no more to learn or to teach, he is given a cell or room alone until the State relieves him of the necessity of following the course which has been mapped out for and steadily followed by so many. He knows when he is a three months' man where he is going at last. Has he not helped to dig the trenches for the men who looked so hard and vile to him when he broke that window and stood in Police Court by their sides?

Perhaps you will ask: "Why did he not take the warning, and follow another course, turn the other way?"

Perchance it might be asked on the other hand — since court, and morgue, and cemetery officials unite in the assertion that the above record is almost universal, and that our present methods not only do not reform, but actually prevent the reform of offenders — why this system is still followed by the State, and if the warning has not been ample and severe here, also.

Are we to expect greater wisdom, more far-seeing judgment and a loftier aim in these unfortunates of society than is developed in those who control them?

Since it is all such a dismal failure, why not plan a better way? Why not begin at the other end of the line to keep offenders apart? Why herd them — good, bad, and indifferent — together, in the stage of their career when there is hope for some, at least, to reform; and begin to separate them only when the last mile of the road is reached?

Why, if the city *must* bury its dead in trenches and under the conditions only half described above (because much of it is too sickening to present), why, if cremation or some better mode of burial is not possible — and certainly I think it is — why, at least, need the awful, the ghastly, the inhuman combination be made of burying together medium term criminals, imbeciles, lunatics, and thousands of corpses all on one mere scrap of land. If a seven-foot mass of corruption exhaling through the air and percolating through land and water *must* be devoted to the poor of a great city, why in the name of all that is civilized or humane, permit any living thing to be detained and poisoned on the same bit of earth?

I saw a woman who had come to visit her mother who was one of these poor, insane creatures. "I can't afford to keep her at home," she said, "and then at times she gets snags and acts so that people are afraid of her, so I had to let her come here. It is kind of awful, isn't it?"

I thought it was "kind of awful," for more reasons than the poor woman could realize, for she was so used to foul air and knew so little of sanitary conditions that she was mercifully spared certain thoughts that seem to have escaped the authorities also.

"It is her birthday and I brought her this," she said,

showing me a colored cookie. "She will like it. We can visit here one day each month if we have friends."

. . . . . .

"How many bodies do you carry each week?" I asked of the captain of the city boat.

"About fifty," he said. But later on both he and the official on the Island, told me that there were six thousand buried here yearly, so it will be seen that his estimate per week was less than half what it should have been.

I looked at the stack of pine boxes, the ends of which showed from beneath a tarpaulin on the deck.

They were stacked five deep. There were seven wee ones, hardly larger than would be filled by a good sized kitten.

I said: "They are so *very* small. I don't see how a baby was put inside."

The man to whom I spoke — a deck hand who was a "ten-day-self-committed," so the captain told me later — smiled a grim, sly smile and said: —

"I reckon you're allowin' fer trimmin's. This kind don't get pillers and satin linin's. It don't take much room for a baby with no trimmin's an' mighty little clothes."

"Why are two of them dark wood and all the rest light?" I asked of the same man.

"I reckon the folks of them two had a few cents to pay fer gittin' their baby's box stained. It kind of looks nicer to them, and when they get a little more money, they'll come and get it dug up and put it in a grave by itself or some other place. It seems kind of awful to some folks to have their little baby put in amongst such a lot."

He said it all quite simply, quite apologetically, as if I might think it rather unreasonable — this feeling that it was "kind of awful to think of the baby in amongst such a lot."

At that time, I did not know that he was a prisoner. He showed me a number of things about the boxes and spoke of the open cracks and knot holes through which one could see what was inside. I declined to look after the first glance.

"You don't mind it very much after you're used to it," he said. "Of course, *you* would, but I mean *us*."

I began to understand that he was a prisoner.

"When you're a prisoner, you get used to a good deal," he said, later on, when they were unloading the bodies and some of the men looked white and sick. "They're new to

it," he explained to me. "It makes them sick and scared; but it won't after a while."

"Why are most of them here?" I asked. "Most of them look honest — and — "

"Honest!" he exclaimed, with the first show he had made of rebellion or resentment. "Honest! Of course most of us are honest. It is liquor does it mostly. None of *us* are thieves — yet!"

I noticed the "us," but still evaded putting him in with the rest.

"Why do they not let liquor alone, after such a hard lesson?"

He laughed. He had a red, bloated, but not a bad face. He was an Englishman.

"Some of us can't. Some don't want to, and some — some — it is about all some can get."

Later on, I was told that this man was honest, a good worker, and that he was "self committed to get the liquor out of him. He's been here before. When he gets out, he will be drunk before he gets three blocks away from the dock, and he'll be sent here again — or to the Island!"

"And has this system gone on for a hundred years," I asked, "without finding some remedy?"

"Well, since the women began to take a hand, some little has been done," the officer replied. "They built a coffee and lodging house right near the landing, and take returning prisoners there, and give them a chance to work if they want to — in a broom factory they built. Some get a start that way and if they work and are honest, they get a letter saying so when they find better places. It is only a drop in the bucket, but it helps a few."

"It looks a little as if women were to take a hand in public, municipal, or governmental affairs, that reform, and not punishment, might be made the object of imprisonment if imprisonment became necessary, doesn't it?"

He laughed.

"Politics is no place for women. This they are doing is charity. That is all very well, but they got no business meddling with city government, and courts, and prisoners only *as* charity."

"Yet you say that, for a hundred years, those who look after the criminal population, thought very little of helping

the men who came out, much less did they think of beginning at the other end and trying to keep them from going in. Women have been allowed to devise public charities, even, for only a few years past. They had no experience in building manufactories and conducting coffee and lodging houses; they have but little money of their own to put into such things and yet they have bethought them to start, in embryo, right here where the returning convict lands, what appears to have vast possibilities as you say. Now if this effort for the prevention of crime and want were at the other end of the line in municipal government, don't you think it might go even nearer the root of the matter and do more good?"

"How would you like to be a ward politician and a heeler?" he inquired, wiping a smile away and looking at my gloves.

"I should not like it at all."

"Well, now, look at that! Of course no lady would, so—"

"Do you think it possible that the world might get on fairly comfortably without having 'heelers' and 'ward politicians'—in the sense you mean—in municipal or state government? And that it might be better without such crime producers?" I added, as he began to laugh.

"You women are always visionary. Never practical. You—"

"I thought you said that the one and only really practical measure yet taken to reduce the criminal population as it returns from the Islands was invented and is conducted by women and—"

"You can just make up your mind that in every family of six there'll be one hypocrite and one fool, either one of which is liable to be criminal, too, and the state has got to take care of 'em somehow. But the prisons *are* getting too full and the Almshouses and Insane Asylums *are* growing very large. But there is the Two Brothers' Island. I've got to attend to my business now. Take the trip with me again some time."

But it seems to me, I shall not need to go again, and that no judge or legislator would need to take the journey more than once, unless, perchance, he took it in the person of either the hypocrite or the fool of his family; which, let us hope, no judge and no legislator is in a position to do.

PATRIOTISM AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY PRESIDENT E. BENJ. ANDREWS, OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

ALL will agree that patriotism is a very important interest, that the public schools can be made greatly to promote it, and that they may of right be employed for this purpose, nay, ought to be so employed. There is, in fact, special fitness in effort to stimulate patriotism among pupils in these schools. It is part of the business of the public school to make good citizens. Under our theory of government, the public school does not exist for the sake of any man as man, but to complete each pupil's civic character, because, without education, he cannot be a perfectly safe or useful member of the body politic. Only when this is understood and emphasized can we defend our school system from the common charge of being socialistic. Only so can we show a clear right to tax for the purpose of public education. It cannot be too earnestly impressed upon us that our schools exist for a public purpose, and that they fail, as public schools, save as they subserve this purpose.

The interesting question is: How can such a beneficent result be brought about? Touching more exactly our present discussion, how can the public school instruction, which so many of us are engaged in imparting, be made to minister in the highest degree to true patriotic sentiment and purpose in our pupils, and through them in a great body of our citizens?

We err if we expect to attain this end to any very helpful extent by Fourth of July oratory, or by the purchase and raising of flags, according to the pleasant fashion now so in vogue. Indeed, while I heartily commend this custom notwithstanding, I fear that there is some danger in our day lest, to many, the United States flag shall become a fetich. As the mere wearing of the cross cannot constitute one a Christian, simply to fly the national emblem over our schoolhouses will never, by itself, make us staunch devotees of this nation's weal. Not the stars and stripes, but what the stars and stripes stand for: liberty, union, rights, law, power for good among the nations — these are the legitimate spurs to our enthusiasm as citizens. And in speaking up for these

and for the other exalted attributes of our national character on anniversary days and at other times, we need no hysterical eloquence. The naked truth, soberly told, will do better. The soaring periods, the turgid rhetoric, the pulmonary athleticism with which Independence used to be celebrated, but which has now transferred itself mainly to Memorial Days and to flag raisings, tells for exceeding little.

Of still less avail is it to inculcate a partisan or a sectional spirit, or to try and make boys and girls believe that the life of the nation depends upon the prevalence of this or that petty policy. From all such special pleas much is to be feared, nothing of value to be hoped.

We have quite too many citizens who identify the good of their party or section with that of the nation, and can find no patriotism in anything which antagonizes their pet views or interests. Holders of national bonds, we notice, are always very patriotic. They wish the nation to live and prosper; and I have heard of those among them that doubted the love of country of other people who urged refunding at a lower rate of interest, and the speedy extinction of the national debt altogether.

There are Protestants who would deny Catholics their rights, because blind to the fact that this is not legally any more than it is religiously a Protestant land; and there are Catholics whose zeal for their church would lead them fatally to neglect the public and civic elements in the proper education of their youth.

The Socialist is convinced that we are lost unless we accept his system; and although certain that evolution's steps are all that way, spares no pains to aid on the process. The Anarchist sees no hope unless the state shall disappear utterly. The Communist would have us "divide and conquer." Many think that poverty would go, and with it all manner of social ills, did we did not tax land alone. From all such narrowness, whether its basis be geographical, ecclesiastical, political or social, good Lord, deliver us!

Nor do we gain aught by overlooking the vices which fasten upon our politics and upon our distinguished citizens, past or present, or by portraying our country's possibilities or virtues as greater than they are, either absolutely or in comparison with those of other nations, or by belittling or denying the very grave dangers with which our political and

social outlook is beset. To deify Jefferson or Franklin or even Washington is bad. Do not falsify about old Federalists, Democrats, or Whigs, either in the way of slander or in that of idolatry. It will not profit.

One hears a great deal of perfervid speech concerning the grandeur of our country and its institutions which, powerfully as it may build up national self-conceit, can never advance genuine patriotism. There is not another thoroughly civilized country under the sun whose cities are so ill ruled as ours. There is not another in whose government the laws of political economy and public finance are so little studied or so flagrantly defied. Our methods of taxation are in fact so unreasonable and unjust that if the people understood their oppressiveness our government would, I believe, be overthrown in a day, as was the old *régime* in France. There is not a second country this side of Turkey whose civil service is so corrupt as ours, or where special fitness is so little regarded as by us in selections for public office. In no other land upon the planet is poverty so common or so dire in proportion to national resources. Our system of pensions is costlier in dollars and cents than the very worst of those European military systems which we are so often and so properly bidden to deplore, and its total effect in creating poverty is ten times as bad. Our mail system is far from the best. So of our school organization. So and more also of our electoral arrangements, which happily we have just begun to amend. Let the good work go on! In several other lands, I think, common justice between man and man is surer and speedier than with us.

There are further infelicities which we simply share with other peoples, being no worse off than they. Here as elsewhere is it in a very sad sense true that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. That is, the sills of society, the masses of common people, blest by no special genius, art, craft, or position, but forced to gain their living by the basal industries, count for less and less as the years pass. The conflict between labor and capital, circling the entire horizon with cloud, badly blackens our sky, too, and I do not mark in that cloud aught of tendency to lift.

A portentous danger, peculiar to ourselves as a nation, confronts us in the size of our country and the complexity of our civilization. It seems a strange thing to find, so soon

after a four years' civil war which succeeded in preventing the dismemberment of our union, a feeling that it is still uncertain whether these States will permanently continue a single nation. Yet many at this moment share that feeling. We hoped after the war that railways and telegraphs between sections, with the increased mingling of populations and of interests, would henceforth perpetuate in our people that sense of unity which, as history has shown, must characterize the inhabitants of any nation destined to maintain its integrity. This is still the hope, but with many thoughtful men it is little more than hope. The sectional spirit which killed Rome is powerfully at work among us. Hardly ever, even before our war, was it more manifest than now. The East, the South, the West, the Centre, each works for itself as if it were the country. The majority of the people in one part have little concern for those elsewhere.

This perilous decentralization in feeling not only co-exists with the legal centralization which might at first be thought likely to counteract it, but it is actually helped on thereby. Centralization of power in our national arm is in many things advantageous. Our trouble is that, in important points where centralization is most desirable, we are, in one way and another, prevented from carrying it out, while it is most banefully carried out in other directions. The taxing of interstate railways, for instance, ought to be effected by the federal tax machinery, but cannot be without a change in our constitution. On the other hand, the worst inroad upon local self-government yet recorded — a perfectly needless one, moreover,— was the ruling of the Supreme Court in the recent case of Marshal Neagle, who killed Judge Terry in California.* Your neighbor is shot dead at your feet. The

* It occurred on Aug. 14, 1889, at Lathrop, San Joaquin Co., where Justice Field, of the U. S. Supreme Court, with Neagle for his body-guard, having stopped for breakfast, was attacked by Terry, who had previously threatened him. No one doubts that Neagle acted legally in killing Terry. The question is whether to justify him by State or by United States law. He was acting under United States law only in the sense that the Attorney-General, on behalf of the President, who is bound by the constitution to execute the law, had ordered him to protect Justice Field. It is, I believe, the feeling of most lawyers who have examined the case, that, in its decision clearing the Marshal as having shot Terry in obedience to "the laws of the United States," our highest Court violently widened the meaning of this phrase. All will admit that the powers of the general government ought to be interpreted liberally; but to transfer judgment upon such a crime as homicide from State to Federal tribunals is a very serious matter. Had the affair occurred in Massachusetts or New York, or had Terry been a less influential desperado, the case would probably have been left to the State courts.

shooter is arrested, but no sooner is his trial begun than every wheel of local justice is stopped by the simple notice that the shot was delivered in obedience to orders from Washington. The fact that in this instance essential justice was done does not deprive the case of its enormity. Sometime it will be otherwise, at least in the public opinion of a dozen States. The justice of the vicinage, that fine old feature of Anglo-Saxon law, will then be felt to have vanished; and it will be a wonder if some new Jeroboam shall not raise the cry: "What portion have we in David? To your tents, O Israel!"

As in the disruption of Rome, so always: When the central authority of a vast empire, encroaching little by little upon dear local prerogatives, grown bolder and rougher, too, through its might and its immunity, comes to make itself felt in the remoter sections in a hard and unsympathetic way, people begin to feel toward it as toward a foreign power, and you soon have the best sort of a foundation for a civil war, or an attempt at revolution.

Pardon so long discussion upon this sombre side of our affairs. What I wished to come at is this, — that it is of no use to keep on ignoring or extenuating these national diseases and dangers. It would be far better to tell the truth about them in any event, as we cannot permanently keep up the illusion. It is immensely better in view of the fact that such falsity distracts alike our own thought and that of our pupils from the most cogent reasons for insisting upon patriotism.

Peace needs its love of country as well as war. The honesty which shall recognize the ills that threaten us, the courage to fight them, the eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty, the dogged patience required to hunt out of office the political trickster, the zeal to bestir oneself early and late, in the face of apathy and contumely, in order to get faithful and competent men elected to office and to raise the entire plane of the civil service — these are quite as needful as the bravery which sends men to the battlefield, and they are indefinitely harder to find.

How, then, shall we best promote patriotism in our public schools and through them in the State? Before following up this inquiry in a more positive way, it is necessary to remark that patriotism is of various kinds. Much patriotism is simply practical or interested regard for one's country, spring-

ing from more or less selfish considerations. Mere bondholder patriotism will illustrate. Another variety is sentimental patriotism, like that of Leonidas and his Three Hundred, in which,— owing to persistent education and association,— country has come to stand before the patriot's soul as the veritable chief good, to be fought for to the death if need be, he knows not why. And there is, thirdly, rational patriotism, like that of Washington, Franklin, and Madison, which is part of general philanthropy, a love of one's country, begotten of the reasoned conviction that such country has been called by the Power above to an eminent role in the upward evolution of humanity.

These different patriotisms are all good. Interested patriotism itself is better than none. English public financiers argue for perpetuating the British national debt on the ground that, in case of war or rebellion, its holders would rally with all their influence and resources to save the state. Now, bad as it would be for any number of us to have that sort of public spirit and no other, all citizens, the most unselfish with the rest, share and must share to an extent that low form of zeal for the state. Such an affection need not and could not be wholly wanting in any commonwealth, however insignificant, unstoried, and ignoble. The Portuguese might possess it as well as the Englishman: the Norwegian as truly as the German. Patriotism of this kind needs less cultivation than the choicer varieties, yet, as it is a useful and indispensable quality in its place, it should, like the brute instinct of self-preservation, be fostered so far as it stands in the way of nothing nobler than itself.

But, mark it well, this is not the patriotism that begets heroes. It is not the kind that a nation can depend upon in the hour of mortal peril. The higher varieties are then imperatively needed, the kinds which do not spring up or flourish spontaneously. How can these diviner species of patriotism be had? How are they to be kept ever present, strong and vigorous in the Republic?

I answer that neither the patriotism of Leonidas nor that of Washington can be made to germinate in the human breast on simple notification. Neither comes as the mere result of teaching. There must be in the character of the country a basis for the teaching. Exhort me as you may, I cannot permanently and at cost to myself be an enthusiast for my coun-

try, unless it is worthy of my enthusiasm. Lofty, almighty love is to be steadily evoked only for the country which can, and that in some moral sense, either boast a great past, or exhibit a great present, or promise a great future, or two or all of these at once.

Whatever we can do to perfect the schools will of course tend to make those who go forth from them thankful if not enthusiastic citizens. The school, we have seen, is an agency of the state. Every pupil, with more or less clearness, so understands. Make the blessings of his school days as rich and as colossal as you can. Give him reason to remember his schooling with gratitude, and to remember it forever. Crowd good things upon him; recognition as your peer, uniformly kind treatment, the power of noble examples, the best of teaching. The good thus done to pupils they will always tend to ascribe to the state. But the gratitude hence arising will be about equally strong, whatever rank the nation in question holds, whatever the efficiency or the moral quality of its government. It will conduce to patriotism, but will not of itself engender high patriotism.

Again, schools can do a great deal for common patriotism by more and better lessons touching the theory, the facts, and the duties of civil life.

Instruction in the rudiments of political and social science ought to begin in the primary schools, as soon as scholars can read well, and it ought never to cease till they graduate.

As to theory, we might well insist more than has yet been done that government is a necessary good, not a necessary evil. Infinite misconception still prevails upon this point. How can children, or men either, be radical patriots, thinking of the state so meanly as many do, and as our fathers of the revolutionary epoch quite unanimously did! Evils gather about our political life, of course, and they are not at all to be excused, because associated with what is so vitally essential. But, accursed indeed must be the state, if such a state can be imagined, which would not be infinitely superior to anarchy. Not a man among us duly appreciates the daily, hourly, perpetual blessings derived, and to be derived from the civil order about him. As to facts, we ought in our public school instruction to dwell more on the history of liberty in early and modern times, as well as upon the slow growth and the *cost* of liberty. And touching duties, we

might point out not only the obligatoriness of activity in politics, but the possibility and the duty of honest participation in political office. Very many of our fellow-citizens cannot fully discharge their calling in relation to the state simply by regular and honest voting. They must hold office. A political career should be looked upon as something to be openly sought and aspired to by any properly qualified man: not as a gift, gratuity, or honor, from political friends. For the man to seek the office, if only he is the right man, ought to be considered no disgrace, but a thoroughly honorable and thankworthy thing.

Such lessons would do great good — the same among American youth as for those of any other civilized land, say, France, Chili, or Belgium.

Were we to stop here, however, we should have done little to build patriotism of the higher orders. If, without supplying this lack, we should try to rally our pupils to truly splendid patriotism, they would turn upon us with the demand to be shown something splendidly inspiring about the American Republic, its history, its present life, its outlook. Thank Heaven, we should have a long and eloquent story to recite. Without exaggeration, I am sure, we could tell what would fire every ingenuous young heart, about the proud career of free government in this our land, the rise of the United States into a single political power, the Revolutionary War, and the creation, the adoption, the strengthening, and the preservation of our Federal Constitution. With still better warrant and effect might we dilate upon our country's work in growing the noblest manhood yet seen, in educating Europe to a belief in free institutions, in demonstrating that a republic can conduct both war and finance with sobriety and vigor, and in literally creating many of the most humane and valuable parts of modern international law. Then, sweeping down into the present, one could asseverate in all truth and soberness, that in spite of whatever stains assoil our politics, and notwithstanding the volume of poison from Europe which infects our population, the popular heart is still sound, the common will, like the will of God, slowly and patiently but with awful vigor, making for righteousness.

So strong a plea could any one of us urge for great patriotism in our pupils, and it would be a strong plea indeed. Further, believe me, it would avail much.

And yet, somewhat would be lacking after we had said all that. The pupil would still rejoin: My life is mainly in the future. If I am to devote myself to my country after the example of Leonidas, or of Washington, tell me not only of its past and of its present, but particularly of its future. Will our beloved America continue to tread the exalted road which has witnessed her career thus far, or is she one day to halt in her mighty march, and then droop and perish like all the republics before her?

In face of that question we should, of course, if thoroughly temperate and discreet, somewhat lower our tone, and fall to speaking of hopes and beliefs. But we need something mightier than hope. The final motive for supreme patriotism, can be present only in proportion to one's moral certainty of the nation's perpetual grandeur. Let me be convinced, let me even suspect, that the Republic of my love has had its day, and is soon to be numbered with Athens, Rome, Venice, and the rest, I cannot present you the virile patriotism which after all my conscience calls upon me to render.

My hope of this country's perpetuity is immensely strong, as strong as it can possibly be and not transcend its character as hope; but hope, at best, lacks the red color of ripened certitude.

This last, crucial condition to high patriotism, consisting in assurance that the Republic is to live forever, it devolves upon the schools of America largely to create, *by making the nation worthy of a permanent career.* The nation will live if it deserves to live. The fittest will survive. If, as "humanity sweeps onward," we as a nation can offer it the proper vehicle, the Eternal Spirit will never dismiss us from his service.

Here, then, is the crowning work of our schools in aid of patriotism; to make this already worthy nation worthier still. On the schools of this land, high and low, depends in eminent degree the question of its eternal life. In conjunction with the Church they must see to it that righteousness abounds more and more among the people. Out of them in great part must come that spiritual life, which shall quench our huckstering temper, shame into the abyss our base politics, and broaden our thought from sectional to national themes. The schools must grow the public men, with inspiring policies, who shall dare to speak again of the divine mission of America.

With what relief, with what applause, should we not receive him, were God pleased once more to turn out a true statesman within our borders, insisting, prophet-like, upon our national duties — duties to the other nations of this continent, duties to the world!

I believe to be true Sir Charles Dilke's remark in his "Problems of Greater Britain," that either Chinese, Russian, or Anglo-Saxon civilization is to become predominant upon the globe. Whether or not it shall be the Saxon, we, rather than England, must answer, for upon us remains more of the dew of our youth. We are not only fresher, we are freer, more inventive, and tied by living bonds to nearly every nationality on earth.

America must lead in the future civilization of our race. God has, I believe, this lasting and glorious mission for the great American republic, but we must prove ourselves worthy of it. The dream of Mr. Blaine and the dream of Mr. Butterfield will some day be realized. More than this: — not always will that morbid notion of earlier Americanism control us, that we are perpetually to keep aloof from the affairs of the Old World. Why should we thus refrain? Wherein is it fitting that the fate of weaker nations and races in Africa, in Asia, and in the islands of the sea, should forever continue to be decided by Germany, Russia, Great Britain, France, and Italy, lands of a civilization confessedly less ethical than ours? Have our matchless fortune and power been given us for naught? Nay; *noblesse oblige:* our privilege puts us under bond to help the weaker. Where is the prophet-statesman — the Mohammed or the Savonorola — who shall affectingly expound to us our national calling? The schools of America must raise him up.

IBSEN'S BRAND.

BY WILBUR L. CROSS, PH.D.

IBSEN'S social dramas are becoming very well known among us. Scholars and critics read them and find in them a new and original dramatic form; the fashionable world reads one of them and talks about them all. Their tendency is usually condemned both in the review and in the drawing-room; and indeed he is a very bold thinker who in our society will defend the *denoûement* of a *Doll's House*. However, we all know, unless we close our eyes to the world about us, that society has its ailments, and we must all admit that the diagnosis made by the fearless Norseman is the work of no clumsy quack. Insincerity in the thousand and one relations of daily life is too common, and a revolt against it by a great literary artist is most salutary, and yet, the social dramas are wanting in the artistic stuff that produces in the reader the highest enjoyment. They are written in prose bare of ornament; they possess little or no wit and humor; they never pretend to the romantic swing of the imagination; everywhere hypocrisy in some aspect is the theme; everywhere the conventions of society are lashed with scorpions. Ought not this dark picture of life to be relieved by a light and warmth from some source? In some of his early plays, though he then looked upon the riffraff of humanity with his present uncompromising eye, Ibsen made his scorn highly palatable by the deepest lyrical feeling, magnificent scenery, and the sensuous flow of the richest poetry. Such a play is the dramatic poem entitled *Brând*, which foreign critics have pronounced the most remarkable literary production since *Faust*. But among English readers, judging from recent criticisms of Ibsen, it is known only by name. Hence we hope a welcome service will be performed by presenting here its outline. Its drift will be apparent. There will constantly be kept before us a man who attempts to apply to life an impossible formula; after sacrificing to it for five years, if the world's decision is

accepted he miserably fails. But does he really fail? No; his reward has been in the struggles and victories of the spirit, in the mighty personality developed thereby.

The opening scene of this dramatic poem is a vast mountain wilderness, an immense snow-field at the head of a Norwegian fjord. Fog, thick and heavy, is condensing into rain; it is early morning. Brand, a young priest, with staff and scrip, is slowly moving over the snow towards the west; he is just stepping on the thin snow crust, beneath which is flowing a deep stream, formed from the melting snow, when a peasant warns him of his danger. He stops only long enough to lay bare the peasant's apparently noble conduct. What does he find?—that the peasant has no conception of self-sacrifice, that he rescues mountain travellers from the abyss, simply because the courts hold him responsible for their lives, because prison-bars and chains very disagreeably rise up before his selfish vision. Brand goes on. The rising sun breaks through the mist and transforms the mountain wilderness into the full beauty of a summer morning. Agnes and Einar are tripping up the valley from the south, over the heather, shining in the sunlight like butterflies — as thoughtless, too, and as happy. Einar is a young painter, who has been sauntering about scene-hunting; in his wanderings he has met Agnes, who had come from the city to drink into her weak lungs the air, sun, and pine odor, of the mountains. They are just from their betrothal feast in the valley below, from song, dance, and wine, and are on their way to the fjord, whence they will sail away for their parents' blessing, and to an endless honey-moon. Leaping along, hand-in-hand, they are on the very edge of a precipice, concealed by overhanging drifts of snow; the shout of Brand, from above, saves them. In a moment, priest and painter recognize each other as university acquaintances. Einar is in high joy, for here is an unexpected guest to his wedding. But Brand, though he is going in the same direction as the lovers, is on his way to no marriage feast, but to God's funeral. The god of the North, who has been ailing for a thousand years, who has long been an old man in second childhood, in slippers, skull cap, and spectacles, is dying. In place of this imbecile godfather, now in his death throes, Brand would enthrone a Being possessing the youth and strength of a Herakles, the sternness and awfulness of Jehovah; instead of a god, squeaking out his commands in

a voice that can only frighten children, this generation needs a god who speaks in thunder and flashes in lightning. Having no respect for their harmless object of worship, men are roaming about with no ideals; to-day they are this, to-morrow that, never anything wholly. "The human spirit has been, so to speak, broken up and retailed about, until the mere torso is left. Its head and hands must be found and united to the mutilated trunk, then the God of old will recognize this greatest and noblest creation, Adam, young and strong."

The lovers resume their journey towards the fjord; but Agnes is not the Agnes of an hour ago. She had never before seen a Brand, and as he spoke he seemed in moral strength one of the giants of romance. Einar points out to her in the distance the gold and silver glitter of the water and the steamer waiting to bear them to the warm south, but her butterfly spirit has fled. Yonder cloud that for a moment hides the face of the sun is the counterpart of the shadow passing over her heart. By another route Brand goes on westward. We get a glimpse of him standing on the lofty cliffs overhanging a little village by the fjord side; he is speaking to himself. The scene before him is familiar, for it is his birthplace; but it no longer interests him,—even the old brown church yonder by the river side looks small and contemptible. Suddenly he is disturbed by stones falling about him. Gerd, a wild half-gypsy being of the mountains, imagines that a foul hawk with red and yellow about the eyes is trying to clutch her in his claws; at this ghastly creation of her brain she is throwing stones. She reads vacillation in the priest's face, and attempts to allure him from the ugly church of men to the great ice church of the mountains, where the force and avalanche chant masses, where the wind on the rampart of the glacier is the preacher, where the hawk never sails.

Brand recovers from his wavering. Every troll that under the disguise of thoughtlessness, stupidity, or madness has broken down men's mind shall be sent to its grave. Then in the new free world we shall no longer be caricatures of what God made us, but very Adams.

By their different ways priest and lovers arrive at the fjord. Near the church sits the parish bailiff, doling out provisions to hungry men and women. It is a hard year for them. September frosts have nipped their grain, disease has fallen on

the cattle, and the folk are starving. When asked for aid, Brand speaks out; disease and famine are God's ways of pricking cowards to action. A terrific storm strikes the fjord. Old women declare that the hard-hearted words of the stranger have aroused God's anger; with one thunderous voice the crowd cries, "Stone him, stab his unfeeling heart." While the bailiff is quieting the tumult, a woman wild with grief comes running down the hill in search of a priest to absolve her husband. Her little household on the other side of the fjord is stricken by the famine. Her husband, demonized by hunger, this morning stabbed the babe, dying at her empty breast, and then attempted self-slaughter. In his remorse he cannot live and dares not die. There is no sham about this case of need, for the future of a human soul is at stake. Accordingly Brand at once makes known his character as priest, and offers to administer the sacrament to the dying wretch. But how shall he reach the other side of the fjord? The bridge above, over which the woman crossed, has been carried away by the morning flood, and the fjord is boiling and foaming. Brand finds a boatman who will risk his boat, but no one will step in with him, not even the wild woman who summons him; life, forsooth, is too precious to be thrown away, yet someone must tend the sheet and bail the boat while the priest stands at the rudder. Agnes, after long pleading in vain with Einar to do his duty, presents herself, if necessary, an offering to the waves.

It is late in the afternoon. The fjord lies quiet and bright; Brand stands by the hut of the dead maniac whose last hours were calmed by priestly assurances of a God of mercy. His heroic daring on the fjord dazzled the peasants, and from those very men who a few hours ago threatened to stone him to death, now appears a delegation to ask him to settle in their poverty-stricken parish. The young priest, as he is entering the world of activity, though his goal stands out clearly before him, forms a very romantic conception of the way leading to it. He imagines that issuing from some magnificent church, from the midst of silken banners, golden chalices, incense, and songs of victory, his fiery words are to penetrate and renew the hearts of men. The sin and suffering of a starving parish, shut out from the wide world by the steep walls of a fjord, are disagreeable to him; with scorn he dismisses the delegation. He approaches Agnes sitting near

the boat on the beach. She is entranced by a heavenly vision; the world of pleasure that she had known as the betrothed of Einar, as she now looks back upon it, is a vast waste dark and lifeless; bending over her in the blue heavens is a form, full of sorrow and love, bright and mild as the morning red, and she hears voices singing, and beseeching "Do thy work, do thy duty."

Brand was not quite satisfied with himself for driving away the men who asked him to become their priest. And now, in contrast with Agnes' vision of simple work and duty, his own conduct appears selfish; it is now plain to him that the new world and the new Adam must be first created in his own heart. All regard for self is extinguished; Quixotic dreams of making over the whole human race vanish like a mere flash on a distant glacier. He will remain, and labor first of all for the salvation of the few in the valley of his childhood; the uncompromising formula, "All or nothing" (unless you give up all, your offering is nothing), which he is ever ready to apply to the conduct of others, he takes for his own. Agnes wishes to share the hardships of his life. He warns her that should she remain with him she must live in the twilight down among the cliffs, that there must never be any wincing or haggling though death threaten. She chooses deliberately to go into the night through death, for beyond she see the glimmering of morning.

For three years Brand has been a parish priest. His harsh rule of conduct has been put to no crucial test in his own life. His dying mother, an old hag of the valley, has been consigned to hell, because she would not break loose from *all* the golden chains that bound her to the earth; but her soul was, to a son who admits no distinction between relative and stranger, of no more worth than any one of the thousands hanging by tooth and nail on the brink of perdition. When he renounced the wide world for a narrow life among ignorant fishermen by the fjord, he looked upon his act as a martyr's sacrifice to duty; but Agnes' love for him, so deep and so novel, is full compensation for the loss of an anticipated great name. And when a son is born, as one was a few months ago, Brand feels the joy of life in all its giddy extravagance. So long and so happily repressed, the strife between nature and love soon breaks forth into the inevitable tragedy.

Little Alf is in a fever. The parish physician informs the parents that unless they leave the cold, damp vale their son will surely die. For a moment the father gives way to his affection; he will depart this very evening. The physician, who had before taken him to task for his hard philosophy, quietly reminds him that there must be something wrong with a doctrine the preacher can't practise; from a peasant, too, Brand hears the accusation that in his "All or nothing" he has set up for his parishioners an ideal he is unwilling to strive for. He is on the steps of his cottage waiting for Agnes who is within. As she comes out with Alf in her arms, dressed for the journey, she looks at her husband, frightened; for in his face is visible the conflict between love and duty, stirred up in heart and head by physician and peasant. From the mountains to the cottage Gerd is running, screaming, and clapping her hands in glee, for the great ice church is now to be honored; the ugly church of men is closed and fastened with lock and bolt, and the hawk is sailing away with a priest on his back; on the mountain tops bells are ringing, bells calling to life the dwarfs and trolls the new priest had driven into the sea; in long processions these ghastly forms are clambering up the mountains. Shuddering with terror before this madness of Nature, this prophecy of victorious evil, Brand points to the cottage door, saying to Agnes that he was priest before parent.

It is Christmas eve; the scene is at the parsonage; without big flakes of snow are falling on Alf's newly made grave. Thinking herself unobserved, Agnes, weak and feverish from her sorrow, kneels down by a bureau and, one by one, takes from a drawer the many little pieces of a child's apparel; "here are the christening cloak and veil; here the very scarf and sacque Alf wore the first time we took him out into the air — 'twas too long then, but soon it became too short and was here laid away; and here are his mittens and stockings too — what hands and what legs; and that — that is a blanket we wrapped him in for his journey from the cold fjord." A knocking is heard at the front door; she turns her head, sees Brand near her, and shrieks. The door bursts open; in runs a gypsy with a child in her arms. The gypsy no sooner sees the rich mother than she demands the clothes for her freezing child. Utterly bewildered, Agnes hears from her stern husband, "You see your duty." The drawer is emptied,

and the gypsy hastens out into the night. As Brand is turning away from Agnes, impatient because a broken-hearted mother does not gladly give up the relics of her love, she confessed that she has not only given unwillingly but has also been guilty of deceit. Then she takes from her bosom a little cap, once wet with Alf's death sweat and her own tears, and as an unreserved offering, her all, she hands it to Brand, who hastens to the steps and throws it at the departing gypsy. Trembling with the joy of self-conquest, the obedient wife falls into the arms of her husband. Through the crushing of a mother's love she has attained his ideal; she has seen Jehovah, the restored God, face to face. But who looks upon that splendor and awfulness must die. When Brand clearly sees that if Agnes is to live, he must get back all the gypsy has taken from her and leave their sunless home, the very foundations of his giant being are shaken; with hands over his aching brain, he weeps, falls helpless, and cries to the merciful Saviour for light. That spirit which in the form of a beautiful woman once came down from the bosom of the Almighty Father to be his strength and his life — must she now be summoned away? His duty as priest demands the sacrifice; he must push on to the end; "the victory of victories is to lose all."

A year and a half passes by. Agnes is dead. With wealth inherited from his mother, Brand has built a new parish church which is to be consecrated to-day. Though the sun has not yet risen, the fjord is white with sails bearing priests and their congregations from neighboring and distant parishes to the celebration. Brand is within the new church at the organ; he has, perhaps, been awake all night, for since the loss of Agnes he rarely sleeps. His sorrow and anguish, which, by heroic effort of the will, he has thus far repressed, the organ voices in spite of him; it weeps and moans, and suddenly in a piercing discord shrieks, shrieks, and drives him in fright to the church steps. Here he is met by his bishop, who informs him that the service cannot begin before assurances are given that the church will be conveyed to the state. The priest replies: The crowning work of his ministry shall be no piece of showy architecture dedicated to Satan; whatever the offering, he will follow the maxim of his life to its logical conclusion; the world may steal from him his heart-blood, but it shall never buy his soul.

A curious and impatient mass of men, women, and children, priests, and officials, are crowding up to the church, clamoring for admittance. Brand still standing on the steps harangues them. He had dreamed of a great church which was to shadow under its protection not only faith and learning, but all that is in life, all that silently goes on in man's heart,— the perplexities of day, the repose of evening, the grief of night. Alas! the dream is dreamed through; the men of this generation in their stupidity can never catch his meaning. Only the sensuous touches them; their eye brightens at a novel structure; the organ, song, and bells tickle their ears; they feel a nervous thrill as the priest lisps, whispers, and thunders, according to the rules of his art. Under the influence of this shine, noise, and jugglery, they are fairly good Christians for one day in the week and godless for the other six. For such a people any church built by human hands is only a lie; in the name of God it fosters the worship of the devil. The only church large enough to include "All or nothing" is world wide: its floor is the green earth, the mountains, sea, and fjord; its roof the heavens. Here in this vast church every man should find his work and his religion; the duties of the day may bind his hands and feet to the earth, but in thought and aspiration he may walk the path of the stars. In the midst of a hubbub, some approving, some disapproving, Brand locks the church door, and announcing that he is no longer priest, throws the key into a river flowing close by. To those possessing pliant backs and supple joints he grants permission to crawl in through the cellar hole, and then he calls upon the young and strong to awake from their vacillation and compromising attitude towards the deceits and shams of the world and follow him into the mountain wilderness to victory. Fired by these lofty words of scorn and exhortation, his hearers raise him upon their shoulders and in a long line rush up the vale; only the faint hearted and officials remain behind. The heroism of this band holds out until they reach the highest *saeter* in the parish; then wet, tired, and hungry, they question their leader about the reward of this suffering. When he tells them they are to look forward to no plunder, but only to conquest over self and the bloody pricks of a crown of thorns, they regard themselves betrayed. The bailiff, opportunely arriving, promises the folk that if they

will return to their homes they shall all be rich before evening, for a school of millions of herring has just entered the fjord. Deceived by this lie trumped up for the occasion, the entire herd of men, women, and children bellow forth against their leader, "Drive the hell-hound from the parish, stone him, stab him."

Lame, bleeding, and alone, amid wind, rain, and fog, Brand creeps farther up into the snow and wilds of the mountains. He stops and looks back on the retreating peasants. Of a thousand followers not one has reached the heights with him; on them all rests the summons to a nobler life, but the offering — ah! that's what scares them. At length, completely exhausted both in mind and body from hunger, cold, and wounds, he sinks down into the snow, and there he sits staring like a madman, as vision after vision representing in some form the hopeless degradation of humanity takes possession of his imagination. These visions pass away and leave him sobbing over a lost world; in his grief he calls upon Agnes to return and calm him. In a moment she stands transfigured in the clouds. She tells him that all his sicknesses and dreams spring from his impracticable rule of conduct, "All or nothing," and with the smiles, softness, and affection bred in heaven, she pleads with him to abandon his foolish attempts to lead back men to a paradise, long since locked and bolted, and to follow her to the sun and summer above. That the gates of Eden are forever closed against mankind, counts for nothing with Brand so long as the *yearning* to burst through them remains. While the heavenly form is vanishing in the clouds, Gerd appears in pursuit of the hawk. Brand tells her that his own experience has taught him that no weapon can make an impression on the bird: "Sometimes he falls seemingly struck through the heart by a bullet, but if you approach him to give the death thrust, he is always behind you with his proud and self-confident air, and befools you anew." This time Gerd has stolen from a reindeer hunter a rifle that never fails to kill. The heavy clouds break away, and Brand sees that he is under the perilous roof of the ice church. The glacier of his heart begins to melt; his life is a mistake; hitherto it has been governed by principles and laws; in the future it shall flow on with the warmth and richness of a poem. Alas! this resolution comes too late. Gerd puts the rifle to her cheek, and fires. The hawk tumbles down the

mountain side. The world is now free from Compromise — only Gerd's world, the great world will still be led by its humdrum ideals; a terrible crash follows the rifle shot, and the mountain valley is buried beneath an avalanche. From Brand, writhing under the falling mass, we hear the fragment of a cry to God about the *quantum satis* of the will. From above a voice answers, "He is *deus caritatis*."

ELECTORAL REFORM LEGISLATION.

BY CHAS. CLAFLIN ALLEN.

Of late there have been signs that the public conscience is gradually awaking to the dangers menacing our institutions from the use of money in elections. The press has begun to publish the truth, and the people have begun to realize it. The priceless privilege of suffrage in a free republic for which our forefathers sacrificed blood and treasure is lapsing into a common commodity for barter. The great increase in political corruption during the past few years has given an impetus to a demand for reform in election methods; and the first result of this wave of sentiment has been the "Australian System of Voting," which has been adopted, with slight variations in minor details, in twelve States. In at least fifteen other States similar measures have been proposed; and the end is not yet.

The salient features of the Australian System are:—

1st. The printing of the ballot at public expense.
2d. The control of the printed ballots by public officials.
3d. The filing of nominations with the Secretary of State.
4th. The right of nominations independent of party.
5th. The privacy of the voter while preparing his ballot.
6th. The secrecy of the ballot.

So much has been written about this system that discussion of its characteristics in detail would be superfluous. Its chief advantages may be epitomized in the privacy, and therefore the independence, of the voter. It certainly prevents the practice of marshalling masses of men, who through timidity or venality can be controlled, and marching them to the polls, ballot in hand, to vote at the behest of the "boss." Where the Australian law prevails, there can be no "blocks of five." Much improvement may fairly be expected from the application of this new system. Its history from its first introduction in South Australia in 1857, and its subsequent successful development through the Australian provinces, to England and Canada, constitute the surest guaranty of suc-

cess; and the fact that the law has never been abandoned when once introduced is the strongest testimony to its excellence. But the "practical politician" works in devious ways. His ingenuity in circumventing laws is marvellous, so long as he is supplied with sinews of war. Give him money or offices to dispose of, and his wits are equal to any emergency. Make it worth his while to work for "the party," and the party will find its *quid pro quo* when the returns are in.

Granting to the Australian system all the advantages claimed for it, assuming that it will not be evaded, it furnishes at best only the privilege of an independent ballot at the polls. For the bartering and huckstering of votes for money all through the canvass preceding an election, it furnishes no relief. Gov. Abbett, of New Jersey, clearly pointed out this defect in the Australian Ballot law in his inaugural address. He says: "The wholesale bribery of voters is the most dangerous evil that threatens free institutions. The secrecy of the ballot will not appreciably prevent the use of money to purchase voters. The bribegiver will confidently and safely rely upon the promise of the elector to vote the ticket agreed upon. The claim made that there would be no bribery where the ballot was secret, because the bribegiver would fear that the voter would cheat him and vote some other ticket, rests upon theoretical speculation and not upon practical knowledge of the class of men who sell their votes. There is an old adage that there is 'honor among thieves;'—the same kind of honor would, in nine cases out of ten, deliver the purchased vote as promised."

The Australian Ballot law is indequate to meet the needs. The vital question is, how to prevent the corrupt use of money. The old bribery laws have failed to do it, and are practically dead letters. A new remedy must be found.

The English people have had the same evil to contend with, and they have mastered it. When they rid themselves of the "Rotten Borough" system they began a course of legislation which continued until a few years ago. The Corrupt Practices Prevention Acts of 1854, 1863, and 1879, the Representation of the People Acts of 1867 and 1868, the Parliamentary Elections Acts of 1868 and 1875, and the Ballot Act of 1872 (Australian System) were all directed towards securing the purity of elections. Yet all of these enactments were found insufficient to prevent fraud, intimi-

dation, and corruption. The expenses of a Parliamentary election were still enormous, and were variously estimated at $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. But the keystone of the electoral-reform arch was added when the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act of 1883 was adopted. A marvellous success has attended the introduction of this law. Since then elections in England have been peaceably and honestly conducted, and the total expenses have fallen from $20,000,000 to less than $3,000,000. Election accounts had been public there ever since the adoption of the Act of 1854, yet corruption was not prevented. It required the Act of 1883, with its detailed schedules, to accomplish that end. These schedules specify very minutely in what way money may be used; fix a maximum scale of expenditure according to population of election districts; and furnish exact forms of accounts to be rendered and affidavits to be made by the candidate and his election agent.

The different acts together make a book of over two hundred and fifty pages. They are drawn with great elaborateness of detail in describing methods of conducting elections, in defining offences, and prescribing remedies and punishment for violations of the law; all of which could only be enumerated at great length. The essential distinction between the Act of 1883 and its predecessors lies in two points: 1st. The limitation of the candidate's expenses; and 2d. The accounting for the expenses according to the schedules provided by the Act.

These are the features of the most interest to Americans at the present time. How far they can be imitated in the United States is a difficult question which is now engaging the attention of thoughtful minds. That the English law cannot be grafted bodily upon our legislation, is at once obvious to any one familiar with the political methods in this country, upon a reading of the English Act. The chief difference lies in the manner of conducting the canvass for election. In England each candidate who "stands" for election in Parliament, is represented by a duly authorized agent, and the law prescribes minutely what the candidate may do, and what his agent may do. The agent's functions are as definite as those of any business agent, and his responsibility is as direct. He represents his principal,—the candidate. In the United States, on the other hand,

everything is done through the machinery of "the party." The candidate is nominated with a large number of other candidates on the ticket by the party convention; the central committee, district, city, county, state or national, as the case may be, is selected by "the party"; the committee assesses the candidates, raises money from all possible sources, manages the canvass, and generally represents "the party." Theoretically, the committee is the servant of the party; practically it is the party's master. It is usually the autocratic representative of its own caprices. It perpetuates itself in power by manipulation of the party machinery, and uses the money extracted from the candidates and their friends to get a firmer grip for the next campaign.

In order to embody the basic principles of the English Act in our laws, it is necessary: first, to impose limitations upon candidates; second, to restrict the authority and fix the responsibility of committees. The candidate and the committee must be made in a legal sense, more interdependent, and both must be held directly responsible. The candidate should be limited in the amount he can contribute, and the purpose to which his contribution can be applied. Every person handling money furnished by him or for him should be made his agent, and as far as possible, he should be held responsible for the acts of his party's committee; at least, to the extent that it acts on his behalf. The committee, on the other hand, should be held accountable to the candidates, as well as to the public, for the funds in its hands; and the manner of expending them should be regulated by law either in the body of the statute or in schedules attached to it.

Attempts at legislation have recently been made in several States intended to cure the corruption at elections. In 1889 new anti-bribery laws were passed in Indiana and Wisconsin. The same year bills were introduced in the legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, and Missouri, all of which, among other provisions, required candidates to file statements of their expenses. In addition, the Massachusetts bill called for statements from political clubs and committees; while the Missouri bill — the first of its kind in that respect — limited the expenses which candidates were allowed to incur. None of these bills passed. In 1890, however, the State of New York adopted the first distinctive "Corrupt Practices Act" in this country. This law, after making strict provisions

against bribery, prohibits the use of "pay envelopes" and all forms of intimidation by employers, and then requires the filing by every candidate, of a sworn statement "showing in detail all the moneys contributed or expended by him, directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, in aid of his election." This marks an important step in the history of electoral reform, and the results of the experiment in New York will be watched with deep interest. Yet each of these efforts has been only partial and tentative. If the features of all these measures had been blended in one Act and that Act adopted in every State of the Union, it is safe to say that corruption in elections would have been reduced to a minimum, if not virtually stopped. But the agitation of this topic is not ended. It has not fairly begun; and the sentiment that has been like a gentle breeze hitherto, is likely to become a hurricane.

Some suggestions therefore, may not seem out of place at this time, as to the elements which ought to enter into this sort of legislation. Among these elements may be stated the following: —

First. A careful definition of what constitutes "corrupt practices," including bribery, personation of real or fictitious persons, undue influence or intimidation; and "treating," *i. e.*, giving or receiving food or drink corruptly for votes or political influence.

Second. Punishment of personation as a felony; this being one of the most vicious forms of election fraud.

Third. Punishment for bribery: —

a. Of the bribe-taker, for a misdemeanor; because the recipient is usually guilty of but a single act, and likely to be poor, ignorant, wretched and under great temptation.

b. Of the bribe-giver, for a felony; because he who bribes one will try to bribe many, and becomes a tempter, and the perverter of public morals.

Fourth. Liability of the briber to civil action for a sum certain on the suit of any person. This is to reach those who guard their pockets more closely than their morals and fear the cupidity of individuals more than the consciences of apathetic prosecuting officers.

Fifth. Punishment of other offences as misdemeanors, because of less gravity than those mentioned.

Sixth. Limitation of amount to be expended by the candidates, directly or indirectly, with the objects to which and

the manner in which, the money may be applied, specified carefully, and schedules appended, if possible, including a statement under oath of items in detail.

Seventh. Requirements for statements on oath of political clubs and committees, and with limitations of the purposes for which money may be used, provided by statutory schedules.

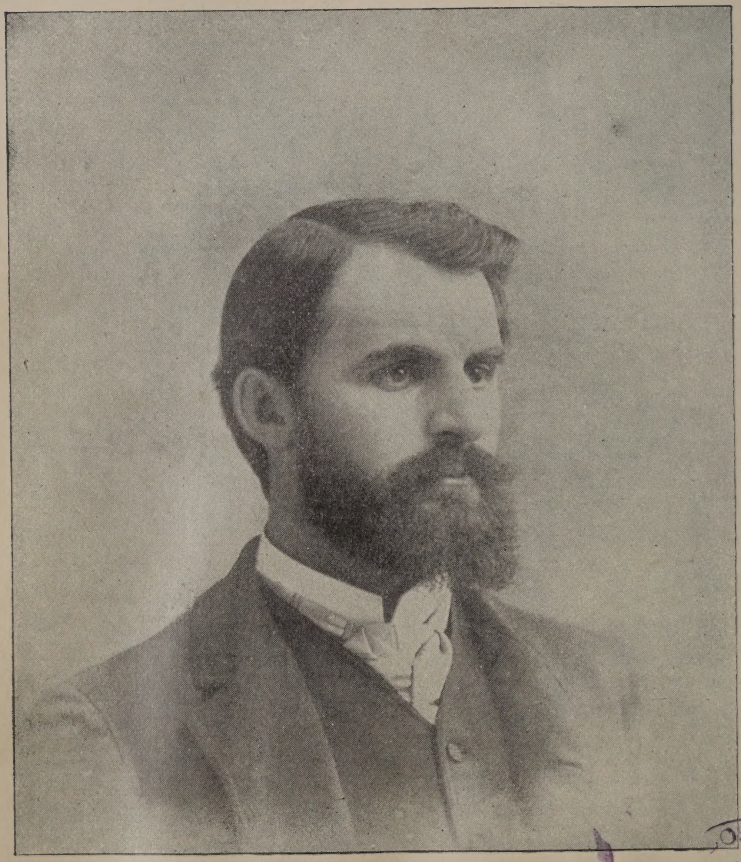
Eighth. Penalty, by fine or imprisonment, for failure of a candidate or members of committee to file statement.

Ninth. Prohibition against candidates taking office or drawing salary before statement is filed.

Tenth. Privilege to defeated candidates to bring an action — with or without the attorney-general — to oust the officer elected, who has violated any of the provisions of the law, and to be awarded the office, unless himself guilty of similar acts.

Eleventh. Compulsory testimony of persons guilty under the act.

All of the characteristics enumerated are important enough to be essential. They may be elaborated indefinitely, for there is little danger of too much particularity. Politicians are so notoriously apt at evading election laws, that only the most stringent enactments, vigorously enforced, will restrain them. But with the Australian law to give the voter independence at the polls, and a "Corrupt Practices Prevention" act to restrict the use of money and enforce a respect for political decency in the canvass, a new era will dawn for the republic. And this era is beginning to dawn. As Governor Abbett wisely observes: "The best sentiment of the country in all the States demands ballot reform and honest elections." Governor Abbett's inaugural was the first official declaration on this subject, but he sounded the tocsin of reform. The different States are falling into line. "The axe is laid unto the root of the tree."



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Yours for peace and truth
Hamlin Garland

THE RETURN OF A PRIVATE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

THE nearer the train drew toward La Crosse, the soberer the little group of "vets" became. On the long way from New Orleans they had beguiled tedium with jokes and friendly chaff; or with planning with elaborate detail what they were going to do now, after the war. A long journey, slowly, irregularly, yet persistently pushing northward. When they entered on Wisconsin Territory they gave a cheer, and another when they reached Madison, but after that they sank into a dumb expectancy. Comrades dropped off at one or two points beyond, until there were only four or five left who were bound for La Crosse County.

Three of them were gaunt and brown, the fourth was gaunt and pale, with signs of fever and ague upon him. One had a great scar down his temple; one limped; and they all had unnaturally large bright eyes, showing emaciation. There were no bands greeting them at the stations, no banks of gaily-dressed ladies waving handkerchiefs and shouting "bravo"; as they came in on the caboose of a freight train into the towns that had cheered and blared at them on their way to war. As they looked out or stepped upon the platform for a moment, as the train stood at the station, the loafers looked at them indifferently. Their blue coats, dusty and grimy, were too familiar now to excite notice, much less a friendly word. They were the last of the army to return, and the loafers were surfeited with such sights.

The train jogged forward so slowly that it seemed likely to be midnight before they should reach La Crosse. The little squad of "vets" grumbled and swore, but it was no use, the train would not hurry; and as a matter of fact, it was nearly two o'clock when the engine whistled "down brakes."

Most of the group were farmers, living in districts several miles out of the town, and all were poor.

"Now, boys," said Private Smith, he of the fever and ague, "we are landed in La Crosse in the night. We've got to stay somewhere till mornin'. Now I aint got no two dollars to waste on a hotel. I've got a wife and children, so I'm goin' to roost on a bench, and take the cost of a bed out of my hide."

"Same here," put in one of the other men. "Hide'll grow on again, dollars come hard. It's goin' to be mighty hot skirmishin' to find a dollar these days."

"Don't think they'll be a deputation of citizens waitin' to 'scort us to a hotel, eh?" said another. His sarcasm was too obvious to require an answer.

Smith went on: "Then at daybreak we'll start f'r home, at least I will."

"Well, I'll be dumned if I'll take two dollars out o'*my* hide," one of the younger men said. "I'm goin' to a hotel, ef I don't never lay up a cent."

"That'll do f'r you," said Smith; "but if you had a wife an' three young 'uns dependin' on yeh—"

"Which I aint, thank the Lord! and don't intend havin' while the court knows itself."

The station was deserted, chill, and dark, as they came into it at exactly a quarter to two in the morning. Lit by the oil lamps that flared a dull red light over the dingy benches, the waiting-room was not an inviting place. The younger man went off to look up a hotel, while the rest remained and prepared to camp down on the floor and benches. Smith was attended to tenderly by the other men, who spread their blankets on the bench for him, and by robbing themselves made quite a comfortable bed, though the narrowness of the bench made his sleeping precarious.

It was chill, though August, and the two men sitting with bowed heads grew stiff with cold and weariness, and were forced to rise now and again, and walk about to warm their stiffened limbs. It didn't occur to them, probably, to contrast their coming home with their going forth, or with the coming home of the generals, colonels, or even captains — but to Private Smith, at any rate, there came a sickness at heart almost deadly, as he lay there on his hard bed and went over his situation.

In the deep of the night, lying on a board in the town where he had enlisted three years ago, all elation and enthusiasm gone out of him, he faced the fact that with the joy of home coming was mingled the bitter juice of care. He saw himself sick, worn out, taking up the work on his half-cleared farm, the inevitable mortgage standing ready with open jaw to swallow half his earnings. He had given three years of his life for a mere pittance of pay, and now —

Morning dawned at last, slowly, with a pale yellow dome of light rising silently above the bluffs which stand like some huge battlemented castle, just east of the city. Out to the left the great river swept on its massive, yet silent, way to the south. Jays called across the river from hillside to hillside, through the clear, beautiful air, and hawks began to skim the tops of the hills. The two vets were astir early, but Private Smith had fallen at last into a sleep, and they went out without waking him. He lay on his knapsack, his gaunt face turned toward the ceiling, his hands clasped on his breast, with a curious pathetic effect of weakness and appeal.

An engine switching near woke him at last, and he slowly sat up and stared about. He looked out of the window, and saw that the sun was lightening the hills across the river. He rose and brushed his hair as well as he could, folded his blankets up, and went out to find his companions. They stood gazing silently at the river and at the hills.

"Looks nat'ral, don't it?" they said, as he came out.

"That's what it does," he replied. "An' it looks good. D'yeh see that peak?" He pointed at a beautiful symmetrical peak, rising like a slightly truncated cone, so high that it seemed the very highest of them all, It was lighted by the morning sun till it glowed like a beacon, and a light scarf of gray morning fog was rolling up its shadowed side.

"My farm's just beyond that. Now, ef I can only ketch a ride, we'll be home by dinner time."

"I'm talkin' about breakfast," said one of the others.

"I guess it's one more meal o' hardtack f'r me," said Smith. They foraged around, and finally found a restaurant with a sleepy old German behind the counter, and procured some coffee, which they drank to wash down their hardtack.

"Time'll come," said Smith, holding up a piece by the corner, "when this'll be a curiosity."

"I hope to God it will! I bet I've chawed hardtack enough to shingle every house in the coolly. I've chawed it when my lampers was down, and when they wasn't. I've took it dry, soaked, and mashed. I've had it wormy, musty, sour, and blue-mouldy. I've had it in little bits and big bits; 'fore coffee an' after coffee. I'm ready f'r a change. I'd like t' git hol' jest about now o' some of the hot biscuits my wife c'n make when she lays herself out f'r company."

"Well, if you set there gablin', you'll never *see* yer wife."

"Come on," said Private Smith. "Wait a moment, boys; less take suthin'. It's on me." He led them to the rusty tin dipper which hung on a nail beside the wooden water pail, and they grinned and drank. (Things were primitive in La Crosse then.) Then shouldering their blankets and muskets, which they were "taking home to the boys," they struck out on their last march.

"They called that coffee, Jayvy," grumbled one of them, "but it never went by the road where government Jayvy resides. I reckon I know coffee from peas."

They kept together on the road along the turnpike, and up the winding road by the river, which they followed for some miles. The river was very lovely, curving down along its sandy beds, pausing now and then under broad basswood trees, or running in dark, swift, silent currents under tangles of wild grape-vines, and drooping alders, and haw trees. At one of these lovely spots the three vets sat down on the thick green sward to rest, "on Smith's account." The leaves of the trees were as fresh and green as June, the jays called cheery greetings to them, and kingfishers darted to and fro, with swooping, noiseless flight.

"I tell yeh, boys, this knocks the swamps of Loueesiana into kingdom come."

"You bet. All they c'n raise down there is snakes, niggers, and p'rticler hell."

"An' fightin' men," put in the older man.

"An' fightin' men. If I had a good hook an' line I'd sneak a pick'rel out o' that pond. Say, remember that time I shot that alligator—"

"I guess we'd better be crawlin' along," interrupted Smith, rising and shouldering his knapsack, with considerable effort, which he tried to hide.

"Say, Smith, lemme give you a lift on that."

"I guess I c'n manage," said Smith, grimly.

"'Course. But, yeh see, I may not have a chance right off to pay yeh back for the times ye've carried my gun and hull caboodle. Say, now, gimme that gun, anyway."

"All right, if yeh feel like it, Jim," Smith replied, and they trudged along doggedly in the sun, which was getting higher and hotter each half mile.

"Aint it queer they aint no teams comin' along?"

"Well, no, seein's it's Sunday."

"By jinks, that's a fact! It *is* Sunday. I'll git home in time f'r dinner, sure. She don't hev dinner usially till about *one* on Sundays." And he fell into a muse, in which he smiled.

"Well, I'll git home jest about six o'clock, jest about when the boys are milkin' the cows," said old Jim Cranby. "I'll step into the barn, an' then I'll say, 'He*ah!* why aint this milkin' done before this time o' day?' An' then won't they yell," he added, slapping his thigh in great glee.

Smith went on. "I'll jest go up the path. Old Rover'll come down the road to meet me. He won't bark; he'll know me, an' he'll come down waggin' his tail an' showin' his teeth. That's his way of laughin'. An' so I'll walk up to the kitchen door, an' I'll say, '*Dinner* f'r a hungry man!' An' then she'll jump up, an'—"

He couldn't go on. His voice choked at the thought of it. Saunders, the third man, hardly uttered a word. He walked silently behind the others. He had lost his wife the first year he was in the army. She died of pneumonia caught in the autumn rains, while working in the fields on his place.

They plodded along till at last they came to a parting of the ways. To the right the road continued up the main valley; to the left it went over the ridge.

"Well, boys," began Smith, as they grounded their muskets and looked away up the valley, "here's where we shake hands. We've marched together a good many miles, an' now I s'pose we're done."

"Yes, I don't think we'll do any more of it f'r a while. I don't want to, I know."

"I hope I'll see yeh, once in a while, boys, to talk over old times."

"Of course," said Saunders, whose voice trembled a little, too. "It aint *exactly* like dyin'."

"But we'd ought'r go home with you," said the younger man. "You never'll climb that ridge with all them things on yer back."

"Oh, I'm all right! Don't worry about me. Every step takes me nearer home, yeh see. Well, good-by, boys."

They shook hands. "Good-by. Good luck."

"Same to you. Lemme know how you find things at home."

He turned once before they passed out of sight, and waved his cap, and they did the same, and all yelled. Then all marched away with their long, steady, loping, veteran step. The solitary climber in blue walked on for a time, with his mind filled with the kindness of his comrades, and musing upon the many jolly days they had had together in camp and field.

He thought of his chum, Billy Tripp. Poor Billy! A "minie" ball fell into his breast one day, fell wailing like a cat, and tore a great ragged hole into his heart. He looked forward to a sad scene with Billy's mother and sweetheart. They would want to know all about it. He tried to recall all that Billy had said, and the particulars of it, but there was little to remember, just that wild wailing sound high in the air, a dull slap, a short, quick, expulsive groan, and the boy lay with his face in the dirt in the ploughed field they were marching across.

That was all. But all the scenes he had since been through had not dimmed the horror, the terror of that moment, when his boy comrade fell, with only a breath between a laugh and a death-groan. Poor handsome Billy! Worth millions of dollars was his young life.

These sombre recollections gave way at length to more cheerful feelings as he began to approach his home coulè. The fields and houses grew familiar, and in one or two he was greeted by people seated in the doorway. But he was in no mood to talk, and pushed on steadily, though he stopped and accepted a drink of milk once at the well-side of a neighbor.

The sun was getting hot on that slope, and his step grew slower, in spite of his iron resolution. He sat down several times to rest. Slowly he crawled up the rough, reddish brown road, which wound along the hillside, under great trees, through dense groves of jack oaks, with tree-tops far below

him on his left hand, and the hills far above him on his right. He crawled along like some minute wingless variety of fly.

He ate some hardtack, sauced with wild berries, when he reached the summit of the ridge, and sat there for some time, looking down into his home coulè.

Sombre, pathetic figure! His wide, round, gray eyes gazing down into the beautiful valley, seeing and not seeing, the splendid cloud-shadows sweeping over the western hills, and across the green and yellow wheat far below. His head drooped forward on his palm, his shoulders took on a tired stoop, his cheek bones showed painfully. An observer might have said, "He is looking down upon his own grave."

II.

Sunday comes in a western wheat harvest with such sweet and sudden relaxation to man and beast, that it would be holy for that reason, if for no other. And Sundays are usually fair in harvest time. As one goes out into the field in the hot morning sunshine, with no sound abroad save the crickets and the indescribably pleasant, silken rustling of the ripened grain, the reaper and the very sheaves in the stubble seem to be resting, dreaming.

Around the house, in the shade of the trees, the men sit, smoking, dozing, or reading the papers, while the women, never resting, move about at the housework. The men eat on Sundays about the same as on other days, and breakfast is no sooner over and out of the way than dinner begins.

But at the Smith farm there were no men dozing or reading. Mrs. Smith was alone with her three children, Mary, nine, Tommy, six, and little Ted, just past four. Her farm, rented to a neighbor, lay at the head of a coulè or narrow gulley, made at some far-off post-glacial period by the vast and angry floods of water which gullied these tremendous furrows in the level prairie — furrows so deep that undisturbed portions of the original level rose like hills on either side, — rose to quite considerable mountains.

The chickens wakened her as usual that Sabbath morning from dreams of her absent husband, from whom she had not heard for weeks. The shadows drifted over the hills, down the slopes, across the wheat, and up the opposite wall in leisurely way, as if, being Sunday, they could "take it easy,"

also. The fowls clustered about the housewife as she went out into the yard. Fuzzy little chickens swarmed out from the coops where their clucking and perpetually disgruntled mothers tramped about, petulantly thrusting their heads through the spaces between the slats.

A cow called in a deep, musical bass, and a calf answered from a little pen near by, and a pig scurried guiltily out of the cabbages. Seeing all this, seeing the pig in the cabbages, the tangle of grass in the garden, the broken fence which she had mended again and again — the little woman, hardly more than a girl, sat down and cried. The bright Sabbath morning was only a mockery without him!

A few years ago they had bought this farm, paying part, mortgaging the rest in the usual way. Edward Smith was a man of terrible energy. He worked "nights and Sundays," as the saying goes, to clear the farm of its brush and of its insatiate mortgage. In the midst of his herculean struggle came the call for volunteers, and with the grim and unselfish devotion to his country which made the Eagle Brigade able to "whip its weight in wild cats," he threw down his scythe and his grub-axe, turned his cattle loose, and became a blue-coated cog in a vast machine for killing men, and not thistles. While the millionnaire sent his money to England for safe keeping, this man, with his girl wife and three babies, left them on a mortgaged farm, and went away to fight for an idea. It was foolish, but it was sublime, for all that.

That was three years before, and the young wife, sitting on the well-curb on this bright Sabbath harvest morning, was righteously rebellious. It seemed to her that she had borne her share of the country's sorrow. Two brothers had been killed, the renter in whose hands her husband had left the farm had proved the villain, one year the farm was without crops, and now the over-ripe grain was waiting the tardy hand of the neighbor who had rented it, and who was cutting his own grain first.

About six weeks before she had received a letter saying, "We'll be discharged in a little while." But no other word had come from him. She had seen by the papers that his army was being discharged, and from day to day, other soldiers slowly percolated in blue streams back into the State and county, but still *her* private did not return.

Each week she had told the children that he was coming, and she had watched the road so long that it had become unconscious. As she stood at the well, or by the kitchen door, her eyes were fixed unthinkingly on the road that wound down the coulè. Nothing wears on the human soul like waiting. If the stranded mariner, searching the sun-bright seas, could once give up hope of a ship, that horrible grinding on his brain would cease. It was this waiting, hoping, on the edge of despair, that gave Emma Smith no rest.

Neighbors said, with kind intentions, "He's sick, maybe, an' can't start north just yet. He'll come along one o' these days."

"Why don't he write?" was her question, which silenced them all. This Sunday morning it seemed to her as if she couldn't stand it any longer. The house seemed intolerably lonely. So she dressed the little ones in their best calico dresses and home-made jackets, and closing up the house, set off down the coulè to old Mother Gray's.

"Old Widder Gray" lived at the "mouth of the coolly." She was a widow woman with a large family of stalwart boys and laughing girls. She was the visible incarnation of hospitality and optimistic poverty. With western openheartedness she fed every mouth that asked food of her, and worked herself to death as cheerfully as her girls danced in the neighborhood harvest dances.

She waddled down the path to meet Mrs. Smith with a smile on her face that would have made the countenance of a convict expand.

"Oh, you little dears! Come right to yer granny. Gimme a kiss! Come right in, Mis' Smith. How are yeh, anyway? Nice mornin', aint it? Come in an' set down. Everything's in a clutter, but that won't scare you any."

She led the way into the "best room," a sunny, square room, carpeted with a faded and patched rag carpet, and papered with a horrible white-and-green-striped wall paper, where a few ghastly effigies of dead members of the family hung in variously-sized oval walnut frames. The house resounded with singing, laughter, whistling, tramping of boots, and scufflings. Half-grown boys came to the door and crooked their fingers at the children, who ran out, and were soon heard in the midst of the fun.

"Don't s'pose you've heard from Ed?" Mrs. Smith shook her head. "He'll turn up some day, when you aint lookin' for 'm." The good old soul had said that so many times that poor Mrs. Smith derived no comfort from it any longer.

"Liz heard from Al the other day. He's comin' some day this week. Anyhow, they expect him."

"Did he say anything of — "

"No, he didn't," Mrs. Gray admitted. "But then, it was only a short letter, anyhow. Al aint much for ritin', anyhow. But come out and see my new cheese. I tell yeh, I don't believe I ever had better luck in my life. If Ed should come, I want you should take him up a piece of this cheese."

It was beyond human nature to resist the influence of that noisy, hearty, loving household, and in the midst of the singing and laughing, the wife forgot her anxiety, for the time at least, and laughed and sang with the rest.

About eleven o'clock a wagon-load more drove up to the door, and Bill Gray, the widow's oldest son, and his whole family from Sand Lake Coulè, piled out amid a good-natured uproar, as characteristic as it was ludicrous. Everyone talked at once, except Bill, who sat in the wagon with his wrists on his knees, a straw in his mouth, and an amused twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Aint heard nothin' o' Ed, I s'pose?" he asked in a kind of bellow. Mrs. Smith shook her head. Bill, with a delicacy very striking in such a great giant, rolled his quid in his mouth, and said: —

"Didn't know but you had. I hear two or three of the Sand Lake boys are comin'. Left New Orleenes some time this week. Didn't write nothin' about Ed, but no news is good news in such cases, mother always says."

"Well, go put out yer team," said Mrs. Gray, "an' go'n bring me in some taters, an', Sim, you go see if you c'n find some corn. Sadie, you put on the water to bile. Come now, hustle yer boots, all o' yeh. If I feed this yer crowd, we've got to have some raw materials. If y' think I'm goin' to feed yeh on pie — "

The children went off into the fields, the girls put dinner on to "bile," and then went to change their dresses and fix their hair. "Somebody might come," they said.

"Land sakes, *I hope* not! I don't know where in time I'd set 'em, 'less they'd eat at the secont table," Mrs. Gray laughed, in pretended dismay.

The two older boys, who had served their time in the army, lay out on the grass before the house, and whittled and talked desultorily about the war and the crops, and planned buying a threshing machine. The older girls and Mrs. Smith helped enlarge the table and put on the dishes, talking all the time in that cheery, incoherent, and meaningful way a group of such women have, — a conversation to be taken for its spirit rather than for its letter, though Mrs. Gray at last got the ear of them all and dissertated at length on girls.

"Girls in love aint no use in the whole blessed week," she said. "Sundays they're a lookin' down the road, expectin' he'll *come*. Sunday afternoons they can't think o' nothin' else, 'cause he's *here*. Monday mornin's they're sleepy and kind o' dreamy and slimpsy, and good f'r nothin' on Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday they git absent-minded, an' begin to look off towards Sunday agin, an' mope aroun' and let the dish-water git cold, right under their noses. Friday they break dishes, and go off in the best room an' snivel, an' look out o' the winder. Saturdays they have queer spurts o' workin' like all p'sessed, an' spurts o' frizzin' their hair. An' Sunday they begin it all over agin."

The girls giggled and blushed all through this tirade from their mother, their broad faces and powerful frames anything but suggestive of lackadaisical sentiment. But Mrs. Smith said: —

"Now, Mrs. Gray, I hadn't ought to stay to dinner. You've got —"

"Now you set right down! If any of them girls' beaus comes, they'll have to take what's left, that's all. They aint s'posed to have much appetite, nohow. No, you're goin' to stay if they starve, an' they aint no danger o' that."

At one o'clock the long table was piled with boiled potatoes, cords of boiled corn on the cob, squash and pumpkin pies, hot biscuit, sweet pickles, bread and butter, and honey. Then one of the girls took down a conch shell from a nail, and going to the door blew a long, fine, free blast, that showed there was no weakness of lungs in her ample chest.

Then the children came out of the forest of corn, out of the crick, out of the loft of the barn, and out of the garden.

The men shut up their jack-knives, and surrounded the horse-trough to souse their faces in the cold, hard water, and in a few moments the table was filled with a merry crowd, and a row of wistful-eyed youngsters circled the kitchen wall, where they stood first on one leg and then on the other, in impatient hunger.

"They come to their feed f'r all the world jest like the pigs when y' holler 'poo — ee!' See 'em scoot!" laughed Mrs. Gray, every wrinkle on her face shining with delight. "Now pitch in, Mrs. Smith," she said, presiding over the table. "You know these men critters. They'll eat every grain of it, if yeh give 'em a chance. I swan, they're made o' India-rubber, their stomachs is, I know it."

"Haf to eat to work," said Bill, gnawing a cob with a swift, circular motion that rivalled a corn-sheller in results.

"More like workin' to eat," put in one of the girls, with a giggle. "More eat 'n work with you."

"*You* needn't say anything, Net. Anyone that'll eat seven ears — "

"I didn't, no such thing. You piled your cobs on my plate."

"That'll do to tell Ed Varney. It won't go down here, where we know yeh."

"Good land! Eat all yeh want! They's plenty more in the fiel's, but I can't afford to give you young 'uns tea. The tea is for us women-folks, and 'specially f'r Mis' Smith an' Bill's wife. We're agoin' to tell fortunes by it."

One by one the men filled up and shoved back, and one by one the children slipped into their places, and by two o'clock the women alone remained around the debris-covered table, sipping their tea and telling fortunes.

As they got well down to the grounds in the cup, they shook them with a circular motion in the hand, and then turned them bottom-side-up quickly in the saucer, then twirled them three or four times one way, and three or four times the other, during a breathless pause. Then Mrs. Gray lifted the cup, and, gazing into it with profound gravity, pronounced the impending fate.

It must be admitted that to a critical observer, she had abundant preparation for hitting close to the mark; as when she told the girls that "somebody was coming." "It is a man," she went on gravely. "He is cross-eyed — "

"Oh, you hush!"

"He has red hair, and is death on biled corn and hot biscuit."

The others shrieked with delight.

"But he's goin' to get the mitten, that red-headed feller is, for I see a feller comin' up behind him."

"Oh, lemme see, lemme see," cried Nettie.

"Keep off," said the priestess, with a lofty gesture. "His hair is black. He don't eat so much, and he works more."

The girls exploded in a shriek of laughter, and pounded their sister on the back.

At last came Mrs. Smith's turn, and she was trembling with excitement as Mrs. Gray again composed her jolly face to what she considered a proper solemnity of expression.

"Somebody is comin' to *you*," she said after a long pause. "He's got a musket on his back. He's a soldier. He's almost here. See?"

She pointed at two little tea stems, which formed a faint suggestion of a man with a musket on his back. He had climbed nearly to the edge of the cup. Mrs. Smith grew pale with excitement. She trembled so she could hardly hold the cup in her hand as she gazed into it.

"It's Ed," cried the old woman. "He's on the way home. Heavens an' earth! There he is now!" She turned and waved her hand out toward the road. They rushed to the door, and looked where she pointed.

A man in a blue coat, with a musket on his back, was toiling slowly up the hill, on the sun-bright, dusty road, toiling slowly, with bent head half hidden by a heavy knapsack. So tired it seemed that walking was indeed a process of falling. So eager to get home he would not stop, would not look aside, but plodded on, amid the cries of the locusts, the welcome of the crickets, and the rustle of the yellow wheat. Getting back to God's country, and his wife and babies!

Laughing, crying, trying to call him and the children at the same time, the little wife, almost hysterical, snatched her hat and ran out into the yard. But the soldier had disappeared over the hill into the hollow beyond, and, by the time she had found the children, he was too far away for her voice to reach him. And besides, she was not sure it was her husband, for he had not turned his head at their shouts. This seemed so strange. Why didn't he stop to rest at his

old neighbor's house? Tortured by hope and doubt, she hurried up the coulè as fast as she could push the baby-wagon, the blue-coated figure just ahead pushing steadily, silently forward up the coulè.

When the excited, panting little group came in sight of the gate, they saw the blue-coated figure standing, leaning upon the rough rail fence, his chin on his palms, gazing at the empty house. His knapsack, canteen, blankets and musket lay upon the dusty grass at his feet.

He was like a man lost in a dream. His wide, hungry eyes devoured the scene. The rough lawn, the little unpainted house, the field of clear yellow wheat behind it, down across which streamed the sun, now almost ready to touch the high hill to the west, the crickets crying merrily, a cat on the fence near by, dreaming, unmindful of the stranger in blue.

How peaceful it all was. My God! How far removed from all camps, hospitals, battle-lines. A little cabin in a Wisconsin coulè, but it was majestic in its peace. How did he ever leave it for those years of tramping, thirsting, killing?

Trembling, weak with emotion, her eyes on the silent figure, Mrs. Smith hurried up to the fence. Her feet made no noise in the dust and grass, and they were close upon him before he knew of them. The oldest boy ran a little ahead. He will never forget that figure, that face. It will always remain as something epic, that return of the private. He fixed his eyes on the pale face, covered with a ragged beard.

"Who *are* you, sir?" asked the wife, or rather, started to ask, for he turned, stood a moment, and then cried: —

"Emma!"

"Edward!"

The children stood in a curious row to see their mother kiss this bearded, strange man, the elder girl sobbing sympathetically with her mother. Illness had left the soldier partly deaf, and this added to the strangeness of his manner.

But the boy of six years stood away, even after the girl had recognized her father and kissed him. The man turned then to the baby, and said in a curiously, unpaternal tone: —

"Come here, my little man, don't you know me?" But the baby backed away under the fence and stood peering at him critically.

"My little man!" What meaning in those words! This baby seemed like some other woman's child, and not the infant he had left in his wife's arms. The war had come between him and his baby — he was only "a strange man, with big eyes, dressed in blue, with mother hanging to his arm, and talking in a loud voice."

"And this is Tom," he said, drawing the oldest boy to him. "*He'll* come and see me. *He* knows his poor old pap when he comes home from the war."

The mother heard the pain and reproach in his voice, and hastened to apologize.

"You've changed so, Ed. He can't know yeh. This is papa, Teddy, come and kiss him, — Tom and Mary do. Come, won't you?" But Teddy still peered through the fence with solemn eyes, well out of reach. He resembled a half-wild kitten that hesitates, studying the tones of one's voice.

"I'll fix him," said the soldier, and sat down to undo his knapsack, out of which he drew three enormous and very red apples. After giving one to each of the older children, he said: —

"*Now* I guess he'll come. Eh, my little man? Now come see your pap."

Teddy crept slowly under the fence, assisted by the over-zealous Tommy, and a moment later was kicking and squalling in his father's arms. Then they entered the house, into the sitting-room, poor, bare, art-forsaken little room, too, with its rag-carpet, its square clock, and its two or three chromos and pictures from *Harper's Weekly* pinned about.

"Emma, I'm all tired out," said Private Smith, as he flung himself down on the carpet as he used to do, while his wife brought a pillow to put under his head, and the children stood about, munching their apples.

"Tommy, you run and get me a pan of chips, and Mary you get the tea-kettle on, and I'll go and make some biscuit."

And the soldier talked. Question after question he poured forth about the crops, the cattle, the renter, the neighbors. He slipped his heavy government brogan shoes off his poor, tired, blistered feet, and lay out with utter, sweet relaxation. He was a free man again, no longer a soldier under command. At supper he stopped once, listened, and smiled. "That's old Spot. I know her voice. I s'pose that's her calf out there in the pen. I can't milk her to-night, though, I'm

too tired; but I tell you, I'd like a drink o' her milk. What's become of old Rove?"

"He died last winter. Poisoned, I guess." There was a moment of sadness for them all. It was some time before the husband spoke again, in a voice that trembled a little.

"Poor old feller! He'd a known me a half a mile away. I expected him to come down the hill to meet me. It 'ud 'a' been more like comin' home if I could 'a' seen him comin' down the road an' waggin' his tail, an' laughin' that way he has. I tell yeh, it kin' o' took hold o' me to see the blinds down, an' the house shut up."

"But yeh see, we — we expected you'd write again 'fore you started. And then we thought we'd see you if you *did* come," she hastened to explain.

"Well, I aint worth a cent on writin'. Besides, it's just as well yeh didn't know when I was comin'. I tell yeh, it sounds good to hear them chickens out there, an' turkeys, an' the crickets. Do you know, they don't have just the same kind o' crickets down South. Who's Sam hired t' help cut yer grain?"

"The Ramsey boys."

"Looks like a good crop, but I'm afraid I won't do much gettin' it cut. This cussed fever an' ague has got me down pretty low. I don't know when I'll get red of it. I'll bet I've took twenty-five pounds of quinine, if I've taken a bit. Gimme another biscuit. I tell yeh, they taste good, Emma. I aint had anything like it — say, if you'd 'a' heard me braggin' to th' boys about your butter'n biscuits, I'll bet your ears 'ud 'a' burnt."

The Private's wife colored with pleasure. "Oh, you're always a braggin' about your things. Everybody makes good butter."

"Yes, old lady Snyder, for instance."

"Oh, well, she aint to be mentioned. She's Dutch."

"Or old Mis' Snively. One more cup o' tea, Mary. That's my girl! I'm feeling better already. I just b'lieve the matter with me is, I'm *starved*."

This was a delicious hour, one long to be remembered. They were like lovers again. But their tenderness, like that of a typical American, found utterance in tones, rather than in words. He was praising her when praising her biscuit, and she knew it. They grew soberer when he showed where

he had been struck, one ball burning the back of his hand, one cutting away a lock of hair from his temple, and one passing through the calf of his leg. The wife shuddered to think how near she had come to being a soldier's widow. Her waiting no longer seemed hard. This sweet, glorious hour effaced it all.

Then they rose, and all went out into the garden and down to the barn. He stood beside her while she milked old Spot. They began to plan fields and crops for next year. Here was the epic figure which Whitman has in mind, and which he calls the "common American soldier." With the livery of war on his limbs, this man was facing his future, his thoughts holding no scent of battle. Clean, clear-headed, in spite of physical weakness, Edward Smith, Private, turned future-ward with a sublime courage.

His farm was mortgaged, a rascally renter had run away with his machinery, "departing between two days," his children needed clothing, the years were coming upon him, he was sick and emaciated, but his heroic soul did not quail. With the same courage with which he faced his southern march, he entered upon a still more hazardous future.

Oh, that mystic hour! The pale man with big eyes standing there by the well, with his young wife by his side. The vast moon swinging above the eastern peaks, the cattle winding down the pasture slopes with jangling bells, the crickets singing, the stars blooming out sweet, and far, and serene, the katy-dids rhythmically calling, the little turkeys crying querulously, as they settled to roost in the poplar tree near the open gate. The voices at the well drop lower, the little ones nestle in their father's arms at last, and Teddy falls asleep there.

The common soldier of the American volunteer army had returned. His war with the South was over, and his war, his daily running fight with nature and against the injustice of his fellow-men was begun again. In the dusk of that far-off valley his figure looms vast, his personal peculiarities fade away, he rises into a magnificent type.

He is a gray-haired man of sixty now, and on the brown hair of his wife the white is also showing. They are fighting a hopeless battle, and must fight till God gives them furlough.

TWO SCENES.

BY MABEL HAYDEN.

The sun has set; the lowlands lie
  Dim in the hush of crimson light,
And far along the darkening sky
  The last gold cloud wanes in the night.
Peace broods upon the purple hills,
  On mountain, vale, and hamlet town,
And just beyond the winding rills,
  The silent river floweth down.

. . . . . .

Across the battle-fields arise
  The din and clash of fire and steel,
Like hoary signals to the skies,
  The strife and pain that men must feel.
And then the silence after death,
  The lines drawn up in dark array;
The stars above, the sod beneath,
  And night has closed the fateful day.

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN.

As I am, in some sense, responsible for the term "Afro-American," in the general application of it to the Afro-American League, organized January 15, 1890, at Chicago, I wish to correct an error into which Senator John T. Morgan allowed himself to lapse in discussing "The Race Problem in the United States," in the September number of THE ARENA. Senator Morgan said:

"The Afro-Americans, as the mulattoes describe themselves, believe that a precedent has been set, by their foremost man, which they can follow, with the aid of the politicians, that will secure their incorporation, by marriage, into the white families of the country. These vain expectations will be followed with the chagrin of utter disappointment, and will increase their discontent."

Senator Morgan displays the same amount of recklessness in the general discussion of the "Race Problem" that he exhibits in specifically defining the term "Afro-American." He is so saturated with prejudice and hatred of race that the violence of his argument of fact is worth as much as, and no more than, his argument of fiction, figments of his brain.

As a matter of fact, the term "Afro-American" was first employed by advanced thinkers and writers of papers devoted to the interests of Africans in the United States, as the most comprehensive and dignified term in sight to cover all the shades of color produced by the anxiety of the white men of the South to "secure their incorporation," without "marriage, into the 'black' families of the country." If the Morgans of the South had been as virtuous, as earnest to preserve the purity of Anglo-Saxon blood, before, and even since, the war, as the Senator from Alabama now insists, there would be no mulattoes in the Republic to give them "a Roland for an Oliver."

But the term "Afro-American" was never intended to apply in the circumscribed sense implied by Senator Morgan. It was intended to include all the people in the Republic, of African origin. It does include them. It has been adopted, and is used, almost generally, by the leading newspapers. The term "negro" signifies black. Not three-eighths of the people of African parentage in the United States are black. If they were, there is no

negro race. "Colored" may mean anything or nothing, from extreme white to extreme green; and, in any event, as applied to a race, is a misnomer from every point of view, without force or dignity. Both terms are used by writers everywhere as common nouns, and in a contemptuous sense, just as Senator Morgan uses them. African is a proper name; it has a race behind it; and no writer will venture to treat it as a common noun. The same is true of the term "Afro-American," which includes every man, woman, and child in the country who is not ashamed of his race, and who insists that he shall be honorably designated as other races are.

When the Hon. Frederick Douglass exercised his undoubted right of choice to select a second wife, and took a white lady of splendid social position and acknowledged literary attainments, nearly every one of the one hundred and seventy-five Afro-American newspapers condemned him for it. The paper I edited at the time was one of the few that maintained that Mr. Douglass did perfectly right in exercising his personal preference in selecting his wife. I know that the masses of the people were in sympathy with the indignant protests hurled at Mr. Douglass. The scaffolding under the "precedent" upon which Senator Morgan rears such an imposing edifice thus falls to the ground, upon its ambitious architect, and the "Afro-American," mulatto, and others, standing on the outside of the wreck, can afford to laugh him to scorn.

It is not true, as Senator Morgan insists, that Afro-Americans desire to "secure their incorporation, by marriage, into the white families of the country." I maintain that the facts are all against Senator Morgan. The extensive hybridization of the race, all too true, in this country, is due to white men, not to black men, who exercised, when they had it in their power to do so, their brutal authority, and who now exercise their influence of wealth and of social position to corrupt the women of the race, who everywhere are regarded as the weaker vessels. White men have not shown the same manly honor and Christian self-denial in this respect that Afro-American men have done, nor do they now. Any one familiar with the facts, as Senator Morgan is, knows this to be true and deplores it. The best white blood of the South has for two hundred years gone into the black race; and if it now and in the future returns to plague those who sowed to the wind, is it not highly puerile for these men now to whine like babies over their supposed misfortune, and appeal to the rest of mankind for sympathy, where they deserve but contempt?

It is impossible for two races to live as close together as the Anglo-Saxons and the Afro-Americans do in the South without

the actual fact of miscegenation asserting itself. Laws prohibiting legal unions but aggravate the matter. They may circumscribe, they cannot stamp out the existence of the fact, I will not say the evil. It is true in the South, in the British and Spanish West Indies, in Brazil, in Africa itself, where whites and blacks are brought into contact. If any explanation were needed, it is furnished in the famous couplet of William Cooper:

> "Fleecy locks and black complexion
> Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
> Skins may differ, but affection
> Dwells in white and black the same."

I never saw, and Senator Morgan never saw, an Afro-American who desired social equality with any Anglo-Saxon who did not want it with him. Afro-Americans do not seek it; they do not desire it, except when it comes, as it must ever come, by reason of the mutual likes and dislikes of all the parties concerned. Most southern white men confound civil rights with social privileges. Even so good a lawyer as Senator Morgan does this. What, then, is to be expected of the baser sort? If one of these men pays for a section in a sleeping car, or a seat in an ordinary coach, the moment a black or yellow face appears upon the scene, he imagines he owns the entire car, and proceeds to assert his preposterous claim in the most savage and brutal manner. The same is true in an eating house. When Afro-Americans protest against this monstrous confounding of things, Senator Morgan, and those who share his views, cry aloud, on the floor of the Congress, and in the pages of THE ARENA and other literary agents, "The niggers want social equality!" "We must protect our women!" and the like. Astounding is it that a whole nation of sixty million people can and do listen with patience to this sort of hypocrisy and humbug!

The Afro-American of to-day is a new creature. Senator Morgan knows very little about him. He lives apart from him. He has no social and little business association with him. He sees him as he goes to and fro in the town he visits once a year at his home, and in Washington, where he resides the greater part of the year, but he has small contact with him. The eminent men of the race, residing in Washington, for instance,—such as Frederick Douglass, Minister Resident and Consul General to Hayti; Ex-Minister John M. Langston, John R. Lynch, Fourth Auditor of the Treasury; Ex-Senator B. K. Bruce, Ex-Register of the Treasury, Recorder of Deeds of the District; Dr. James M. Townsend, Recorder of the General Land Office; Mr. John F. T. Cook, Superintendent of the "colored" schools of the district; Bishop John M. Brown, and a hundred others at the Capi-

tal I could mention, men in whose homes are to be found as much culture, refinement, and evidences of wealth as can be found in the homes of the best Anglo-Saxons in the South,— what does Senator Morgan know about these men, who reflect in their successes the possibilities of the race?

The men who have in the past talked most about the "Race Problem," have distorted the facts to fit their bed of Procrustes' prejudice, and misrepresented the real condition, the real sentiments, the real aspirations, of the people they arraign before the bar of public opinion and condemn unheard as aliens, as an incumbrance upon the face of the earth, and consign with the stroke of the pen to Africa, to the West Indies, to anywhere, — except to the South, where they are, where they belong, and where they are going to abide, in sunshine and in shadow, until the great Republic shall go the way of Babylon, of Greece, and of Rome, "the Niobe of nations."

There are two sides to every question. The Afro-American, — who is not all black nor all yellow, but a good deal of both complexions, — understands his side of it.

T. Thomas Fortune.

THE "JEWISH QUESTION" IN RUSSIA.

The civilized elements of European and American society have recently been aroused to the intolerableness of the physical and moral existence of the Russian political prisoners. Much interest is just now being taken in the condition of those who love not wisely but too well the suffering people of their unhappy country, and who are treated as criminals of the most degraded kind because of their belief in progress and political freedom. The sympathy for the persecuted Russian revolutionists has prompted the petitioning of the Russian government and the establishment of an English journal in London for the purpose of advocating Russian political freedom and of protesting against the brutal treatment of the Russian reformers by their despotic and reactionary government.

Every lover of liberty and human advancement can but feel gratified at this manifestation of true liberal sentiment. But it is at least doubtful that the agitation will cause any tangible improvement in the affairs with which it concerns itself. It is, of course, not to be expected that the Russian autocrat will be induced to grant his subjects any sort of freedom; it is highly improbable that public opinion, were it most determinedly and emphatically opposed to his policy, would influence the government

which has shown itself to be blunt and dead to all feelings, not excepting fear. On the other hand, if it is admitted that the Russian government will not yield, but will harshly oppose its enemies with any and all weapons deemed effective, it is illogical to appeal to it in the name of humanitarianism, and ask it to deal mercifully with the revolutionists. Since the Russian agitators act upon the principle that "all is fair in war," the government must be allowed to go the same length. Any appearance of weakness on the part of the government would only encourage the revolutionists, and make them more aggressive. It seems, therefore, that enlightened public opinion can do nothing in the matter. It is for the Russian revolutionists themselves to estimate their strength and devise rational means of furthering their cause. The terroristic policy has not proved successful; it has done more harm than good, if, indeed, it has not done harm only and solely.

But there seems to be another worthy enterprise for enlightened society of America and Western Europe to engage in with considerable promise of accomplishing some actual good. It has long neglected to put its stamp of deliberate disapproval upon the absurd and revoltingly unjust conduct of the Russian government toward the millions of Jews living in Russian dominions and supporting the government by taxes and on the battlefields. The Jews in Russia are, of course, required to fulfil all the stringent duties of citizenship, while deprived of all enjoyment of rights. The most ancient and barbarous prejudices are still entertained with respect to them, and all manner of restrictions are placed upon their most legitimate and essential activities. Everybody, I presume, has heard of the perpetual "Jewish Question" in Russian politics. Every year commissions are appointed to investigate the matter and formulate definite suggestions as to legislation. It is well known that the Jews are not allowed to settle outside of a certain very limited circle of Russian territory. They are persistently regarded as the natural enemies of the Russian toiler and honest laborer; and they are denounced as conscienceless exploiters and blood-suckers. Yet the laws alone are responsible for even that insignificant portion of truth which may be admitted to constitute the basis of the charge. Everything is forbidden to them; everything is closed to them. Almost all opportunities, in the way of education as well as business, are denied to them. The government refuses to employ them in any capacity whatsoever; it refuses to extend to them the benefit of its educational institutions; and it puts innumerable barriers in their way. The government drives them into certain kinds of disreputable and dishonest occupations by its repressions and persecutions, and then blames them for their

conduct. At last the material condition of the Russian Jews has become so unendurable that even their most intolerant antagonists now speak in tones of compassion. The most prejudiced and bigoted newspapers are now filled with descriptions of the extreme wretchedness of the Jewish population in Russia. It is confessed that they are literally starving and in a condition of utter helplessness. Many liberal newspapers urge the government to appoint another commission, and some venture to offer mild protests against the entire legislation directed against the Jews. It is pointed out that in England, France, and America, there is no such thing as "The Jewish Question," because the Jew is permitted to do all that is lawful to citizens generally, and because all spheres are open to him. Being free to engage in any legitimate pursuit, to compete in science, industry, art, with all other races, there is no complaint about the Jew's especial fondness for fraudulent and illicit transactions. He is seen to be no better and no worse than any other citizen.

In France, some literary charlatans and hypocritical demagogues, conscious of their mental and moral poverty, try to gain fortune and cheap fame by slandering the Jews and stirring up ill feeling against them. But their shameful endeavor has no effect, and is contemptuously disregarded. No intelligent and fair man, of whatever race, doubts that the Russian Jews would be as honest and industrious as their oppressors pretend to be, were the restrictions and obstacles artificially placed in their way totally removed. And no one doubts that there is no valid reason, no decent excuse for making the Russian Jews the victims of exclusive repressive legislation. The Russian government, and certain portions of the Russian society, are simply actuated in their shameful policy by religious fanaticism, bigotry, and malice.

Does it not seem that public opinion might render material aid to the suffering millions of Jews in Russia by promptly and vigorously taking up their defence against calumny and unmerited hate, and by protesting against the government's policy? This is not a subject upon which any difference of opinion exists either in this country or in England. Ought not the magazines and newspapers, the lecturers and divines, the educated public generally, raise this question for discussion and express clear and definite opinions on the conduct of the Russian government and the press? Their duty seems plain. They can, if they will, solve this "Jewish Question," and compel the Russian government to solve it favorably to the humiliated and starving Jews. The Russian government, in this case, would not be likely to ignore the protests and appeals of enlightened and civilized society; and the honest and liberal Russian newspapers and magazines would, finding themselves so well supported, lift their voices and de-

mand necessary reform in a much bolder manner than at present. In short, such an agitation might prove fruitful of good. Will it be started? Will it be sustained? I have decided to venture this attempt in THE ARENA, hoping to interest and enlist the humanitarians of this country in the service of a cause which all can serve and to which none may object.

VICTOR YARROS.

NOTE. It is gratifying to state that, since the above was written two extended and remarkable articles on the subject of Russian cruelty to Jews have appeared in English magazines. The article by Mr. Lanin in the October *Fortnightly Review* may be recommended as absolutely trustworthy and valuable for those who desire to learn the facts of the case. Mr. Gladstone has also interested himself in the matter, and in a letter to a London organ devoted to the Jewish masses, has appealed to the English press to lift its powerful voice in behalf of the victims of Russian brutality and prejudice. "I have read," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "with feelings of pain and horror the various statements that have been made concerning the sufferings of the Jews in Russia. The only recommendation that I can give is to invite the active exertions of the press to first sift the reports and then, if the facts be established, to rouse the conscience of Russia and of Europe on the subject." It is to be hoped that the American press will not neglect to respond to Mr. Gladstone's appeal. V. Y.

THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF THE BIBLE.

I HAVE noticed recently the sale of a copy of what is known as "The Breeches Bible," a name given to an edition on account of its print Genesis iii. 7, and is as follows: "Then the eises of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*."

So it seems that the wearing of the breeches by the women, occurred very early in the history of the human race.

The Bible known as the "Bug Bible" derives its name from the Psalm xci. 5: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any *bugges* by night, or for the arrow that flieth by day."

This Bible was printed in London in 1551. (May that, not this, be a point from which to trace our well-known and largely used word, bug-bear?)

The book known as the "Treacle Bible" gets its name from the following printed in it, from Jeremiah vii. 22: "Is there no treacle at Gilead? is there no physition there?"

The "Conendale Bible" of 1535 has the same verse rendered thus: "Is there no rosin in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" (Jeremiah viii. 22.) Rosin and turpentine are regarded as good remedies for many diseases, even in our modern times.

This reading gave a name to the first Dowai Bible, printed in 1609. The word translated *treacle* was translated in other editions *rosin*, *turpentine*, and lastly *balm*.

Another Bible is called "The Place-Makers Bible." It was so called from the verse from Matthew v. 9: "Blessed are the *place-makers*, for they shall be called the ch[illegible] of God." (For place-makers read peace-makers.)

This misprint occurred in the "Geneva Bible," in its second edition in 1561.

"The Vinegar Bible" is so called from the heading of "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the "Parable of the *Vineyard*." (Luke xx.)

"The Wicked Bible" obtains its name from the leaving out of the *negative* in the seventh commandment. This edition was printed in 1631, and the printer was made to pay a fine of three thousand pounds sterling for his negligence.

"The Persecuting Printers' Bible" gets its name from a verse in Psalm cxix. 161, thus rendered: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." For *printers* read *princes*.

The Bible known as the "Ears to Ear Bible" had this misprint from Matthew xiii. 43: "Who hath ears to *ear*, let him hear."

"The Standing Fishes Bible" has this from Ezekiel xvii. 10. "And it shall come to pass that the *fishes* shall stand upon it." For *fishes* read *fisherman*.

"The Idle Shepherd Bible" should have had *idol* instead of *idle*. The "Discharge Bible" comes from 1 Timothy v. 21: "I *dis*charge thee before God." The *dis* should have been omitted, so that it would read, "I *charge* thee before God."

"The Wife Hater Bible" gives Luke xiv. 26, thus: "If any man come to me and hate not his father — yea, and his own wife also."

This reading will be found in the Bible printed at Oxford, England, in 1810.

"The Rebekah Camels Bible" has this from Genesis xxiv. 61, "And Rebekah arose and her Camels."

"The Religious Bible" gets its name from a verse in Jeremiah iv. 27: "Because she has been *religious* against me, saieth the Lord." For religious, read *rebellious*. Other editions of the Bible, beside those named, have had errors in them, but in the language of a distinguished Bible scholar, "It is only because the Bible is so pure and so holy that these incongruities and mis-

takes are noticed; they resemble the spots on the sun, which do not impede the sunlight or heat."

One of the Bibles known as "The Breeches Bible" is now in England, and bears the autograph of William Shakespeare. It is in the British Museum. I saw it on a late visit there.

I have been told that there is, somewhere in Virginia, a large Huguenot Bible, printed in 1657. Its preface was written by John Calvin, and it contains the entire Psalms of David in metrical French, and set to the music. The Commandments and the Songs of Solomon are also metrically arranged and set to music.

GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A TRANSITION PERIOD.

It must be apparent to all who give much thought to the social and ethical conditions of our people that we are now entering one of those periods of general discontent which at intervals mark the ascent of man, a state which, while to the superficial observer may appear unsatisfactory, if not alarming, is nevertheless absolutely essential, an indication of the continued evolutionary march of the race. The fiercer aspects of the struggle now before us have, without question, been induced by the heartlessness of those who should have been most considerate, who should have been the wise and humane guides and examples for the less favored of their fellowmen, but who through avarice, brutal selfishness, and gross immorality have wrought far greater evil than they can yet comprehend. The culpable indifference of the rich toward the wearers of homespun ; the degradation of manhood; the indifference of society to those great fundamental principles of morality, right, and justice, upon which all enduring prosperity and progress depend are now confronted by a rising tide of moral force. Many ideas are afloat which are well calculated to disturb conscienceless wealth, conventional hypocrisy, fashionable frivolity, and criminal indifference. Thought is contagious and the people are thinking. Indeed, it is possible, if not probable, that in the near future it may be scientifically demonstrated that unspoken thought is a potent factor in influencing other minds; that from each individual there emanates a thought force that may infect others. And, moreover, if this be true, it follows that where a considerable number of people are thinking earnestly along any certain line, the thought waves or mental emanations must necessarily become powerful factors in influencing public sentiment and producing those rapid changes in popular feeling so frequently encountered in the history of a people. To many this will appear visionary, yet it must be remembered that up to a comparatively recent date all psychological problems were dismissed as being unworthy of the serious consideration of scientists. But a few years have elapsed since leading critical minds undertook a systematic and strictly scientific method of collecting authentic data upon which they have established on a reasonably safe hypothesis the phenomenon of thought transference. That which a century ago was dismissed as absurd, as hypnotism, for example, today challenges more and more the serious consideration of the master minds of our time. We are as yet in the ante-room of psychic discovery. We are beginning to suspect the possibilities of mind. In a not far distant day we may demonstrate the marvellous power of silent thought force. And if this is proven to be a fact, much light will be cast on many strange phenomena in the history of nations in the past as well as the condition of thought to-day, and the rapid change which the past few years has wrought in public opinion, or rather *the unofficially registered sentiment of the masses* ; for it must be remembered that the rank and file of the people act as they have been educated and according to the prejudice of other days, long after the spirit of unrest and distrust has taken possession of their souls. To the serious observer, however, he who is in touch with the people, the mental attitude is unmistakable. A startled, uneasy, anxious condition of thought is abroad. The pulse of

the people is becoming quick, nervous, feverish. Everywhere there is a restlessness which is born of minds that are neither content with themselves nor their environment. Glimpses of a fairer state have visited the masses. They feel they are in the cellar, not simply physically but morally and mentally. They desire to rise higher. It is one of the great laws of man's growth that when he once beholds higher altitudes, nobler estates and happier conditions, he henceforth bids farewell to dull contentment. To reach and possess that better estate is his mission, his duty, his life. The spirit of unrest fills his soul with longing. This is the condition of our people to-day. A quickened intelligence, and an instinctive determination to realize better conditions and gain a larger meed of justice, have taken possession of the heart of the masses. It is folly to close our eyes to conditions as they exist, or seek to cry down facts which confront us. If we are wise, we will place ourselves *en rapport* with the broadest spirit of the age, and demand justice, toleration, and the light of a three-fold education, not for one class but for all the children of men.

FRONTING THE FUTURE.

In this battle of moral ideas that confronts us, we must depend chiefly on the young men and women to carry the day for a higher civilization. Sad and unfortunate as the fact is, there are few men who, like Gladstone, Henry Ward Beecher, and Victor Hugo, can grow old in service without losing that exuberance of spirit, that irresistible hope, and that abiding faith in human nature which are absolutely essential to success in any great movement. As a rule old men, after long years of battling with life's vicissitudes, lose much of that needful faith in humanity which fires the blood of every true reformer. They lose sight of the splendid triumphs of mankind, the glorious victories which have marked the ascent of humanity. They dwell chiefly in the shadow, or, marking only the snail's pace which their brief span of existence has witnessed, become sceptics, frequently paralyzing in a measure every movement or effort born of enthusiastic hopes which look toward a higher expression of justice, a broader conception of freedom or a nobler idea of truth. Age begets Conservatism, — the negative pole of social life, — and Conservatism, notwithstanding its value in preventing reckless extremes, does not represent life, growth, or progress. She dwells in the shadow of the past. Her eyes are on the earth. Her fondest dreams haunt the cemetery of yesterday. She feels not the fire of faith, the thrill of hope, the exultation of a soul aglow with the afflatus of divine love. The drum beat of the onward marching cohorts of radical reform thrill her with something akin to terror. The spirit of progress, with hand pointing forward, with feet set toward untrod paths, with face peering into the future, and eyes riveted on the sun, inspires her with unmixed fear. Conservatism distrusts liberty, has small faith in humanity, and seeks refuge in increased legislation, in decaying institutions, and 'neath the shadows of obsolescent precedents. The present condition of society calls for radically different measures. A crisis is at hand which demands brave hearts, cool heads, and muscles of steel. They who lead the people in the great reforms that are forcing themselves on this age must possess an abiding faith in the inherent good in humanity; an unconquerable devotion to freedom; an earnest desire to elevate society, to secure justice for all the people. They must create a wide-spread spirit of fraternity. They must be earnest, persistent, intelligent agitators and educators, who understand that none but ignorant social quacks would seek to film over the present ulcers, "whilst rank corruption, mining all within, infects unseen." They must know that only by frankly confronting evils as they exist can they be remedied. Only by depicting life as it is in juxtaposition to life as it would be if we had more justice, can a

loftier era be inaugurated, and they must plead the cause of the poor, the wretched, the outcasts, the sinners and sinned against, who suffer so much, and have so little to make life joyous. They must awaken in the people a spirit of divine love, kindle the flame of hope, exalt their souls and make them irresistible. The era of moral force is at our door. We are fronting a future throbbing with undreamed-of possibilities. The destiny of this great civilization lies largely in the hands of the rising generation — our young men and women — who, with the able reinforcement from those chosen few among the silvering heads who always constitute a splendid minority in the struggle for human progress, must carry forward the unfurled standard of freedom, fraternity, and justice.

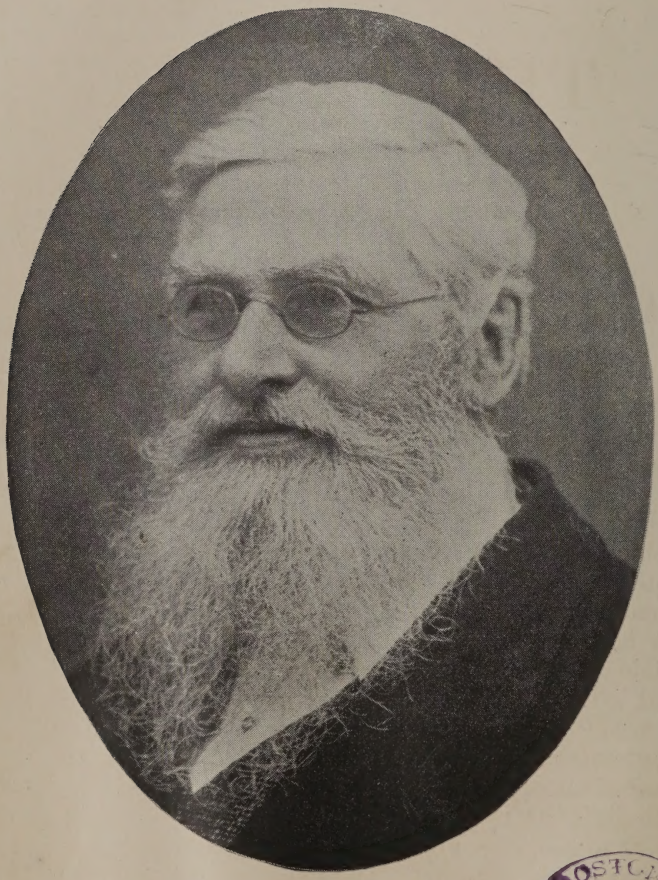
CONSERVATISM AND SENSUALISM AN UNHALLOWED ALLIANCE.

It is a singular fact that when a great wrong is assailed the doers of the evil frequently rely chiefly on ultra conservatism to screen and save them from their merited punishment. It is by no means an uncommon spectacle to witness frivolity hiding behind the cloak of austerity, vice crouching beneath the mantle of respectability, immorality seeking refuge under the drooping wings of ultra conservatism. Probably no more forcible example of this has occurred in recent years than that illustrated in the events following Mr. Stead's disclosures in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Here a brave, earnest worker for true morality exposed to view a picture of moral depravity that horrified and sickened the world. It was a thrilling narration of facts; at once a graphic picture of the daily doings of many of the nobility of Britain, and a story of moral depravity which far eclipsed in infamy the horrors of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. For the Inquisition struck only at physical life, while the creatures of lust, known in the fashionable world as Lords and Nobles,— had seized for the base gratification of their depraved natures the most sacred flower in creation's garden, the rose of female purity, and polluted it. They thrust into the Tartarus of social and moral death sweet, innocent lives who had been foully decoyed to ruin, after they had robbed them of the supreme treasure of womanhood. This was the revelation made by Mr. Stead to the world. It was a brave, bold deed in behalf of purity and defenceless womanhood; but it unveiled iniquity in high places, and for this exhibition of moral heroism which should have won for him a tribute of undying love from every soul haunted with lofty ideals, from every man and woman who valued virtue at its worth, and from every home that dotted the hills and dales of christendom where chastity was enthroned; for this splendid deed, Mr. Stead was incarcerated in prison, while the real criminals, reeking in the foulest iniquity that mind of man can conceive, went forth unscathed. They had money, caste, and the strongholds of conservatism at their command.

Another striking illustration of conservatism protecting vice by assailing all who seek to purify life, in the only way in which society can ever be purged of immorality, was witnessed in the attempted suppression of the "Kreutzer Sonata." Here we had what, to the superficial observer, must have appeared a most anomalous combination, — ultra conservatism, joined hand in hand with the sensualism of society, in a vituperous assault on the bold, brave, Russian count, who stands a moral pillar in the far East, carrying out as nearly as possible what he conceives to be the truth; denying self everything that he may by life, example, and influence better and gladden the lives of his fellowmen. He was instantly subjected to the basest misconception, his work placed under the ban because he revealed a phase of social life alarmingly

prevalent at the present time in every civilized land; because he dared to point out the result of sensual alliances in their true light. Is it not significant that while works which possess moral vitality, which compel people to think, which carry the germ of moral revolution are so fiercely assailed by conservatism, one hears little or nothing against the works of Zola, although all will admit that his writings are morally enervating; that he stands for no worthy ideal; that he has never felt the fire of a holy desire to lift humanity and elevate the thoughts of mankind; that he seeks not to make the world better, purer, or truer? Nor do we hear anything against Byron who clothed vice in royal raiment, who was a master in the art of making iniquity, vice, and sin bewitching. We hear nothing of Alexander Pope, he who, if pious from a religious point of view, was anything but pure in his literary work. These writers and numerous others whose productions are old enough to be termed classic, excite no outbreak of pious wrath. It is not till a writer touches upon evils in such a manner as to force men to think, not until there is a flash of light that means agitation until a higher morality is attained, that conservatism unites with the frivolous and the evil in the gay social world and strongly denounces a work. But here, lest I be misunderstood, let me distinctly state that I am not arguing in favor of the suppression of the works above mentioned, for I believe the whole doctrine of paternal censorship to be pernicious and inimical to the best interests of civilization. I believe its positive tendency is to make moral imbeciles of the people; to lessen in parents, teachers, and society the solemn responsibility of indelibly impressing youth with strong, healthy moral instruction. The idea that ignorance is virtue is one of the most dangerous fallacies that can be entertained. Ignorance or innocence is a reed; virtue is an oak. Between the two there is all the difference that is found between extreme weakness and unconquerable strength. A right education will produce a virtuous people. But a people raised in ignorance or surrounded by restraints, sooner or later become the easy prey of vice, which is ever seeking innocence, but which shrinks cur-like from virtue. I hold, therefore, that in the interest of the highest morality if for no other reason, no paternalism should be tolerated by our people; but there are other grave and weighty reasons why the foreign-born censorship idea should have no home in America. The point in question, however, is not the restriction of immoral works, but the suppression of the works of reformers who seek to elevate and ennoble society by unmasking evils as they exist and arousing the moral instincts of the people; for in this alone lies the only real reformative strength. They who seek to suppress works which repel one from vice, which show the deadly results of licentiousness and all forms of immorality, which assail evils, not as they existed in Greece, Rome, or the Middle Ages, but now, here and in every strata of our society, simply strive to film the ulcer, veil the leper, conceal the cancer, hide the contagion of small-pox by shrouding the victim as he mingles with the crowd. At first sight it impresses one as strange that books which are capable of working evil in some instances, books which make vice alluring and throw over immorality the fascinating influence of gorgeously tinted pictures born of a fertile and skilful imagination, should be passed unnoticed, while works which are the product of the noblest minds and are aimed solely at the overthrow of evil should be so fiercely assailed. We have not far to look, however, for the reason. It is the reform germ that startles ultra conservatism as it frightens evil. Like the tones of an alarm bell at midnight fall the vitalizing thoughts of a soul aglow with strong moral enthusiasm upon the ear of the idolaters of the past as well as the doers of evil. Thus it was two thousand years ago when the great simple and sublime Teacher

of Galilee assailed the scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites of His day. Conservatism, at first content to sneer at this "friend of publicans and sinners," and to draw aside her cloak lest she might be contaminated by His touch, soon became alarmed. The impulses of a new truth rang in His teaching. She recognized the presence of an unconventional disturber. She slew Him. In judging a work or a life from an ethical point of view, the wise man will gauge his conclusion by the influence exerted; the moral or immoral force that is exhibited. Judged merely by the standards of polite society in His day the great Nazarene was what we would term a tramp, a crank, an impractical dreamer, a disturber of the peace. But in His life of self-denial, in His moral courage, and in His deeds of love and mercy we behold the grandeur of perfected manhood. And from His words of truth, wisdom, and tenderness which ring down the ages, many of the noblest lives which have blossomed along the pathway of the centuries have received a broader and richer vision of life; have caught an inspiration born of the skies; have imbibed strength, which has enabled them to serenely endure tortures unnameable, and which mark the highest altitudes of heroism. I repeat there is but one test by which we can measure a life or a book; the impulse, the spirit, the essential germ which is its motive power.



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Alfred R. Wallace

THE ARENA.

No. XIV.

JANUARY, 1891.

ARE THERE OBJECTIVE APPARITIONS?

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE, D. C. L., LL. D.

EVERYONE who feels an interest in whatever knowledge can be obtained bearing upon the nature and destiny of man — and what intelligent person does not? — should be deeply grateful to those active members of the Society for Psychical Research in England and in America who have devoted themselves for many years to the collection of authentic cases of the various kinds of apparitions. These cases have been all personally investigated, so far as was possible; the evidence has been obtained either from the actual witnesses, or, where this was not possible, from those who received their personal testimony; corroborative evidence, in contemporary records of whatever kind, has been sought for, often at great cost of time and labor; and, finally, the whole body of facts thus accumulated has been systematically arranged, carefully discussed and published for the information of all who may be interested in the inquiry.* If we add to this the evidence collected and recorded with equal care by the late Robert Dale Owen, by Dr. Eugene Crowell, and many other writers, we shall find ourselves in possession of a body of facts which ought to be sufficient to enable us to arrive at some definite conclusions as to the nature, origin, and purport of those puzzling phenomena usually known as ghosts or apparitions, these terms being held to include audi-

* In "Phantasms of the Living," 2 v. 8vo, and the "Proceedings" of the Society from 1862 to 1890.

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tory and tactile as well as visual impressions—the appearances termed "doubles" or phantasms of the living, as well as those purporting to represent or to emanate from the dead.

Before proceeding further I wish to point out the inestimable obligation we are under to the Psychical Research Society, for having presented the evidence in such a way that the *facts* to be interpreted are now generally accepted, as facts, by all who have taken any trouble to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony for them — the opinion of those who have not taken that trouble being altogether worthless. This change in educated public opinion appears to be due to a combination of causes. The careful preliminary investigation into the phenomena of telepathy has seemed to furnish a scientific basis for an interpretation of many phantasms, and has thus removed one of the chief difficulties in the way of accepting them as facts — the supposed impossibility of correlating them with any other phenomena. The number of men eminent in literature, art, or science who have joined the Society and have contributed to its "Proceedings," has given the objects of its inquiry a position and status they did not previously possess, while the earnestness, the thoroughness, the literary skill, and philosophic acumen with which the evidence has been presented to the world, has compelled assent to the proposition that the several classes of apparitions known as doubles, phantasms of the living or the dead, spectral lights, voices, musical sounds, and the varied physical effects which occur in haunted houses, are real and not very uncommon phenomena, well worthy of earnest study, and only doubtful as regards the interpretation to be put upon them.

Some of the best workers in the Society, it is true, still urge that the evidence is very deficient, both in amount and in quality, and that much more must be obtained before it can be treated as really conclusive. This view, however, appears to me to be an altogether erroneous one. On looking through the evidence already published, I find that every one of the chief groups of phenomena already referred to is established by a considerable number of cases in which the testimony is first hand, the witnesses irreproachable, and in which the evidence of several independent witnesses agree in all important particulars. And, in addition to these unexceptionable cases, there are a whole host of others in which the

evidence is not quite so complete individually, but which are so completely corroborative in their general character and which fall so little short of the very best kind of evidence that the cumulative weight of the whole is exceedingly great. I shall, therefore, waste no time in discussing the value of the evidence itself, but shall devote my attention entirely to a consideration of what the facts teach as to the real nature of the phenomena.

This is the more necessary because, up to the present time, the only explanation of the various classes of apparitions suggested by the more prominent working members of the Society, is, that they are hallucinations due to the telepathic action of one mind upon another. These writers have, as they state that they felt bound to do, strained the theory of telepathy to its utmost limits in order to account for the more important of the phenomena which they have themselves set forth; and the chief difference of opinion now seems to be, whether all the facts can be explained as primarily due to telepathic impressions from a living agent — a view maintained by Mr. Podmore,— or whether the spirits of the dead are in some cases the agents, as Mr. Myers thinks may be the case. But in order to give this telepathic theory even a show of probability, it is necessary to exclude or to explain away a number of the most interesting and suggestive facts collected by the Society, and also to leave out of consideration whole classes of phenomena which are altogether at variance with the hypothesis adopted.* It is to these latter cases that I now wish to call attention, because they lead us to quite different conclusions from the writers above referred to, both as to the nature of apparitions and as to the agents concerned in their production.

The evidence which either distinctly suggests or affords direct proof of the objectivity of apparitions is of five different kinds: (1) Collective hallucinations, or the perception of the same phantasmal sights or sounds by two or more persons at once. (2) Phantasms seen to occupy different points in space, by different persons, corresponding to their apparent

* "Phantasms of the Dead from another Point of View" by F. Podmore, and "A Defence of Phantasms of the Dead" by F. W. H. Myers, in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Part XVI., 1890. In these papers the extreme telepathic theory is set forth by Mr. Podmore with admirable boldness and with full illustrations; and is forcibly combated by Mr. Myers, whose views as here expressed are, however, only a very little in advance of those of his fellow-worker.

motion; or, the persistence of the phantasm in one spot, notwithstanding the observer changes his position. (3) The effects of phantasms upon domestic animals. (4) The physical effects apparently produced by phantasms, or connected with their appearance. (5) The fact that phantasms, whether visible or invisible to persons present, can be and have been photographed. Examples of each of these groups of cases will now be given and their bearing on the question at issue briefly discussed.

(1) *Collective Hallucination* (so-called). Cases of this kind are very numerous and some of them perfectly attested. Let us first take that of the figure of a man seen repeatedly by Mrs. W——, her son, a boy of nine, and her step-daughter. It was seen distinctly at the most unexpected times, as when playing the piano, when playing at cricket in the garden, and by two at once when playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A voice was also distinctly heard by both the ladies. The description of the figure by the two ladies agreed completely, and the appearance occurred in a house reported to be haunted.*

Such an appearance as this, occurring to two ladies not at all nervous and who have never before or since had any similar experiences, and also to a boy when at play, seems almost necessarily to imply some real object of vision; yet they both, as well as Surgeon-Major W——, are positive that the form could not have been that of any living person.

An equally remarkable case is that of the young woman, draped in white, which, at intervals during ten years, was seen by Mr. John D. Harry, his three daughters, their servant, and partially by the husband of one of the daughters. Mr. Harry saw it on seven or eight occasions in his bedroom and library. On one occasion it lifted the mosquito curtains of his bed (this all occurred in a house in the South of Europe), and looked closely into his face. It appeared to all three of the young ladies and their maid at one time, but apparently in a more shadowy form. Here again, it seems impossible that so many persons could have a similar or identical vision without any corresponding reality.†

Of another type is the female figure in white, which was seen on a summer afternoon, floating over a hedge, some ten

* Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Pt. VIII. (May 1885), pp. 102-106.

† Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Pt. VIII. (May 1885), pp. 111-113.

feet above the ground, by two girls of thirteen and a boy. They watched it for a couple of minutes, passing over a field till they lost sight of it in a plantation. All were in good health, and had seen no apparition before or since. They were driving in a tax-cart at the time, and when the figure appeared, the horse stopped and shook with fright, so much so that they could not get it on. This last fact which will be referred to under another head, renders it almost certain that the figure seen was visually objective.*

As a type of the auditory phenomena we may take the disturbances in the house of a clergyman which continued almost nightly for twenty years. The sounds were loud knockings or hammerings, often heard all over the house and by every inmate, and occurring usually from twelve to two in the morning. Sometimes a sound was heard like that produced by a cart heavily laden with iron bars passing close beneath the windows, yet on immediate search nothing was seen. Lady and gentlemen visitors heard these varied sounds as well as the residents in the house, and, notwithstanding long-continued search and watching, no natural cause for them was ever discovered. In such a case as this it is impossible to doubt that the sounds heard were real sounds. †

Equally remarkable is the case where a whole family and a visitor, in an isolated country house, heard a loud and continuous noise at the front door, which seemed to shake in its frame, and to vibrate under some tremendous blows. The servants, who were asleep in the back part of the house sixty feet away, were awoke by the disturbance, and came running, half-dressed, to see what the terrific noise meant. Yet the house was enclosed within high railings and locked gates, and on an immediate search nothing could be found to account for the noise. The visitor, however, Mr. Garling, of Folkestone, who gives the account, had that afternoon seen a phantasm of a friend he had left four days previously with his family all in perfect health; and at the time of the knocking, this friend's wife and two servants had died of cholera, and he himself was dying, and had been all day repeatedly begging that his friend Garling should be sent for.‡ Here we may well suppose that the (perhaps sub-

* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., p. 197.
† R. D. Owens' "Debatable Land," pp. 251-255.
‡ "Phantasms of the Living." Vol. II., pp. 149-151.

jective) phantasm, having failed to bring the percipient to his dying friend, a violent objective sound was resorted to, which should compel attention by its being audible to a whole household.

2. *Phantasms whose objectivity is indicated by definite space-relations.* — We now pass to a group of phenomena which still more clearly point to the actual objectivity of phantasms, namely, their definite space-relations as witnessed either by one or many percipients. Of this kind is the case, given in outline only, of a weeping lady which appeared to five persons, and on many occasions, to two of them together. The interesting point is, however, that indicated in the following passage: "They went after it (the figure) together into the drawing-room; it then came out and went down a passage leading to the kitchen, but was the next minute seen by another Miss D——, to come up the outside steps from the kitchen. On this particular day Captain D——'s married daughter happened to be at an upstairs window, and independently saw the figure continue its course across the lawn and into the orchard." * Here it is almost impossible to conceive that the several hallucinations of four persons should so exactly correspond and fit into each other. A something objective, even if unsubstantial, seems absolutely necessary to produce the observed effects.

In the next case, a well-known English clergyman and author, of Boston, Mass., — the late Rev. W. Mountford, — was visiting some friends in the Norfolk fens, when a carriage containing his host's brother and sister-in-law, who lived near, was seen coming along the straight road between the two houses. The horse and carriage was recognized as well as the occupants, and was seen by the three persons looking on to pass in front of the house. But no knock was heard, and on going to the door nothing was to be seen. Five minutes afterwards a young lady, the daughter of the persons in the carriage, arrived and informed her uncle and aunt that her father and mother, in their chaise, had passed her on the road and, greatly to her surprise, without speaking to her. Ten minutes afterwards the real persons arrived just as they had been seen a quarter of an hour previously, having come straight from their home. None of the four

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Part VIII. (May, 1885), pp. 117, 146.

percipients had any doubt as to the reality of the phantom carriage and its occupants till the real carriage appeared. * We are not now concerned with the cause or nature of this extraordinary "double" or phantasm of the living, with their horse and chaise; that will be discussed in another article. It is adduced here only in evidence of the objectivity of the appearance, showing that *something* capable of being perceived by ordinary vision did pass along the road near the house in which Mr. Mountford was staying when the event occurred.

(3.) *Effects of phantasms on animals.*— We now come to a group of phenomena which, although frequently recorded in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, have received no special attention as bearing on the theories put forth by members of the society, but have either been ignored or have been attempted to be explained away by arbitrary assumptions of the most improbable kind. It will, therefore, be necessary to refer to the evidence for these facts somewhat more fully than for those hitherto considered.

I have already mentioned the case of the female figure in white, seen by three persons, floating over a hedge ten feet above the ground, when the horse they were driving "suddenly stopped and shook with fright." In the remarks upon this case in "Phantasms of the Living" no reference is made to this fact, yet it is surely the crucial one, since we can hardly suppose that a wholly subjective apparition, seen by human beings, would also be seen by a horse. During the tremendous knocking recorded by Mr. Garling, and already quoted, it is stated that there was a large dog in a kennel near the front entrance, especially to warn off intruders, and a little terrier inside that barked at everybody; yet, when the noise occurred that wakened the servants sixty feet away, "the dogs gave no tongue whatever; the terrier, contrary to its nature, slunk shivering under the sofa, and would not stop even at the door, and nothing could induce him to go into the darkness."

In the remarkable account of a haunted house during an occupation of twelve months by a well-known English church dignitary, the very different behavior of dogs in the presence of real and of phantasmal disturbances is pointed out. When an attempt was made to rob the vicarage, the dogs gave

* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., pp. 97-99.

prompt alarm and the clergyman was aroused by their fierce barking. During the mysterious noises, however, though these were much louder and more disturbing, they never barked at all, but were always found "cowering in a state of pitiable terror." They are said to have been more perturbed than any other members of the establishment, and "if not shut up below, would make their way to our bedroom door and lie there, crouching and whining, as long as we would allow them." *

In the account of haunting in a house at Hammersmith near London which went on for five years, where steps and noises were heard and a phantom woman seen,— "the dog whined incessantly" during the disturbances; and,—"the dog was evidently still afraid of the room when the morning came. I called to him to go into it with me, and he crouched down with his tail between his legs, and seemed to fear entering it." †

On the occasion of a "wailing cry" heard before a death in a rectory in Staffordshire, a house standing quite alone in open country, "we found a favorite bull-dog, a very courageous animal, trembling with terror, with his nose thrust into some billets of firewood, which were kept under the stairs." On another occasion, "an awful howling followed by shriek upon shriek," with a sound like that caused by a strong wind was heard, although everything out of doors was quite still, and it is stated, "We had three dogs sleeping in my sisters' and my bedrooms, and they were all cowering down with affright, their bristles standing straight up; one — a bulldog,— was under the bed, and refused to come out, and when removed was found to be trembling all over." ‡ The remark of Mrs. Sidgwick on these and other cases of warning sounds is that "if not real natural sounds, they must have been collective hallucinations." But it has not been shown that "real natural sounds" ever produce such effects upon dogs, and there is no suggestion that "collective hallucination" can be telepathetically transferred to these animals. In one case, however, it is suggested that the dog might have "been suddenly taken ill!"

In the remarkable account by General Barter, C. B., of

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* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part VI. p. 151.
† Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part VIII. p. 116.
‡ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part XIII., pp. 307-308.

a phantasmal pony and rider with two native grooms, seen in India, two dogs which immediately before were hunting about in the brushwood jungle which covered the hill, came and crouched by the general's side giving low, frightened whimpers; and when he pursued the phantasm the dogs returned home, though on all other occasions they were his most faithful companions.*

These cases, given on the best authority by the Society for Psychical Research, can be supplemented by a reference to older writers. During the disturbances at Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth, recorded by the Rev. Joseph Glanvil from personal observation and inquiry in his work, "Saducismus Triumphatus," — "it was noted that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous and rude, that it hath been heard to a considerable distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbors in the village, none of which live very near this."

So, in the disturbances at Epworth Parsonage, an account of which was given by the eminent John Wesley, after describing strange noises as of iron and glass thrown down, he continues:—"Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them (Mr. and Mrs. Wesley). While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail."†

During the disturbances at the Cemetery of Ahrensburg in the island of Oesel, where coffins were overturned in locked vaults, and the case was investigated by an official commission, the horses of country people visiting the cemetery were often so alarmed and excited that they became covered with sweat and foam. Sometimes they threw themselves on the ground where they struggled in apparent agony, and, notwithstanding the immediate resort to remedial

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part XIV. pp. 469, 470.

† The account of these disturbances is given in Dr. Adam Clarke's "Memoirs of the Wesley Family;" in Southey's "Life of Wesley;" and in many other works.

measures, several died within a day or two. In this case, as in so many others, although the commission made a most rigid investigation and applied the strictest tests, no natural cause for the disturbances was ever discovered.*

In Dr. Justinus Kerner's account of "The Seeress of Prevorst," it is stated of an apparition that appeared to her during an entire year, that as often as the spirit appeared, a black terrier that was kept in the house seemed to be sensible of its presence; for no sooner was the figure perceptible to the Seeress than the dog ran, as if for protection, to some one present, often howling loudly; and after his first sight of it he would never remain alone of nights. In this case no one saw the figure but the Seeress, showing that this circumstance is not proof of the subjectivity of an apparition.

In the terrible case of haunting given to Mr. R. Dale Owen by Mrs. S. C. Hall, who was personally cognizant of the main facts, the haunted man had not been able to keep a dog for years. One which he brought home when Mrs. Hall became acquainted with him (he being the brother of her bosom friend) could not be induced to stay in his room day or night after the haunting began, and soon afterwards ran away and was lost.†

In the wonderful case of haunting in Pennsylvania, given by Mr. Hodgson in THE ARENA, of September last (p. 419), when the apparition of the white lady appeared to the informant's brother, we find it stated: "The third night he saw the dog crouch and stare, and then act as if driven round the room. Brother saw nothing, but heard a sort of rustle, and the poor dog howled and tried to hide, and never again would that dog go to that room."

Now this series of cases of the effect of phantasms on animals is certainly remarkable and worthy of deep consideration. The facts are such as, on the theories of telepathy and hallucination, ought not to happen, and they are especially trustworthy facts because they are almost invariably introduced into the narratives as if unexpected; while, that they were noticed and recorded shows that the observers were in no degree panic-struck with terror. They show us unmis-

*R. D. Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," pp. 186-192.

† "Footfalls from the Boundary of Another World," pp. 326-329.

takably that large numbers of phantasms, whether visual or auditory, and even when only perceptible to one of the persons present, are objective realities; while the terror displayed by the animals that perceive them, and their behavior, so unlike that in the presence of natural sights and sounds, no less clearly proves that, though objective, the phenomena are not normal and are not to be explained as in any way due to trick or to misinterpreted natural sounds. Yet these crucial facts, which a true theory must take account of, have hitherto been treated as unimportant, and, except for a few casual remarks by Mr. Myers and Mrs. Sidgwick, have been left out of consideration in all the serious attempts hitherto made to account for the phenomena of phantasms.

(4.) *Physical effects produced by phantasms or occurring in connection with them.*— There can be no more convincing proof of the objective reality of a phantasm than the production of real motion or displacement of material objects. There is abundant evidence of such effects; but, owing to the method hitherto adopted by the chief members of the Psychical Research Society, of breaking up the phenomena into groups, and discussing each group separately as if it stood alone and had no relation with the rest of the phenomena, they have as yet received no attention. The curious circumstance that visual phantoms are often *seen* to open doors in order to enter a room, which doors are afterwards found to be locked and bolted, is supposed to throw doubt upon other cases in which doors really open; but every one who pays close attention to these questions must be convinced that phantasms are of many kinds, ranging from mere images on the brain of a single person up to forms which are not only visible to all present, but are sometimes tangible also, and capable of acting with considerable effect on ordinary matter. Let us consider a few of these cases, taking first those recorded in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research.

The phantasm described by Dr. and Mrs. Gwynne was seen by them both to put its hand toward or over the night-light on the mantelpiece, which was at once extinguished. On being relighted it burned for the rest of the night. Of course it is *possible* to explain this as due to a sudden gust of wind down the chimney, but why the only gust during the night occurred at the moment the phantom was seen by two

persons to place its hand toward or over the light is not explained.*

In the house at Hammersmith where a figure was seen and noises heard during five years, Mrs. R—— who describes them says, that on one occasion the curtains of her bed were pulled back, and, she continues,—"frequently I had doors opened for me before entering a room, as if a hand had hastily turned the handle and thrown it open."†

In another case of a haunted house, Mr. K. Z., said to be a man of reputation, stated that "doors opened and shut in the house without apparent cause," and "bells were rung in the middle of the night, causing all the household to turn out and search for burglars."‡ Again, in a house where apparitions were seen by four persons, three persons sitting together in a room were attracted by the door creaking, "and we watched it slowly open to about one third, and it remained so." No such opening has been seen at any other time.§

Dr. Eugene Crowell relates that in a house in Brooklyn a relation of his own several times had his hat struck from his head while descending the stairs or passing through the hall, and under circumstances which rendered the agency of any living person impossible.‖ In the case already referred to, given by Mr. Hodgson in the September ARENA, doors frequently opened and shut, and pictures, clocks, and other articles were thrown down with a great crash in a room where there was no one at the time, while another picture fell in front of the lady as she was entering the room.

But all these cases are insignificant as compared with the evidence afforded by the bell-ringing at Great Bealings, Suffolk, and at other places, an account of which was published in 1841 by Major Moor, a Fellow of the Royal Society, in whose house they occurred. The ringing, in a violent, clattering manner, went on almost daily for nearly two months, during which time every effort was made to discover any natural cause for the phenomenon, but in vain. Major Moor states: — "The bells rang scores of times when no one was in the passage, or backbuilding, or house, or grounds unseen. Neither I, nor the servants, nor any one,

* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., p. 202.
† Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part VIII., p. 115.
‡ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. I., p. 107.
§ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. XIV. p. 443.
‖ "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I., p. 191.

could or can work the wonderment that I and more than half a score of others saw." And he declares finally: — "I am thoroughly convinced that the ringing is by no human agency."

The publication of his statement in the Ipswich *Journal* brought him accounts of no less than fourteen similar disturbances in various parts of England, every one of them equally unexplained. One of these was in Greenwich Hospital, and the account of this was given to Major Moor, by Lieutenant Rivers, R. N., a comrade of Nelson. The bells in Lieutenant Rivers' apartments in the hospital rang for four days. The clerk of the works, his assistant, a bell-hanger, and several scientific men tried to discover the cause, but all in vain. They made every one leave the house; they watched the bells, the cranks, and the wires, but, just as in Major Moor's case, without becoming any the wiser. In another case, in a house near Chesterfield, long and repeated bell-ringings continued for eighteen months. Bell-hangers and other persons watched and experimented in vain. The wires were cut, but still the bells rang. Neither the owner, Mr. Ashwell, nor his friend, Mr. Felkins of Nottingham, afterwards mayor of that town, nor any other person was ever able to discover, or even to conjecture any adequate cause for the phenomena. In many of these cases the ringing occurred in the daytime, and was repeated so often that ample opportunity was given for discovering the agency, if a human one. And the thing itself is so comparatively simple that there is no opportunity for a trick to be played without almost immediate discovery. Yet in none of these cases, nor so far as I am aware in any other at all similar to them, has any trick been discovered. They must, therefore, be classed as a form of haunting, comparable with the knockings and other disturbances so often connected with phantasmal appearances, and thus affording very strong evidence of the powers of phantasms to act upon matter.*

(5.) *Phantasms can be photographed, and are, therefore, objective realties.* — It is common to sneer at what are called "spirit photographs" because imitations of some of them can

* An account of all these fourteen cases of bell-ringing and of other disturbances with names and dates is given, in a small volume, now rare, entitled "Bealings Bells." A brief summary of them is given in R. Dale Owen's "Debatable Land" and in William Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," Vol. II, p. 446.

be so easily produced; but a little consideration will show that this very facility of imitation renders it equally easy to guard against imposture, since the modes by which the imitation is effected are so well known. At all events it will be admitted that an experienced photographer who supplies the plates and sees the whole of the operations performed, or even performs them himself, cannot be so deceived. This test has been applied over and over again, and there is no possible escape from the conclusion that phantasms, whether visible or invisible to those present, can be and have been photographed. A brief statement of the evidence in support of this assertion will now be given.

The first person through whom spirit photographs were obtained, was a New York photographer named Mumler, who, in 1869, was arrested and tried for obtaining money by trickery and imposture, but who, after a long trial, was acquitted because no proof of imposture or attempt at imposture was given. But, on the other hand, evidence of extraordinary tests having been applied was given. A professional photographer, Mr. W. H. Slee, of Poughkeepsie, watched the whole process of taking the pictures, and though there was nothing unusual in Mumler's procedure, shadowy forms appeared on the plates. Mumler afterwards visited this witness' gallery, bringing with him no materials whatever, yet the same results were produced. Mr. J. Gurney, a New York photographer of twenty-eight years' experience, gave evidence that, after close examination, no trickery whatever could be detected in Mumler's process. Yet a third photographer, Mr. W. W. Silver, of Brooklyn, gave evidence to the same effect. He frequently went through the whole process himself, using his own camera and materials, yet when Mumler was present, and simply placed his hand on the camera during the exposure, additional forms besides that of the sitter appeared upon the plates. Here we have the sworn testimony in a court of law of three experts, who had every possible means of detecting imposture if imposture there were; yet they all declared that there was and could be no imposture.*

* A report of the trial appeared in the New York *Times* of April 22, 1869. and in many other papers. An abstract of the evidence is given by Dr. Crowell in his "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I., pp. 478–482.

It would be easy to give a score or more of cases in which persons of reputation have stated in print that they have obtained recognizable photographs of deceased friends when they themselves were quite unknown to the photographer and even when no photograph or picture of the deceased person existed. In all such cases, however, the objection is made that the figures are more or less shadowy and that the supposed likeness may be imaginary. I, therefore, prefer to give only the evidence of experts as to the appearance on photographic plates of other figures besides those of the visible sitters. Perhaps the most remarkable series of experiments ever made on this subject are those carried on during three years by the late Mr. John Beattie, of Clifton, a retired photographer of twenty years' experience, and Doctor Thomson, M. D. (Edin.), a retired physician, who had practised photography as an amateur for twenty-five years. These two gentlemen performed all the photographic work themselves, sitting with a medium who was not a photographer. They took hundreds of pictures, in series of three taken consecutively at intervals of a few seconds; and the results are the more remarkable and the less open to any possible suspicion, because there is not in the whole series what is commonly termed a spirit photograph, that is, the shadowy likeness of any deceased person, but all are more or less rudimental, exhibiting various patches of light undergoing definite changes of form, sometimes culminating in undefined human forms, or medallion-like heads, or star-like luminosities. In no case was there any known cause for the production of these figures. I possess a set of these remarkable photographs, thirty-two in number, given me by Mr. Beattie, and I was personally acquainted with Doctor Thomson, who confirmed Mr. Beattie's statements as to the conditions and circumstances under which they were taken. Here we have a thorough scientific investigation undertaken by two well-trained experts, with no possibility of their being imposed upon; and they demonstrate the fact that phantasmal figures and luminosities quite invisible to ordinary observers, can yet reflect or emit actinic rays so as to impress their forms and changes of form upon an ordinary photographic plate. An additional proof of this extraordinary phenomenon is, that frequently, and in the later experiments always, the medium spontaneously described what he saw, and the picture taken

at that moment always exhibited the same kind of figure. In one of the pictures the medium is shown among the sitters gazing intently and pointing with his hand. While doing so he exclaimed: "What a bright light up there! Can you not see it?" And the picture shows the bright light in the place to which his gaze and pointing hand are directed.*

Very important, as confirming these results, are the experiments of the late Mr. Thomas Slater, the optician (of Euston Road, London), who obtained second figures on his plates when only his own family were present, and in one case when he was perfectly alone; of Mr. R. Williams, M. A., of Haywards Heath; of Mr. Traill Taylor, the editor of the *British Journal of Photography;* and of many other professional or amateur photographers, who all agree that, with everything under their own control, phantasmal figures, besides those of the sitter, appeared on the plates without any apparent or conceivable mechanical or chemical cause.

In the cases hitherto given the phantasms or figures photographed have been invisible to all present except the mediums, and sometimes even to them; but we have also examples of the photographing of a visible form, or apparition, occurring in the presence of a medium. A very successful photograph of a spirit form which appeared under strict test conditions, with Miss Cook as the medium, was taken by Mr. Harrison, then editor of the *Spiritualist* newspaper. An engraving from this photograph appears as a frontispiece to Epes Sargent's "Proof Palpable of Immortality," with an account of the conditions under which it was taken signed by the five persons present. Later on, Mr. Crookes obtained numerous photographs (more than forty in all) in his own laboratory, with the same medium; and had every opportunity of ascertaining that the phantom, which appeared and disappeared under conditions which rendered doubt impossible, was no human being, and was very different in all physical characteristics from the medium.†

* A brief account of these experiments from notes furnished by Mr. Beattie and confirmed by Doctor Thomson, is given in the present writer's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 193. Mr Beattie published his own account in the *Spiritual Magazine*, September, 1872, January, 1873, and in the *British Journal of Photography* of the same period.

† An account of these experiments, and of those which preceded them, is given in a small volume entitled, "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," by William Crookes, F. R. S., London, 1874; and they are summarized in Epes Sargents' "Proof Palpable of Immortality," pp. 100-110.

This long series of photographic experiments and tests, of which the briefest abstract only has been given, has been hitherto not even alluded to by the investigators of the Society for Psychical Research. But they cannot much longer continue to ignore it, because they have entered on the task of collecting the *whole* of the evidence for psychical phenomena, and of fairly estimating the weight of each of the groups under which that evidence falls. Now I submit that this photographic evidence is superior in quality to any that they have hitherto collected, for two reasons. In the first place, it is experimental evidence, and experiment is rarely possible in the higher psychical phenomena; in the second place it is the evidence of experts, in an operation the whole details of which are perfectly familiar to them. And, I further submit, this evidence can no longer be ignored because it is evidence that goes to the very root of the whole inquiry and affords the most complete and crucial test in the problem of subjectivity or objectivity of apparitions. What is the use of elaborate arguments to show that all the phenomena are to be explained by the various effects of telepathy and that there is no evidence of the existence of objective apparitions occupying definite positions in space, when the camera and the sensitive plate have again and again proved that such objective phantasms do exist? Such arguments, founded on a small portion only of the facts, remind one of that literary *jeux d'esprit*, "Historic doubts as to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte"; and, to those who are acquainted with the whole range of the phenomena to be explained, are about equally convincing.

I have now very briefly summarized and discussed the various classes of evidence which demonstrate the objectivity of many apparitions. The several groups of facts, while strong in themselves, gain greatly in strength by the support they give to each other. On the theory of objective reality all are harmonious and consistent. On the theory of hallucination, some require elaborate and unsupported theories for their explanation, while the great bulk are totally inexplicable, and have, therefore, to be ignored, or set aside, or explained away. Collective hallucinations (so-called) are admitted to be frequent. That phantasms often behave like objective realities in relation to material objects and to different persons is also admitted. This is as it should be if they

are objective, but is hardly explicable on the subjective or telepathic theory. The behavior of animals in the presence of phantasms, the evidence for which is as good as that for their appearance to men and women, is what we might expect if they are abnormal realities, but involve enormous difficulties on any other theory. The physical effects produced by phantasms (visible or invisible) afford a crucial test of objectivity, and are far too numerous and too well attested to be ignored or explained away. And, finally, comes the test of objectivity afforded by the photographic camera in the hands of experts and physicists of the first rank, rendering any escape from this conclusion simply impossible.

I have confined this discussion strictly to the one question of *objectivity*, a term that does not necessarily imply *materiality*. We do not know whether the luminiferous ether is material, or whether electricity is material, but both are certainly objective. Some have used the term "non-molecular matter" for the hypothetical substance of which visible phantoms are composed, — a substance that seems to have the property under certain conditions of aggregating to itself molecular matter, so that tangible or force-exerting phantasms are produced. But this is all theoretical, and we do not yet possess sufficient knowledge to enable us to theorize on what may be termed the anatomy and physiology of phantoms. There is, however, a broader question to be discussed, one on which I think we have materials for arriving at some interesting and useful conclusions. I refer to the general nature and origin of various classes of phantasmal appearances, from the "doubles" of living persons to those apparitions which bring us news of our departed friends or are in some cases, able to warn us of future events, which more or less deeply affect us. This inquiry will form the subject of another paper.

POPULAR LEADERS—GROVER CLEVELAND.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

THE ideal of a statesman in a popular government is succinctly expressed in the lines applied by the poet Stoddard to Lincoln:—

> "One of the people! Born to be
> Their curious epitome;
> To share, yet rise above,
> Their shifting hate and love."

With almost equal accuracy these words might have been said of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cleveland. Great statesmen are not necessarily, and not usually, original abstract thinkers. Edmund Burke was an exception to this rule; but with all his philosophical insight, he never attained to anything like the absolute power over English official life, which was wielded for almost a generation by Lord Palmerston, the adroit manipulator of men and thorough-going Philistine. Mr. Gladstone has challenged notice as a writer in various departments. He has appeared as a religious controversialist, and as a critic of many ancient and modern literary productions, meeting however with indifferent success. Even as a thinker on political subjects Mr. Gladstone has not always been profound or keen sighted. His position on our Civil War is well remembered. Presumably he favored the South, because it was his life-long habit to keep in touch with, and reflect, the public sentiment about him. Mr. Gladstone has grown with the people, keeping far enough ahead of the average intelligence to remain a leader, but never far outstripping it. He began life as a Tory; the influence of popular progress gradually converted him into a Liberal; and the same current has borne him along, slowly but steadily, until now he presents the inspiring spectacle of an old man, with as much fervid interest in the future of his nation, as a radical just out of his teens. Mr. Gladstone in his own person has epitomized English political evolution, during the period beginning after the passage of

the Reform Bill, and coming down to the contest for Irish emancipation.

Something of this representative character, this identification in thought and aspiration with the masses of mankind, must exist in the active statesman of a democratic government. Usually a reform is foreshadowed by abstract thinkers long before its accomplishment. Their thoughts are gradually taken up by receptive minds, and slowly their influence percolates down to the masses. Then comes the necessity for the statesman,—the man who will translate the language of philosophy into the vernacular of every day; who will feel and think with the people, and make them feel and think with him. A democratic statesman must therefore be in one way or another a popular expresser of thought. He may be, like Henry Clay or Mr. Gladstone, a great orator; he may be, like Thomas Jefferson or Mr. Cleveland, a great pamphleteer.

Mr. Cleveland first became conspicuous, not as an expounder of desirable measures, but as a courageous champion of administrative reform. His State papers while Governor of New York did not adequately indicate the intellectual grasp he was afterwards to display. During his gubernatorial term no question arose calling for the highest qualities of statesmanship. Furthermore, it seems probable that Cleveland's mind, like Lincoln's, expanded with the greater problems and duties set before him. Governor Cleveland's messages read like the straightforward utterances of an educated man of business. He gives most sensible reasons for the veto of this petty job and the pardon of that criminal, without wasting words. It happened that the bills by which the character of the man was best shown, were bills not that he vetoed but that he signed. He was therefore under no obligation, and, indeed, had no opportunity to express the reasons for his action. These measures were known in New York as the Roosevelt Bills. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, then almost at the beginning of his public career, had introduced in the New York Assembly, certain Acts to change the offices of Register and County Clerk in the City of New York from fee offices to salaried offices. To an outsider this may seem a trivial distinction, but the practical effect was considerable. Under a general statute of the State the registers and clerks of the various counties were entitled to regular rates of fees for the filing and recording of legal

papers, and other official acts. In most of the counties such fees made up only a reasonable compensation for services and necessary expenses. In the City and County of New York, however, by reason of the large population and volume of business, the statutory fees aggregated immense sums, ranging from $50,000 per annum upward — no exact amount of receipts could ever be obtained. Among the mercenary factions there had grown up the custom of electing reliable henchmen to these places, who, after pocketing a fair profit for themselves, turned over the balance as a corruption fund to the political organizations. With patriotic men there could not be two opinions as to the wisdom of breaking up this practice. But Mr. Cleveland showed much moral courage in signing the bills. They originated with the opposite party, and were bitterly opposed by influential politicians of his own party. It would have been quite easy to veto them upon some jesuitical ground. There were other acts of great moral boldness performed by Governor Cleveland, notably his signing, on the ground of public expediency, of the Act abolishing the State Paper, whereby his political friend and mentor, Daniel Manning, one of the proprietors of the existing State Paper, was deprived of very substantial annual profits. On the whole, Governor Cleveland's career evinced sufficient mental endowment and pre-eminent courage. The attitude of the people of New York towards him at its close was well expressed by General Bragg's saying, "We love him for the enemies he has made."

Mr. Cleveland's detractors are fond of calling him a mere creature of luck. No public man has had more implacable foes; and much half-truth has been uttered for his belittlement. On the other hand, it is the fact, that on two notable occasions, happy chance has contributed to his advancement. He was comparatively unknown when nominated for Governor of New York, but a factional vendetta within the Republican party swelled his majority to phenomenal figures. Again, he was nominated for the Presidency partly because a great mistake on the part of the hostile party had rendered his candidacy specially expedient. This is not the place to express any views as to the character or the record of his distinguished opponent. The point is that vast numbers of the Republican party, rightly or wrongly, considered its candidate unfit for the Chief Magistracy, and that therefore his

choice by the convention was highly imprudent. Cleveland's accession to the Presidency was therefore, to quite a visible extent, the product of external circumstances; but this might be said of almost all men who have attained that office. Lincoln was nominated because he embodied the movement towards slavery restriction; Cleveland was nominated because he stood in his own person for administrative reform, at a time when many thousands of independent voters thought that such tendency greatly needed to be strengthened. Lincoln, after his election, was taken off his feet, and carried forward by a popular trend, which finally made him the exponent of a radicalism of which formerly he had never dreamed. Cleveland was no sooner inaugurated than he began to realize the necessity of accelerating the popular current towards an end transcending in importance, for the time being, even that of administrative reform.

This current of opinion had originated long before among the more thoughtful, and was directed to the restoration of equilibrium, between the Federal government, and the governments of the respective States. In a speech delivered at Rochester in 1871, Samuel J. Tilden very aptly compared the two constantly antagonistic tendencies in American politics to the centripetal and centrifugal forces in the solar system.*

That the spirit of centralization should have acquired an abnormal ascendency during the Rebellion and the Reconstruction period was inevitable. The passion aroused by the conflict made it impossible for the masses to realize for many years thereafter that the centrifugal check was greatly needed. But in 1876 the popular plurality which Mr. Tilden received over Mr. Hayes showed that the people instinctively

* "The whole value of the arrangement by which our world is kept in its place in the solar system is the balance between the opposing forces. It would matter little to us which of these forces should be allowed to prevail. If the centrifugal tendency should dominate, our planet would shoot madly into the realms of endless space, far away from the source of heat and life, until every living thing upon its surface would perish. If the centripetal tendency should prevail, the earth would rush with inconceivable velocity towards the sun, until it would be engulfed in the burning mass. So it is with the adjustment of powers between the State and Federal governments; disunion and centralization are equally fatal to good government. Disunion would generate the centralism of military despotism in the separate States; centralism attempted on areas and populations so vast would break the parts asunder, and fill our continent, as it has filled every other, with rival nations.

Our wise ancestors devised the only system possible to avoid these opposite evils. They formed a Federal Government to manage our foreign relations, to maintain peace and unity between the States, and to administer a few exceptional functions of common interest; and they left the great residuary mass of governmental powers to the States."

felt the need of restoring the balance of forces. The Democratic party, however, lost the Presidency, through the action of the Electoral Commission. Moreover, by their excesses of partisanship in Congress during the Hayes administration, the Democrats provoked enough of a reaction to swing the pendulum back to the centripetal party in 1880. This was the chief factor in the Republican success of that year, though undoubtedly the marked intellectual fitness of General Garfield for the Chief Magistracy and the equally patent unfitness of his valiant and beloved opponent, contributed to the result. The Arthur administration was a neutral one, which gave popular tendencies an opportunity to leisurely ripen.

About a year before Mr. Cleveland's election to the Presidency, the Supreme Court of the United States, by what is known as the Civil Rights Decision, gave a great rebuff to centralization. This adjudication did much to marshal and consolidate anti-federalistic sentiment among the scholarly and professional classes, and to prepare the way for Mr. Cleveland's work among the people at large. The special, practical abuse of paternalism, to the reform of which Mr. Cleveland addressed himself, was, as everybody knows, the war tariff. The government still retained substantially *the* rates of indirect taxes fixed by the exigencies of the war; not for revenue, for the treasury surplus was a great embarrassment; and not for protection merely, because such rates were far in excess of those required to equalize any difference in wages between the United States and other manufacturing countries. The war tariff was retained in order that privileged classes might be subsidized, at the expense of the private consumer. As correlative to the scheme for continued over-taxation was that for the wholesale granting of pensions to ex-soldiers.

Mr. Cleveland deserves no special credit for his theoretical position on both these questions. Not long since a New York illustrated newspaper produced a cartoon, containing portraits of a large number of men prominent in the Republican party during the last two decades; and under each likeness was a quotation from a former speech or public writing of the original, in which he condemned the retention of the war tariff almost, if not quite, as unreservedly as Mr. Cleveland did in his famous message. On the pension issue

also, the intrinsic merits were almost as obviously on Mr. Cleveland's side of the discussion. The most extreme strict-constructionist can look with complacency upon the occasional singling out of conspicuous heroes, as special objects of the nation's bounty. But such complacency springs largely from the belief that the exceptions prove the rule. In one sense it is inevitable that republics should be ungrateful. The state is not to reward citizens for services in preserving it; they are supposed to have been fighting for their dearest personal possession. Of course, if a man is injured or killed in the defence of the common country, it is not inconsistent with the spirit of democracy that the public should partially bear the common loss, by indemnifying him, or his family, for a diminished earning capacity or a total deprivation of means of support. But a law granting pensions indiscriminately, in consideration merely of military services, would be essentially undemocratic, and in practice would lead to the most detestable abuses.

But, though the war tariff and the pension legislation were abstractly indefensible, there was needed a statesman to make the masses of the people see them in their true light, and to create a live political issue over them. This popular awakening Mr. Cleveland accomplished by his messages. In the veto message of the Dependent Pension Bill he skilfully inserted a suggestion, by which the average voter was reminded that the apparent zeal for the soldier was but a thin veil for the pressing necessity of finding some outlet for the treasury accumulations, if the existing tariff was to be continued.

"It has constantly been a cause of pride and congratulation to the American citizen that his country is not put to the charge of maintaining a large standing army in time of peace. Yet we are now living under a war tax which has been tolerated in peaceful times to meet the obligations incurred in war. But for years past, in all parts of the country the demand for the reduction of the burdens of taxation upon our labor and production has increased in volume and urgency. I am not willing to approve a measure presenting the objections to which this Bill is subject, and which moreover will have the effect of disappointing the expectations of some people, and their desire and hope for relief from war taxation in time of peace."

The Tariff Reform Message and the Dependent Pension Veto must be taken together, as complementary utterances of

the same executive policy. This policy as a whole is perhaps best summed up in the following sentence from Mr. Cleveland's veto of the Texas Seed Bill: "The lesson should be constantly enforced that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people." Before his inauguration, Mr. Cleveland took occasion to remind the people that the Presidency is an office "essentially executive in its nature." This was eagerly distorted by his enemies into a confession of intellectual barrenness. Little did they realize that the President's personal utterances and clearly defined policy were to furnish the issue for the next appeal to the people. By his individual genius he forced his party into progressive initiative. His own words furnished texts for the speeches from the stump and inspiration for the press. But his messages and other written communications were themselves the most powerfully direct arguments. These documents, if occasionally a trifle too Johnsonian in style, were always clear, bold, and pointed, and often crisply epigrammatic. They effected a lodgment in the popular mind and retained it with a tenacity that recalls the pamphleteering efforts of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson.

The annals of American statesmanship do not furnish any act surpassing in moral boldness the promulgation of the Tariff Reform Message on the eve of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy for a second term. He deliberately risked the personal distinction of a re-election, for the sake of giving the principles of his rehabilitated party a tremendous impetus. There are very few persons who would now question the farsighted wisdom of this step. Orators and newspapers were compelled to discuss the tariff, and the campaign became highly educational. If Mr. Cleveland had waited until safely re-elected, there would have been no pressing necessity of making an issue about anything; and politicians might, for a further indefinite period, have prevented the tariff question from taking vital hold of the people. The story was told — and there were many corroborating circumstances to make it seem plausible — that before the opening of the campaign of 1844, Henry Clay, who intended to be the Whig candidate, and Martin Van Buren, who expected to be nominated by the Democrats, met privately; and, for mutual welfare and convenience, agreed, each to use his best efforts to keep the question of the annexation of Texas out of the canvass.

Whether this tradition be true or baseless, Mr. Cleveland's directly opposite course in respect to a matter of grave public concern, should secure for him the veneration of posterity. If actions speak louder than words, he proclaimed in most indubitable terms that he would rather his countrymen should be right, than that he should be President.

Having deliberately set out to become a leader of public opinion, and to reorganize a great party, he compelled that party to take an aggressive front on a live question, in perfect consistency with its historical position of opposition to *Federal paternalism*. This was the doctrine that then required to be fortified, just as, before the Rebellion, to strengthen the opposite tendency towards centralization was the imperative need. Mr. Cleveland as a popular leader crystallized about himself the growing sentiment for checking the growth of Federalism, and converted such sentiment into a practical, political force. There was, however, one important act of his administration which showed that, although his special mission was to curb the centripetal and stimulate the centrifugal force, he always remained the broad-minded statesman, and never became the fanatical tool of a political tendency. Mr. Cleveland signed the Inter-State Commerce Bill. This measure was opposed by many Democrats of character and wide influence, because of its obvious leaning towards centralization. But the President, with the conscientious patriotism which prompted him to sign the Roosevelt Bills in New York, and with that perfect common sense which characterized all his deliberations on proposed legislation, would not allow the prevailing, and in the main salutary, trend of his party to defeat a measure inherently desirable, because it was one which theoretically would fall more within the policy of the other party. The successful operation of this law, as administered by the excellent commissioners President Cleveland himself appointed, has already more than justified his sanction to its passage.

Mr. Cleveland received a large plurality of the popular vote at the election in 1888. The unmistakable drift of public sentiment since that time, as well as the wellnigh universal respect for himself, must have brought him profound satisfaction. Prominent spokesmen of both parties have united in expressing admiration for the man of conscience and courage. More significant, and also more entertaining

to one with any sense of humor, have been the complaints from many Republican politicians and newspapers that the colleges of the country were hot-beds of Democracy. The professors of Political Economy must be muzzled or Mr. Cleveland's pernicious fallacies will have a disastrous effect upon the rising generation. Still more amusing was that portion of the speech of Assistant-Postmaster Clarkson, at the banquet of the Americus Republican Club of Pittsburg in April last, in which he seriously maintained that the Democrats had, with Mephistophelian shrewdness, bought up or managed to control, nearly all the leading magazines and newspapers; and that it behooved Republicans to artificially create a literary bureau of gigantic proportions, if they wished to counteract the effect of intellectual poison. Another very significant straw was the editorial in the New York *Tribune* of July 7, 1890, calling a halt in the Republican party in the matter of pension legislation. There have been other signs, in addition to those enumerated, which prepared the minds of the more observant for the victory at the polls in November last, but did not foreshadow its sweeping character. Fortunately the Republican majority in the Fifty-first Congress proceeded consistently to carry out what they conceived to be a popular behest for the extension of paternalism. They introduced and eventually passed a tariff bill, the advocates of which were obliged to abandon the specious pretext of protection to American labor, and own that its aim was to prohibit foreign competition in certain branches of trade. The dominant party went further, and pushed through the lower House the Federal Elections Bill. The sober second thought of the people was everywhere making itself heard before the close of the first session; so much so that the Republican senators were obliged to postpone action on the Force Bill in order to pass the McKinley Bill. But it was of inestimable advantage that the party of centralization had not hedged or faltered; but, by its official attitude, had presented a square issue on the traditional lines. It is doubtful whether in the history of democracies, a popular leader ever achieved a more decisive triumph, than was the result of this recent election for members of the Fifty-second Congress to Mr. Cleveland.

A few words as to the influence of his personality on the masses may not be amiss. He has never been regarded as

a "magnetic" statesman. He appeals to the people on the thought side, rather than directly on the heart side. Certainly he is not without qualities that endear him to intelligent men; but he never excited that unreasoning devotion, which, in some instances, has caused swarms of devotees to view questions of right and wrong through the medium of their hero's private conscience. There are excellent grounds for hope that the day of autocratic and emotional statesmanship is over in America. We do not believe that it would be possible now, for a man advocating and practising a public policy like that of Andrew Jackson, to receive the blind, popular adoration which supported him. This policy was by no means destitute of wholesome features; but, in the main, by reason of its tendency to belittle the deliberative character, and to subvert the orderly action of the legislative and judicial branches of the government, it was essentially opposed to the genius of our institutions. A statesman such as the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, who stands for political methods very similar to those of Jackson, may, indeed, aided by local pride, achieve a notable, personal triumph within a limited district. But in the wider field of national politics, qualities of leadership such as Jackson had, and Mr. Reed now exhibits, would seem not at all as potent as they formerly were.

The people have grown since 1830, and for the modern disciples of Democracy there has been much to arouse enthusiastic respect in the man Cleveland. He has avoided alike the ostentation of display and the Jeffersonian affectation of extreme simplicity. During his Presidency he was ever the dignified gentleman, frank and accessible, but still firm in the determination that the proper privacy of himself and his family should not be invaded by gossip-mongers. He has made many wise speeches since his retirement from office, which have materially contributed to the success of his policy. He has also by his manner of living furnished an ideal for ex-officials of all grades. The American people promptly appreciated the humor and common sense of his Jeffersonian sentiment, that the best thing to do with ex-Presidents is to leave them alone to earn an honest living like other people.

A NEW DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

On the second and third days of July, 1776, a group of some fifty odd men, representing the slender line of American colonies fringing the Atlantic ocean, came together to discuss and sign a formal Declaration of Independence from Great Britain. They were a picturesque group without the aid of Trumbull's formal arrangement. Long loose coats hardly developed out of the middle-age cloak, white stockings, knee and shoe-buckles, frilled shirts and lace-edged cuffs, wigs and snuff boxes, they were all very much alike to the modern eye. Exteriorly all were of the same age. Equal gravity and equal rank.

But as a matter of fact each man represented a region so far away and so strange that very little of common thought existed. Each man spoke in a quaint dialect, and deeper than that were the wide differences of thought and prejudices. They met each other, as members of the Pan-American Congress of to-day might meet each other; so widely separated by impassable streams and forests were the thirteen original colonies in 1776.

That they were not all equally patriotic, that they were not all equal lovers of freedom, was made painfully apparent before discussion was ended. They met to enunciate a Declaration of Independence from Great Britain — this and no more, — but the genius, the fearless love of freedom of one man almost raised the document to the altitude of a declaration of the rights of man.

There is small record of that discussion and we have only hints of the storm which the slaveholders raised to prevent Jefferson's great edict which would have made that fourth of July a day of mighty jubilee to the slaves of America. But we know it was suppressed as the dangerous utterance of a man imbued with the mad scepticism of the French Encyclopedists, and so mutilated, blotched with lies, the Declaration went out saying: —

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born free and equal . . . and possessed of certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

And so the bells were rung and bonfires lighted and feasts were given, while the black man looked on with the eyes of the dumb beast who had no part in the general rejoicing, the day for a real demand for freedom was not yet come, the people were still narrow, insular mainly. Jefferson saw it was impossible to utter a genuine plea — the times were not yet filled with a desire for freedom.

I thought of those men, when on September the first, 1890, five hundred citizens of the United States, men and women, representing thirty-five states and territories, gathered in the city of New York. Drawn together, not by political ambitions or political allegiance, coming hundreds of miles, some of them five thousand miles, coming at great personal sacrifice — five hundred of these men gathered in a hall, as their forefathers had done, to shake each other's hands, to look into each other's faces, and finally, to enunciate a new declaration of human rights.

It had its picturesque phases also. There were broad-hatted men from California, Texas, Virginia and Dakota. There were slender young clerks and artisans from Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Memphis. There were lawyers and judges, and earnest women, and deep-eyed laborers in plain clothing, from all the principal cities. Each man wore on his lapel a little bow of white ribbon, and it was all that was needed to bring out a fervent hand-shake and the word "Brother." These men came to meet their great teacher, Henry George, and the magnificent idea of human liberty which called them together and bound them together with a singular and beautiful spirit of camaraderie is called "The Single Tax."

Manifestly there must be something in this idea which the reading public has not grasped, for though the press are pretty nearly done with ridicule — indeed, have reached the point, many of them, of calling it "the ideal form of taxation" — yet the great transforming force that moves forward this cause with unexampled rapidity around the earth is not yet generally perceived. The mighty principle of human brotherhood which brought these men together and called out

their thrilling oratory was not a fiscal reform merely, it was a religion, in the highest sense of that abused word. There is a sort of sublimity in their utterances standing simply as utterances.

The glory of this movement is, that it is at once intensely practical, and has all the allurement and intellectual exaltation of a radical humanitarian philosophy. When the word "single-tax" is spoken by single-tax men to each other, there is nothing prosaic in its sound. Vast dreams and gleaming vistas open in their minds. They see sun-lighted fields and shining cities, toward which they are walking and expect to walk, toilsomely (they have no wings), but their limbs are strong, their hearts invincible, their eyes steady and smiling.

With them single-tax equals Liberty — Liberty, not license — not a poor, faint, half-paralytic, but Liberty, standing high as Justice, and commanding the whole earth with her peaceful eyes. We mean by liberty perfect freedom of action so long as the equal rights of others are maintained. We are based upon Spencer there, and upon the immortal Declaration of Independence, whose sounding sentences will come to mean something by-and-bye.

We are individualists mainly. Let that be understood at the start. We stand unalterably opposed to the paternal idea in government. We believe in fewer laws and juster interpretation thereof. We believe in less interference with individual liberty, less protection of the rapacious demands of the few, and more freedom of action on the part of the many.

Individualism does not mean each man cutting the throat of the other, any more than freedom means license. Desperate need makes desperate deed, as in this pleasant America of ours, where undue special privilege to rob the millions is given to a few favored sons of a government yet filled with insidious survivals of paternalism. An age that fosters combat, perjury, envy and hate. There will never be so much paternalism again. The age of individualism broadens before us.

The conference began therefore by stating its belief in equality — not in equality of powers, not equality of virtue, not equality of possessions, but *equality of opportunity*, opportunity to acquire virtue, wisdom, and a competency. This is what Jefferson would have said, could he have written the Declaration according to his own ideas of what freedom should be. As it stands, the sentence is meaningless.

All men are born free and equal, the old Declaration ran. Equal in what? Powers? No, and never can be! Equal in virtue? No, not with the weight of the infinite sorrowful past upon us, not while the bitter struggle for a place merely to set foot on this planet goes on. Equal in possessions? Not in Jefferson's time, much less to-day, when 25,000 persons own one half of the wealth produced by 60,000,000 of freemen in the United States. Equal before the law? Not in a time when a whole race was held captive, and a whole sex forgotten. What a bitter mockery that declaration would have been to the black men, and to the women of Jefferson's time, if they had had the power to perceive and the courage to resent it.

All men are born free and equal in opportunity, to live, to labor upon the earth, and to enjoy the fruits of their own industry.

This is the reading which we, as single-tax men, put in this latest continental congress, upon that immortal and hollow sounding instrument. We draw no line of color, creed, or sex. We mean *all* men.

What a comment upon human nature it is, that for two generations Fourth of July orators went about shouting with grandiloquent gestures that sentence, "We hold all men born free and equal," while, as they spoke, under the flag of Liberty, one entire sex was ignored in government and education, and from two to three millions of people had no rights at all, and no more freedom than the ox in the furrow, and stood equal only among themselves in their heritage of shame and despair.

And in the North, year after year, it was being bellowed from the stump at barbecues, from the platform at caucuses, and at political ratification meetings, while all the time white slavery was widening in extent, and deepening in distress, the bound girl becoming the white slave, the bound boy becoming the mortgaged farmer; while at the same moment vast monopolies fed upon special privileges, on huge slices of land, on gifts of rights in the public streets, had special warranty to rob every hearth of heat and every home of light by getting and controlling the coal fields and oil wells; while all the time inventions, thriving beyond the wildest dreams, made production so great, so prolific, that to produce became a crime! And the lockout was begun.

But at last, under the leadership of Henry George, the single-tax men of America have made that immortal old parchment blaze with light. Into those epithets, those grandiose periods, is flowing a swift, electric power which makes them full of the thunder roll of prophecy. They have come to mean the abolition of all slavery, white slavery, the slavery of women, the slavery of the farmer. They are to be taken to mean that constitutional robbery of one man by another shall stop.

"We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part," read the chairman, and the ringing cheer which arose from the five hundred delegates seated around, thrilled me with awe. These men were in deadly earnest. There they sat, mostly young, less than forty, judges, mechanics, clergymen, teachers, lawyers, men holding high social and civic honors, seated in their places beside mechanics and craftsmen whose eyes blazed with the same fire. A wonderful development of our society and day.

Then I thought of the mighty bulwark, superstition, behind which the rich and powerful of the earth sit entrenched; and for a moment my heart failed me. Then I thought of the little band of men, who, fifty years before, had proclaimed the approaching death of chattel slavery, and I thrilled again with the memory of their courage in the face of what seemed the hopelessly impossible. This group of men and this meeting too, will be historic; standing as it does for a further extension of individual liberty, it must succeed. These dauntless souls, like those who carried forward the cause of the black slave, will yet abolish the slavery of men, women, and children; will abolish industrial slavery.

Theirs not to ask when it will come; theirs only to enunciate the great principles of liberty and brotherhood,—yet, none so well as these men know the mighty unrest of our nation this day. None better than Henry George knows the terrible convulsion which threatens us; but no class of men has more faith in the power of truth and freedom to avert disaster and death. The need is for fearless, earnest men to lead the blind, reeling millions of our cities, to preach justice and not charity.

Thus it is seen that something vast attaches to the doc-

trine we hold. It is not a fiscal reform alone, and yet if it meant no more than its fiscal side, the single tax is a reform capable of exciting great enthusiasm. Beginning on the solid earth, it mounts through "Free Trade, Free Production, Free Land, Free Men!" to the highest conception of truth and right. It is a road leading to a land in whose serene air vices die and virtues bloom. It begins where we stand; the swift runner mounts into the air as he runs, like the eagle.

We believe in absolute freedom of exchange. Exchange is a sort of production, and to tax it or burden it in any way, or to allow it to be monopolized, is to oppress industry and to check enterprise. We assert that nations never trade, that individuals trade, and trade because by trading each party to the exchange is made richer and happier. We are free traders, therefore, because we deny the right of a government to come between two individuals peaceably seeking mutual benefit. Free trade is as much a part of our declaration of rights as the freedom to breathe the air.

As fiscal reformers, we denounce the present system of taxation as (1) cumbrous, (2) inexpedient, (3) unequal, (4) unjust, and (5) iniquitous.

That it is *cumbrous* needs no demonstration. That it is *inexpedient* is admitted by those who have knowledge of how generally taxes on personal property are invaded. Thomas G. Shearman, in an address to the Ohio Legislature, conclusively proved that with the growing wealth and complexity of our social system, the greater cities and their great merchants and millionnaire proprietors escape taxation more and more completely, throwing heavier burdens upon the villages and the farms each year. In most States, as every assessor can testify, the returns on personal property are decreasing in proportion to the entire wealth of the State, and are directly proportioned to the honesty of the one assessed, who practically assesses himself.* Thus a premium is put on perjury,

*The estate of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hartt, of Brookline, is now held in trust for their minor children by Messrs. A. W. Nickerson of Marion and G. A. Nickerson of Dedham. These gentlemen asked to have the property of their wards assessed at $1,000,000 instead of $300,000, at which it had been rated, and on being refused by the Brookline assessors, transferred it to Dedham, where it was assessed at the figures they set. Hereupon it is related that Mr. N. A. Francis, a recently elected member of the Brookline board of assessors, served a notice on the Dedham assessors that their action was illegal, and discovered by examining the probate records that the trust funds amounted to over $700,000. The Dedham assessors being

while honesty pays the tax. The attempt to tax personal property is inexpedient because it fails to raise sufficient revenue to warrant the trouble and expense.

Our system of taxation on personal property and improvements, we charge, is *unequal*. Not only does it fall with the greatest force upon honesty, but upon helplessness. Under the present system, no matter where the tax is levied, it is paid by the consumer, and as the man who consumes his entire income, the maximum rate of tax is paid by the poor man, the minimum rate by the rich man who consumes but part of his income.

We deny the *equality* of a tax levied upon anything, the price of which can be increased by the amount of the tax, and thus fall in the end, with crushing and *invisible* weight upon the farmer and mechanic, and upon women and children. We denounce all indirect taxation as a device of surviving despotism, by means of which the life of the toiler is crushed out, while he groans in wondering dismay and bewilderment.

All of the taxes at present levied upon personal property, improvements, any product of individual industry, are shifted in enhanced prices to be paid in full, with accrued percentages, by the consumer. A tax upon a tenement is paid by the renter. A tax upon a factory is shifted to the price of goods. A tax upon railways, cars, motors, horses, stations, is shifted to the shipper, the traveller, or upon the wages of the employees.*

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threatened with prosecution, consented to tax the estate at the value given in the inventories at the probate office.

This is simply one case out of thousands to illustrate the folly of taxing personal property. Suppose this estate had not been on record as an inheritance! Jonathan A. Lane calculated that less than one sixth of the personal property of the State of Massachusetts was assessed. And the New York Evening *Post* stated that personal property valuations in New York State have fallen off a hundred millions of dollars since '67.

*There are two ways in which a tax can be shifted — (1) by raising the price of the thing taxed, and (2) by appropriating the wages of labor. This shifting of the tax is not a matter of personal caprice — in fact, most men know very little about it. It is a law, like the law of wages, attendant on wide conditions.

If the workingman, the farmer, once gets to see this law, which all students of taxation recognize, indirect taxation will stop. Let the reader consider this principle, never tax any product whose price can be raised to cover the amount of the tax. This principle will, if applied, kill all indirect taxation.

A writer in the *Standard* states the principle:

The selling price of land depends upon the difference between the annual tax on it and its annual rent. If we should tax it up to its full rental value, it would have no selling price. If we did not tax it at all, its selling value would be its full rental value capitalized. Therefore, the nearer the tax comes to rental value the lower the price and *vice versa*. But the price of

The tax upon values produced by individuals is *unjust*, a fine upon industry, a deterrent of enterprise, and a drag on the wheel of progress. A tax upon dogs is supposed to discourage the keeping of dogs, a tax upon windows certainly lessens the number of windows, as in France. A tax upon houses tends to prevent the building of houses, and thus raises rent, but a tax upon the value of the land a man holds, leaves production free.

Tax a man upon his skill and industry, and you lay a weight upon his shoulders. Why should a man be taxed for building a house? Why should he be fined for laying out a garden or rebuilding his wall? If he wants to open a saloon, — a bad business, — he is taxed in order to keep the number of saloons down; and if he opens a store, or builds a block of houses, — a good business, — his burden of tax is three times heavier. There is no virtue in such logic.

The single tax on land values would set all legitimate industry absolutely free. There would be no fine for building houses or manufacturing goods. The man who planted a tree would not be watched like a criminal, and a man might re-build his garden wall in idyllic peace; for we proceed under the supposition that the man who makes two spears of wheat grow where one grew before, is a public benefactor. We say it is not only bad policy, it is unjust to fine industry. It is taxing a man according to what he produces in theory, and according to his helplessness, in fact. To do this is to make honesty and industry difficult, and crime, and indolence, and vice, natural and necessary.*

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products of labor is made up of the cost of production and sale, and all taxes upon those must be added to the price. Therefore, the higher the tax the higher the prices. Now since taxing land makes it cheaper, why is it not a good thing to tax for revenue, and since taxing everything else makes the things dearer, why are not such taxes bad? Why should we not raise all our revenues by a tax on the thing that taxation agrees with so well that it cheapens the thing?

J. G. MALCOLM.

That is to say, the actual amount of land cannot be increased or diminished by a tax. It is not a product of human labor. But the amount of *available* land can be increased and the price cheapened by the tax. A tax on land-values is the only tax that cannot be shifted.

*The single-tax philosophy points out that there are two values attaching to land,— a value traceable to the work of some individual's hands, and a value not traceable to individual labor, but due to the labor and presence of the social group. This value can be seen in city lots worth many thousands of dollars, upon which no man has ever put a day's labor. This is *social* value produced by the entire people, belonging to the city, or State. Each man we say should be taxed upon the social value (or deficit) he holds, not upon the value he creates. It may be said, what difference does it make

We make a graver charge yet. We charge the present system of taxation to be not merely a fine, a crushing weight on industry, but an iniquitous premium on idleness and greed, for it nurtures and fosters the most dangerous of all idleness, speculation in land, Just in proportion as taxation bears a grinding weight upon the shoulders of enterprise, does it favor and foster the speculator, creating a parasite whose clutch strangles, whose gluttony drains industry of life-blood.

A long series of sales noted in New York City showed that land held purely for speculation was taxed at a valuation of from twenty to forty-five per cent. of its selling value, while land in use was taxed on a basis from forty-five to eighty-five per cent. of its value. Other cities will show even a worse state of things. The user of land is punished. The speculator is aided, because, poor fellow! he's not getting any income from his land. Why don't he sell it? might be asked.

In the suburbs of every city are lands held out of use, or used merely as pastures, which are taxed at acre rates, but when a man buys a lot he pays by the foot, and thereafter is taxed by the foot, and the instant they are used taxes begin. Thus is speculation made more profitable and alluring than legitimate business. Thus is our greatest national vice fostered, and the eyes of industry filled with lust of unearned wealth. When it becomes understood that when a man taking a dollar by a rise in land-values takes that which somebody else has earned, then will speculation appear as it is, a crime against society.

Speculation in land — what harm has it done? What has it not done? In the first century of our nation's life it has scattered us out from sea to sea, pushing men on into the wilderness, into the forest and on the plain, keeping us a nation of pioneers, holding the body of our people against the inclemency, the rigors, the solitudes of our land, when we might have been living east of the Mississippi River, or even east of the Alleghanies, in a state of civilization so high that its actuality would be a dreamer's vision. Speculation

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whether a man pays his tax on personal property and land, or on land alone? It would make considerable difference whether he paid two per cent. on house and land (say $3,000), or two per cent. on land alone ($1,000). Whether he paid sixty dollars on land and personal property, or twenty dollars on land value alone. Who would make up the difference? The speculator, the monopolist, the holder of franchises.

in land! It has created vast corporations and privileged classes. It has created artificial scarcity of land, air, and water. It has opposed progress and enslaved labor by shutting industry from Nature's vast storehouse. It has reduced wages, raised rents, and made of the body of the American people tenants, and mortgaged farmers. It has created the tenement house and the settler's lonely cabin. It has put a greater pressure upon a square mile of earth in New York (two hundred and ninety thousand to the square mile) than in any other city in the world, while half the site of the city is vacant. It produces the North End rookery, with its overcrowding, and the settler's shanty, with its loneliness and despair. It has bred vice and crime in our city streets, and madness and brutality in the backwoods, and on the plain. It has scattered the rural population, and piled business men into fourteen-story buildings in the city.

It makes coal high and the miners' wages low. It holds a sword over capital, and puts a fetter on the wrist of labor. It produces colossal fortunes without toil, and supports giant corporations to dominate our legislature. It gives the many into the hands of the few, produces the millionnaire and the tramp, — producing in two generations the richest men the world has ever seen. It builds hospitals, and denies justice. It has made us a nation of landless and homeless families, dependent upon the caprice, the avarice of a smaller class.*

It is the menace of our land this day. It is a vast vampire, under whose brooding wings our nation is being robbed of its life-blood. It is the curse of Italy, the death of Spain, the outrage of Ireland. It forces the emigrant from his native valley into competition with American labor. It turns the crofter's cottage on the hills of Scotland into sheep-sheds, and draws a river of gold from starving Ireland.

It is a relic of feudalism. It possesses the old world, and we have permitted it to come in and work us shame and terror till to-day we stand facing it, as Beowulf faced the serpent in the sea. It is the greatest heritage of evil transmitted to us out of the sinister past, and progress will consist in destroying it as we destroyed chattel slavery. Its abolition will be the abolition of industrial slavery.

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* One family in New York owns houses enough to reach from Castle Garden to Harlem river. Only 40 per cent. of the rest of the families of New York live in separate houses.

Why? Because speculation in land employs no labor, but stands in the way of labor. It is a sort of piracy. It says to the manufacturer, farmer, artisan, "Before you build, till, or fashion, you must pay me a tribute. 'I am Cæsar, whose claims must be met first.' "

It supports a plutocracy, as dependent upon the labor of others as the paupers in the almshouses.

Thus we show that, by means of the present machinery of taxation, we can strike a blow at a business whose iniquity thousands are beginning to understand at last. It is not necessary to make socialistic laws regulating the amount of land a man may hold, nor to declare against excessive rents. It is only necessary to tax the holder of vacant land just as if it were used, just the same as a neighboring lot of the same site-value, and the business of holding land out of use for a higher price will be less profitable than industry. This is the "single-tax, limited;" this is the fiscal side of a reform whose ethics strike at the root of evil lying deep in the darkness of the past.

Land speculation springs from the unrestricted ownership of lands by individuals, and our entire system of taxation is based on the interests of the landed class. Private ownership of land, as Mr. Spencer has stated in "Social Statics," is based not upon right, but might. It is an accompaniment of militancy; fundamentally it is based on the superstition that one man has a diviner right to the earth than another. It will disappear when men come to see that we are all equally-endowed children of the earth and the air.

I am loath to criticise any theory held by sincere men, but I believe the whole socialistic theory is based upon a misconception of the tendency of society — a misconception springing from an imperfect study of history. The history of property is undoubtedly opposed to the socialistic idea. The past is not individualistic, but socialistic. The age of socialism is not coming on, but departing. The past, the tribal state, the feudal age, was the age when the individual belonged to the state, and forcible co-operation was at its greatest. The state — it was the people. Individuality counted for little. Names were of little account save among the rulers.

Nothing is more mistaken and absurd than the attack upon Mr. Spencer as "the advocate of war between man and man." What the Nationalists anathematize as "individualism" we, as individualists, are as ready to condemn as they, because it is

not individualism at all, but the surviving and slowly retreating effect of socialism, paternalism, and special privilege. Let me call the attention of those socialistically inclined to the following passage from Spencer's "Political Institutions," Chapter XV.

"Complete individualization of ownership is an accompaniment of industrial progress. From the beginning things identified as products of a man's labor are identified as his, and throughout the course of civilization, communal possession and joint household living have not excluded the recognition of a *peculium* obtained by individual effort."

But "the individualization of ownership extended and made more definite by trading transactions under contract eventually affects the ownership of land. Bought and sold by measure, and for money, land is assimilated in this respect to the personal property produced by labor, and thus becomes in general apprehension confounded with it."

And so would air, if it could have been physically handled and laid off in parcels

"But there is reason to suspect that while *private possession* of things *produced by labor* will grow even *more definite* and sacred than at present, *the inhabited area* which cannot be produced by labor *will eventually be distinguished as something which may not be privately possessed.*"

Thus the claim that society has been moving toward socialistic ownership and government, Mr. Spencer finds, after vast research, to be untrue. On the contrary, as the rigors of militant regulation have softened or given way, as the age of industrialism draws on in Europe and has fully appeared in America, there results greater and greater freedom of the individual, greater and greater definiteness in the lines which divide him and his from the State and the property of the State. That there is a tendency toward the abolition of private property in land, there can be no doubt, but that tendency only makes more definite and sacred the right of the individual to the fruits of his labor.

Voluntary co-operation, also, everywhere goes on with the expanding individuality of the citizen, together with his increasing freedom from governmental or military control. It is this unconscious, voluntary, and spontaneous co-operation which the nationalist mistakes as leading toward more general governmental control of individuals and individual property.

"But," writes a nationalist, "Nationalism is not paternalism, it is fraternalism." Very well, then, why organize a vast and intricate system of military machinery? Can you not trust freedom and fraternalism? I, for one, have such faith in human nature, such trust in the ever-growing altruism of expanding individuality, that I am content to work for freedom, for less government, less militancy, less meddling with spontaneous co-operation among the units of society. I do not care to see a society where all direction of affairs comes from some personification of a crowd. I find myself suspicious of the hard and fast arrangement of the Nationalists for forcing fraternity. I prefer to kill the trusts and monopolies rather than nurture them, in hope of "finally getting one enormous trust, the State." I have small reason to believe that the big trust would be any more clearly managed in the interests of the consumer than these smaller trusts it is proposed to absorb.

No, free competition is not the evil. *There is no free competition, and never has been, and never will be, till all men are put on an equality as regards natural opportunities.* If the pressure of the air were only upon one side of the body, man would be crushed to the earth, but the pressure being equally exerted on all sides, he is as free to move as if no pressure existed. So of competition. It is not an evil if it is free and universal.

It is the unnatural, deepening, ferocious need of labor for a job, the struggle of an ordinary industry against a privileged industry, that is mistaken for free competition.

If competition were really free, if every industry were strong only by reason of its producing power, the strife of each man to enrich himself would only result in enriching the world. Great fortunes do not arise out of free competition, but the lack of it.

Show us any great fortune, any overtopping industry, and we will show (if the inner facts are open to us) that it was built up, not by industry, brains, and skill, but by special privilege, by the extension of license and not the assertion of liberty.*

* In the biography of the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, the Girards, the Goulds, will come a significant sentence like this: "This year Mr. G. put a few thousand dollars into some land in Harlem, which has since sold for a quarter of a million." Or "Mr. V.'s land, at the corner of Broadway and Seventh Streets, has increased in yearly value in proportion to the population

We believe in the governmental control of all monopolies, (industries that in their natures deny the equal rights of all men), such as privileges in the streets, water privileges, right of way for railways, wharves, and in general, any private or corporate right in land. (Every man is a monopolist just to the extent that he possesses land to the exclusion of others, at the last analysis.)

Under the single tax these monopolies would not be owned or necessarily run by the government in all cases, but they would be obliged to pay the entire annual value of the special monopoly they held, into the treasury of the State or city. And here we are nearly in accord with the Nationalists. Here is our point of agreement,—that all industries in their nature monopolies should not be left in private or corporate hands,— at least not without governmental control.

But a cotton mill is not a monopoly in itself. If it appears to be a monopoly it is by virtue of special privilege and not by virtue of the power to produce. Free competition among cotton mills would only result in more cotton and better clothing. The trouble is, there is no free competition in any industry to-day. It is a war between special privilege on one side, with capital and labor quarrelling among themselves on the other. Out of privilege the trust is born.

Suppose conditions of freedom. Suppose every laboring man in the United States to have the choice of two jobs. Suppose every cotton mill to be stripped of its special monopoly of land and water. And then suppose these mills competing among themselves, and what is the result? Each miller says, "I'm going to produce more cloth and better cloth than any other man." What happens?

Wages rise, because to produce more he must employ more men, and to get men he must bid for a man

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of the city, and now brings a rental of two hundred thousand dollars per year." This is what we mean by unearned increment, growth in value not dependent on the monopolist's skill, industry, or virtue, exacted by him from the toiling masses, who press upon the special piece of Nature which he has appropriated, and joined with this, there goes on the appropriation of the earnings of labor, getting each year more easy because of the tightening coil of monopolies. And it is this value which the single-tax would levy upon, this unearned increment.

We would tax the woollen mills, Jay Gould, and the working man upon the value of the monopoly each holds. The mill would not be able to shift its tax upon the price of its cotton, the wages of its employees, nor by raising the rents of their houses. This tax would be levied upon the value of their water privilege, their land-values, but they would be left free to manufacture; for the more they produced, the cheaper their product, and the higher wages would rise.

already with a job. The price of his product will fall, because he cannot control the price. Others are as anxious to sell as he. He can't take his profits out of his men, for they have other and equally as good jobs open to them. He can't recoup himself out of unearned increment. He is placed on a level with every other business man. A free field and no favor. That would be free competition.

How is it now? What gives the millers of Lawrence, for convenient example, their enormous power? What makes it possible for them to crowd out smaller firms? Their privileges in land and water, first of all, and second, their despotic power over their men and women, from whose hands they take every year a larger per cent. of wages, so that less than fifteen per cent. of the product of their hands remains to their own use.

What gives them this power over the men? Simply the unnatural, forced competition among laborers to find employment, because all over this broad, generous land, men and women wander, seeking work, because there are too many men, and not work enough to go around. A million and a half of men out of work, bidding against the men who are in work! This eager, pitifully-meek crowd of jostling men and women at the employer's gate, allows him to fix things to suit himself. Their desperate need makes his majestic and lordly arrogance. Their meekness is the making of his insolent greed or paternal patronage.

The socialists beg the whole question by constantly speaking of "labor" as if only the digger or chopper were labor. Labor with them means evidently a common hand without tools. Labor with the individualist means men and women as they are to-day, with all the producing powers, all their skill, thought, *fraternity* and *high* purpose. Labor is the producing cause, producing all capital, all wealth — all things but Nature. To suppose that unaided capital can oppress labor is to suppose the shovel capable of knocking its user down. It is land-monopoly wearing the mask of capital that oppresses. Capital has no "divine right." It wastes, decays, but the land owner never fails to get the best of the bargain. In the air of freedom the trust will die.

Under free and equal conditions no millionnaires can rise and no laborer be forced into poverty, because men do not differ so greatly in powers as would seem to be indicated by

the vast fortunes of our day. In the eyes of science Mr. Gould varies from one of his engineers very much as one grasshopper varies from another, just as one blackbird develops a longer wing or a larger thigh than another. Stripped of his advantages — the privileges with which a superstitious age endows him — and Mr. Gould would become what he is, a rather smallish man, differing slightly from the type. His wealth, the product of an unswerving law, himself the chance owner, because, so long as land remains limited in amount and population increases, somebody *must* be enriched without labor, and the greater the invention, the intelligence, the morality of the people, the higher will the price of land go, and the deeper and broader will be the gulf between the man enriched and the man impoverished by landlordism. It is of no value to point out here and there an apparent exception. Somebody in a sale of land, always gets what he has not earned, and it is the worker, the user, who pays all the bills.*

This must continue as long as the value of land due to the pressure of population is allowed to go into private pockets. It has all the effect of an inexorable law. All inventions, freedom of commerce, ownership of railways, education, sanitation are powerless to fulfil their mission in enriching the average man, so long as speculation in land continues. They will only result in raising rents and ultimately in enriching the landowner. Freedom, equality, and fraternity are impossible under such conditions, because the whole struggle to live is so bitter, so ferocious.

Now to destroy monopoly, establish justice, give fraternity an opportunity to bloom, and bring about free competition in fact, we offer the single tax. We offer it as a practical, gradual *method* of restoring social equilibrium. We take taxation as a means to do this, because the right to tax is

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* Here comes in also the fact, which men like Edward Atkinson fail to comprehend. They are always saying, "There are no landless men except of choice; that practically free land is now to be had in the suburbs and on the borders." Suppose this were true, and suppose a mechanic by spending two extra hours on a horse-car, could obtain a little home in the suburbs. Suppose this to be true, it does not affect the real question; the curse of the system is, that the moment any such movement is *generally* taken up, land rises in value till the poor man is unable to buy. The moment any *considerable number* of men attempt to settle at any point, the price of land goes up, and the few are always enriched at the expense of the rest. This principle is well understood by the boomers of New Hampshire who are planning to raise the price of land by the importation of Swedish colonists.

generally admitted, and forms the best instrument possible to readjust conditions.

How would the single tax destroy speculation, free labor, and establish justice? Is it not absurd to say that so simple a measure will do so much? Its simplicity is its magnificent virtue. It is not a new law nor a set of laws. It is not a new restriction, nor an extension of the powers of government; it is a vast stride toward freedom. It argues results from proved tendencies; its influences can be tested by reference to the motives of men now. It does not require the transformation of greed into gratitude.

Its partial application as fiscal reform would begin at once to produce the most important effects.

Let us note a few of these effects. First the effect on industry has been noted. Being released from tax, production will everywhere receive a new impetus. This does not need demonstration. This activity in trade and manufacturing will cheapen the price of products at the same time that a greater demand for labor tends to raise wages.* This would not mean that the increase of wages should come out of the business man, but that it would come out of the landlord. A mine-owner for example would be taxed as a mine-owner, not as mine-*user*. His tools and shafts would be untaxed, his privilege would be taxed just the same whether he used it or not. Result, he would use, or sell to someone who would use. Our coal-barons are taxed but a few cents per acre upon their vast holdings of incalculably valuable lands; this is why they can regulate the out-put of coal and "pluck" the helpless miner. Tax them according to the value they hold, tax them to the full of the annual value of each acre of mining land, and the coal-barons would give way to a thousand co-operative mining companies. Miners would have higher wages and steadier work, while we in Boston would find coal cheaper.

The naked facts of our mining regions are so ghastly, so horrifying, that it seems impossible under the stars and stripes.

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*To show the misapprehension about the *necessities* of the case I clip an objection and its answer.

The essence of what labor wants, of course, is a larger share in the proceeds of production, and this obviously, is to be obtained only by the allotment of a smaller share to capital.— *Providence Journal.*

This might be correct if it did not ignore the third factor of production, land. Land is neither capital nor labor, and yet its owners absorb a large proportion of what labor and capital jointly produce from land.—*Boston Globe.*

A frightful avocation at its best; when joined with low wages, uncertain employment, miserable living in a tenement home in a desolate region, it reaches the heights of tragedy. These coal-barons standing there above the great seams of coal Nature has put there for all men, collect from free Americans untold millions of tribute, while the miner who toils in the darkness and damp gets just pay enough to live and produce children to take his place when he dies.

In the face of one of these men the boasted American civilization fades into mist. This measureless wrong we call freedom — freedom to toil like a slave and die like a dog!

The effect on wages. Not only would the single tax raise wages, it would free labor. On this point alone it rises above a fiscal reform to become a peaceful revolution. The slavery of labor consists in its dependency upon the employer. In the vast increasingly complex machinery of society, the artisan feels himself more and more a cog, without power to move aside from his place. The employer fixes wages, buying his labor as he buys his lumber, at the lowest market rate, a rate which labor has little or no power to alter.

The laborer is not only powerless to fix the rate at which he will work, but powerless to keep down the rising rent that is ready to swallow him up. He says, "Please, mister, can't y' give me a job?" and he huddles his family into two or three rooms in a miasmatic alley. The employer could not stir a wheel or move a car without him, and yet so abject is labor, the employer knows he can set the price of a day's work. This spectacle of the producing agent of society begging for the chance to create wealth for the opportunity of receiving back fifteen per cent. of it, is a pitiable result of a hundred years of "freedom."

To give labor the power to make a free contract with the employer will amount to a complete revolution of the wheel. "Free contract, he has it now," someone says. "No one forces him to take a dollar and a half per day." No "one" does, but society and the sinister shadow of want and suffering do. No slave ever had such relentless overseer. There is no lash so cruel as hunger, no subduer of rebellious hearts like the gleam of a tear on the cheek of a hungry child. Free contract? How can there be free contract where a man has a wife and children depending upon his daily labor at any price?

This is why all strikes are so futile. Great as protests of labor, they fail because "while capital wastes, labor *starves;*" because the supply of men eager to work is limitless apparently — men so eager they will take their lives in their hands to get the place left by the striker. The whole theory of labor organization from the times of Chaucer to the present has been, "there are too many men — too little work. We must keep the number of workmen down." This is the feeling lying at the heart of the opposition to emigration, the opposition to labor-saving machinery and the opposition to women in trades. "Keep the number of hands down. There is only so much work. There must not be too many men."

But in the single tax a new idea appears, *Why not increase the number of jobs?* How! By taxing speculation out of existence, and releasing all industry. By bringing mines, forests, lots, into the market at low prices, by putting raw Nature into the hands of industry and out of the hands of the speculator who employs no labor.

The more men the less work, is not true, necessarily. Under the single tax the more men the more work; two men working together can produce more than twice as much as one man, a hundred men much more than a hundred times as much as two men. The trouble is the landlord comes in between and shares the wealth but not the toil.

Not work enough! What is work? It is the application of a living hand directed by a creative brain, upon matter. It creates nothing, it destroys nothing. It simply takes from the vast ebb and flow of Nature a portion of her abundance — a modicum of matter—fashions it, transports it, puts it to use, and then at last, sooner or later it is reabsorbed into the endless cycle. Men and the things they need are only forms of matter, and Nature is inexhaustible, generous, and impartial. How comes it that work is scarce, hunger plenty, and nakedness common? Not because work or food is scarce, but because to support himself, the toiler must support the family of his land-owner first, because he is not free to take and fashion the indestructible material that lies just at his hand. The opportunity for labor is illimitable, but a despotic law bars the laborer out.

We call upon organized labor to turn its attention to the speculator as the "scab" to be driven out. Free Nature and

labor is free. Give each man the choice of two jobs at equal prices, have two employers bidding for his work and you have a free man to make a free contract. When the employer sends out on the street for men (as I have seen happen temporarily in western towns), then there is no cringing of labor, no appeal, "Please mister, give me a job." It is man to man and face to face, a free contract.

The American workman does not need protection, paternalism. What he needs is absolute equality as regards "a chance" and then freedom. I suspect the reader will begin to think that the single tax is going to the root of things. If labor were free to choose its job and practically to fix its own wages, what would result?

It may be inferred men would not "stake coal" in the hell of a steamer's hold, or collect garbage, or work amid red-hot iron out *of choice*. It would not need Bellamyism to equalize things. The highest wages would necessarily be paid for the most disagreeable jobs, and *invention would be turned for a while upon making these horrible jobs a little more tolerable*. It would be discovered that the hold of a vessel might be ventilated, that the coal might be moved by machinery, that the foundry or press-basement might be differently situated, and the wind let in some way.

I think a little consideration of this point will satisfy that to free labor is to do it all. The desires of the free man may be trusted to abolish the horrors that now surround almost all kinds of manual labor. A governmental regulation of these things is so far away around, and so very uncertain of getting around, that single-tax men would rather try the effect of freedom. Freedom will shorten the hours of labor, raise wages, dignify work, and make the wage-earner a man among men, for free-men prefer short hours to long, high wages to low.

Will he not abuse his freedom? Who is to say what the mechanic or craftsman shall demand? Would he not destroy business by demanding too much? That will regulate itself. Supply and demand — under free conditions — will regulate that. But who will collect our garbage? Who will do our menial tasks when the laboring man is free? This question is often asked as if a God-given prerogative were about to be taken away. I say if a task is so menial that only abject want will drive a human being to it, it is an outrage to re-

quire it, and the sooner it is done away with the better. I do not ask anyone to do what I would not do myself if I were physically able. I never go by a gang of men in the street working under the flaming sun and amid the deadly fumes of gas, that I do not say, "Those men under freedom would demand and get the highest wages paid." The pyramid now stands on its apex, as Shelley said. The easiest task gets the highest pay.

I believe all paid bodily attendance, all menial duties will disappear when labor is free. There must come in a change. The treatment of servants in many homes is an outrage on humanity. The life the servant girls lead is appalling to a mind not vitiated by flunkeyism. Ten to sixteen hours per day labor; beds in the basement, damp, mouldy, or up in the garret in bare, unwarmed rooms, — and worse than all, no home, no little nook of their own, pitifully alien in the midst of all the comfort and elegance around them. No wonder they prefer the shop or the store, and a poor, little rented room and a sort of freedom. This cannot endure; the human heart rebels at it; the womanly soul cries out against it. Labor *must* be honorable when the workman is free, or he will not do it. Once the pressure of want is taken off him, he will stand tall in his manhood. He will wear no man's livery. He will follow his own desires with no man to say him nay, till he infringes upon the rights of someone else. So far as I am personally concerned, I say that any part of our so-called civilization which rests upon the enforced degradation, the homelessness, the brutalizing toil of my fellow men and women, is only the vanity and pride of a plutocracy whose abolition will be the flower of freedom and the triumph of truth.

The effect of the single tax in cities I have indicated. They would level down, and cut over the vacant lots, the huge ten-story building would not stand beside the old rookery. The tenement house would disappear. Individual homes would multiply. There would be a gradual shifting of population from the heart of the city to the suburbs, because the most valuable lands would necessarily be used for the most productive business. Slowly the saloon and the schoolhouse would part company. The terrible North Ends and South Ends would disappear. Rapid transit (by the municipal railways) would no longer enrich real-estate boomers, but

would make it easy for the mechanic to possess a Queen Anne cottage in the suburbs, his only tax being levied upon the site value of his little lot. *

The need of escaping rent crowds people together on one lot in the city, but it scatters them in the country. Under the single tax the farming population would draw together. The speculator being taxed into selling or using his land, population would aggregate into cities and towns and a new era begin for the farmer.

It is not the poverty, the endless and ferocious work of the farm and shop that appalls. It is the waste of human life. The solitude, brutalizing surroundings, the barrenness and monotony, the scream of planes, the howl of cog-wheels — these things that tend to make man only a brute or a machine — these are the things that horrify the thinker. They are not civilization. I agree with William Morris there. It is because into the life of the farmer the single tax would bring music, painting, song, the theatre, that I advocate it with such persistent enthusiasm. I am a farmer by training, and my sympathies go out to these trusting, sober, frugal men and women in their joyless lives. It is my hope to see them enjoying some of the intellectual delights which make life worth living. With the rise of towns and the concentration of the rural population, swift strides in civilization will come.

"But will not a tax on land-values rest heavily on the farmer?" asks someone. No: the land-value of the working farmer is very much less than the value of his tillage, buildings, machinery, etc. His direct tax would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be less than now. If he is a *speculative* farmer, like those Edward Atkinson represents, his tax will be heavier, as it ought to be. The single tax hits the speculator's head, wherever it sees one. The working farmer will find his direct tax reduced from twenty-five per cent. to seventy-five per cent., and *his indirect taxes will be wiped out.*

*The assertion of Edward Atkinson that to raise the present tax of Boston would require under the single tax a levy of $33 per thousand, shows how absurd a man can be when trying to combat a great reform with partial statement of fact. The glaring evil is the under-valuation of lands held out of use. The franchises of Boston are now given away, under the single tax their entire annual value would come into the treasury.

But if the entire annual rental of all land and land privileges in Boston were unsufficient to run the government it would not affect the vital part of the question. To whom does the ground rent belong, to the people of Boston, or to private individuals? That is the contention.

It is the indirect tax that lays with such invisible weight upon him, not merely the tax proper to the government with all its percentages of increase from hand to hand, but the still greater private tax of the monopolist of mines, forests, mill-privileges, and city lots, all of whose exactions of tribute come back upon the farmer with crushing weight in the price of his tools, clothing, building materials, etc. Under the single tax, his entire tax would be less than he now pays to some monopolist in buying a mowing machine or his winter clothing.

The farmer of all men is to be benefitted by this reform.

But will not the rich man, the bond-holder escape? objects the farmer. No. Stocks and bonds derive their value mainly from land values, and they would be taxed at the source of their value by the single tax. So far as they relate to improvements they ought not to be taxed; in so far as they relate to privileges on land they would infallibly be reached by the tax on social value, or ground-rent.

In the South the idea of this further extension of freedom is making way. Already the young men of Virginia are taking up and carrying forward the work Jefferson and Garrison laid down,— for although the South would share in all that comes with concentration and comfort, it would benefit specially, because the single-tax idea would solve the negro problem.

The single tax will solve the black man's problem by opening the storehouse of Mother Earth to him, without the necessity of a tribute to some private individual. His slavery admittedly is still abject, and his suffering greater than before. I don't mean to belittle what has been done, but he seems to me to stand at present between a dire half-slavery and freedom. He is freed from his master, but is enslaved like his white brother to the "boss," and the land-owner. As an Individualist I do not assert that the black is equal in virtue to the white. I do not assert he should be equal in political power, or equal socially, or equal in wealth. I simply assert his equality with every other man as regards his heritage in the gifts of air, sun, water, and land. We say give him equality of opportunity. Let him see industry untaxed and idle speculation abolished; give him freedom and incentive to be industrious, sober, and honest; then he will see that his failure lies with himself. The South will yet see that a completer freedom will solve the negro problem.

So the individualistic single-tax idea would have solved the Indian problem. But God help us! we've almost solved it by annihilating the race. I say the greed of the speculator in land, the boomer, has everywhere thrust the knife into the Indian's heart. Boomers have given him drink, bought his lands for a few beads, lobbied Congress to push him farther west. Boomers, speculators have kept him from being civilized, have stood between the real settler and the Indian with rifle and whiskey jug in hand. We had no real need of these lands. It was an artificial scarcity of land, created by the power of the boomer, to get and hold more than he could use, or intended to use. I say that proceeding naturally, we would not yet have reached the Mississippi River, and that by bringing the virtues, and not the vices, of civilization to bear on the Indian, our century would not have been one of dishonor. We say, therefore, that by instituting private property in land among the Indians, their ruin is complete. This the boomers know. The single tax would teach them art, and science, and the rights of property, which forbid private ownership in lands.

It will thus be seen that the reform we advocate is simple, but it is the simplicity of a great natural principle. "It begins where two and two make four, it mounts to the region where the lightnings sit." It consists in saying one man shall not be forced to feed another. It puts justice in the seat of charity and says to wronged and cheated human nature: go breathe the free air and drink the pure water, till disease and deformity vanish. The single tax would destroy greed by making it impotent. It would leave virtue and intelligence room to develop, putting them above stupidity, greed, and governmentally-aided selfishness.

Our reform is not a palliative. We believe there are two essentials in the ideal state of society, free nature and liberty. Land *must* become practically free. Land is limited in amount, population is unlimited. When we have two hundred millions of people, the oceans will not be one foot farther apart. The need of land grows and its price rises continually. Every year the struggle for a place on American soil will intensify. No nation of earth with equal natural resource ever began in so short a time to feel the need of land as we are feeling it to-day.

If with land partially monopolized, we have swarms of

beggars, tramps, asylums, hospitals,— if these signs of a bitter struggle to live are so great now, what will they be fifty years from now? If land is worth $14,000,000 per acre in New York to-day, what will it be worth in 1920? In short, looking at this question from the broadest, possible point of view, what is the problem?

Just this: as the struggle for natural resources is ever intensifying and as the possession of land gives greater and greater power to the owner and enslaves the renter, therefore it follows that the present system of land-ownership is sweeping us toward a ferocious and fratricidal war for the possession of the earth. This struggle will result in one of two conditions. Either a vast and all-powerful landed aristocracy will enslave the American masses, or the present system of land-holding must give way.

For us there is only one issue, the monopoly of Nature must go. It will give way with far less of storm and stress than slavery gave in dying. It will be seen to be the next great step in the evolution of the race. The value of the individual increases from age to age; he will soon be sovereign. No one need be alarmed, no one need be taken by surprise. Reforms are growths, they bud before bursting into bloom. No reform can succeed that does not constantly prove its claims to be the best thing for the time.

"Liberty, fraternity, equality!" cried the great French revolutionists, and threw their titles, badges, 'scutcheons, coats-of-arms into the smelting pot. Liberty, fraternity, equality! And they left untouched the mother of all injustice, the source of all inequality at birth, the root of all aristocracies,— the private ownership of the soil of France. They destroyed a monarchical aristocracy supported by peasants, serfs. They established a republican plutocracy supported by "free" farmers, and women and children toiling in factories. O, great and beneficent change! O, blind philosophers!

The one inalienable right upon which all else depends, they did not secure. The Declaration of Independence which we are reading to-day to the world does not make that mistake. It believes that the evolution of society is bringing a day when the ultimate tenet of single-taxers will be held reasonable,— the right of each man to space.

Out of space we are come, into space we are born. We

move in space, we must have space to set our feet, space to breathe and space to sleep. The need of space is as undeniable as the fact of weight and coherency of our bodies, and to allow any part of a social group, short of the entire membership of that group, to have absolute monopoly of space is a social crime, and human reason revolts against it as against the most vital infringement of the rights of man.

We believe that every child born into the world has at least the same rights as the rattlesnake, the right to himself, the right to breathe the air, to drink the water, and to obtain his food and shelter by his labor upon the materials which make up the world exterior to man. We are content to take the polished professor of political economy at his word. Man has no more natural rights than a rattlesnake.

Give man these rights, and you give him all that government can or ought to give him. Voluntary service and cooperation may be trusted to do the rest. How is it now? Suppose the little rattlesnake coming into the world to find all the snug corners, and nice swamps, and beetle pastures, monopolized by some big rattlesnake, or owned by some other little rattlesnake inheriting an estate, and you have a parallel to the condition of the average child born under the American Flag and the Declaration of Independence.

"The land belongs in usufruct to the living," cried Jefferson, (our first great single-taxer) "the dead have no control over it." And with him we deny the right of one generation to enslave another yet unborn. The use of land to the living, to the unborn the same free legacy. We believe in use not ownership, we would have land *settled*, not bought. We would have men secure in possession of land, but robbed of the power to levy tribute.

In this free air, woman will rise to nobler stature. With individualists the right of woman to vote is reckoned a small part of her rights as an individual, only a minor question. The real question is, was woman born free and equal in opportunities to obtain happiness, acquire virtue, and secure a competency? In other words is she included in the new declaration of rights? If I may answer for the single-tax men of America, I say yes. Women sat in this last convention of patriots with the same powers and the same privileges with the men.

It is now more than a century since that immortal old Dec-

laration was read, and to-day, with rare misgivings, woman is *allowed* to vote on the school question! Man, his head yet filled with the survivals of the middle ages with its measureless lust and cruelty, arrogates to himself the right to say what woman shall do — and this in the face of the sentence which he applauds — "All men are created free and equal," — applauds because it never occurs to him to mean women, too.

As a single-tax man I say: As I deny the right of any woman to define my sphere, deny me what I earn, or sit in judgment on my rights, so I deny the justice of any custom, law, or edict of a man's government to say what a woman's work shall be, to suppress her vote or discriminate against her in any way whatsoever. It is not a question whether woman will use the ballot, it is a question of liberty. She must have the liberty to do as she pleases so long as she does not interfere with the equal rights of others. It is not a question of her desires as a woman, it is a question of her rights as a human being.

But the illimitable widening of the field of opportunity, the freedom of industry from tax, the growing liberty and independence of labor will do more for woman than place her equal before the law with man. It will release her from her dependence upon him as a bread-winner, and never till that is done can woman stand a free soul, individual and self-responsible.

Paid in full for her work without regard to sex,— with the same rights before the law, with the power and the free opportunity to earn her own living independently of man, woman will at last come to have the right to herself, and be the free agent of her own destiny. Then marriage will be a mutual co-partnership between equals. Prostitution will disappear, and marrying for a home, that first cousin of prostitution. will also disappear. It is woman's dependency, her fear of the world, fear of want, of the terrible struggle outside that enslaves her. In the freedom and abundance of the ideal individualistic world she will become sovereign of herself and the friend of man.

It is impossible in a single magazine article to give more than a hint at the high philosophy, the altruism, the logic, the grace, the humor of the great reform, called for convenience The Single Tax. If the reader gets a glimpse of

our earnestness, and a desire to learn more of our cause, I shall feel satisfied with my work in writing. There are many objections, rising from imperfect understanding of what we advocate, which I could state and answer if I had space; but they would refer to dollars and cents, to expediency. The intent of this article is rather to present the ethical principles upon which it is based — on self-evident truths, conceptions high as justice and broad as humanity.

The thoughtful man this day is standing at the parting of two ways, one leading confessedly through trusts, combines, monopolies, to one giant monopoly of all industry, controlled by the state, to be carried on by military régime; the other leading through abolition of laws, through free trade, free production, free opportunity, to free men. The land doctrine or single-tax philosophy means a destruction of all monopoly, a minimum tax levied upon social not individual values and the greatest individual liberty consistent with the equal rights of the rest.

In short, the time is upon us when a man must choose between paternalism of a government liable to corruption and tyranny, and the fraternal, spontaneous, unconscious co-operation of individualism. We stand before each thoughtful man and woman, still pondering this choice, and say: —

"There is no law that will work, as it is expected to work, except a law which liberates. The system that sets free, will surprise by its beneficence, and exalt with its ever-renewed power of developing the good of human nature."

As for myself, I hold truth to be good, Nature impartial, liberty and loftier individual development the end of all human government and all right human action.

MIGRATION A LAW OF NATURE.

BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

NOT more than a century has elapsed since the United States of America proudly declared that their domains should forever be kept open as a place of refuge for the oppressed of all nations; since they thus issued a standing invitation to all, who believed themselves oppressed by the tyranny of either priest, king, or capitalist to come and share the glorious liberties and privileges with which this republic had presented its citizens.

One short century only — and voices are already heard demanding the passage of laws to impede, restrict, yea, prohibit immigration. Nor is this all, these voices grow louder and louder, demanding even the expulsion of large classes of people, who, though born and reared upon American soil, are represented as being strangers, whose presence imperils the safety and prosperity of both the republic and its citizens.

A few years ago the cry was raised: "The Chinaman must go," and in the face of sacred obligations, the government had the weakness to yield to the pressure of what was presented as a public demand, and to proscribe and banish the Mongol.

It did not require a great deal of prophetical inspiration to predict that, the precedent once established, new demands of a similar kind would soon be made, and to one who carefully noted the events as they succeeded one another, it was no surprise when people began to urge the expatriation of the negro, using almost the very same arguments.

Granted however (as was asserted at the time) that the Chinaman refuses to assume the duties of a citizen, while he is ready to enjoy his privileges; or granted that (as the Hon. Wade Hampton now asserts) the negro, as a race, has not the natural faculties to reach that stage of civilization or culture, which could make him the equal of the white man; would the Moloch of intolerance become appeased and mollified after the last Chinaman had been shipped back to Asia and the last negro to Africa?

By no means. Though yet at some distance, a sound wave is rolling nearer and nearer, which carries the cry: "The Irishman, too, must go."

On what grounds is his presence objected to? Does he not take interest in public affairs? Does he not cheerfully burden himself with the duties of citizenship? Or is he unfit to take an active part in self-government? Mark the inconsistency of the objectors. They banish the Chinaman because he does not care to vote, or to enter public service; they propose to exile the negro at public expense because he is unfit (as they claim) to govern; but they demand the expulsion of the Celt for no other reason than that he is both eager and fit to serve the public. What race is to be prescribed next by the native (?) American?

It would lead me too far at present to unroll the proscription list still farther; the attention of the reader may be directed only to the remarkable change that has taken place in the sentiment of the American people within a single century.

One hundred years ago the stranger was invited and welcomed; to-day he is looked upon with distrust, and the intentions are ripening to shut the door in his face. One hundred years ago the equality of all men as members of one large brotherhood was proclaimed; to-day a different shading of color in the skin, or a different formation of the skull, is made valid pretext for erecting an insurmountable barrier between man and man. One hundred years ago legislative bodies debated upon inducements to be held out to encourage immigration; to-day, schemes are proposed and discussed in all earnestness, not alone to discourage and possibly suppress immigration, but to expatriate large classes of citizens.

What has caused this reaction? What has caused people to change their minds so abruptly? Is this spirit of hostility toward strangers a token of public health, or is it a morbid extravaganza? Will it spread and develop, or will it vanish as suddenly as it appeared? Is there any possibility of checking the influx of strangers by legislative means, and will it ever come to pass that each race and each nationality will be assigned a separate part of the earth for a habitation, the boundary lines of which they must not overstep?

When China, teeming with a population too large for its area, is seen building a wall around its frontiers to keep out

newcomers, or closing its ports to strangers; when in over-populated Europe the Germans are beheld expatriating Russians and Frenchmen, or the Russians in retaliation are observed prohibiting Germans from settling upon Russian soil, — there is some sense, at least, in such an intolerant spirit; but when the same tendency springs up suddenly in America, a country so large in territory and so rich in resources that its population could be increased ten times without the least fear of endangering the prosperity of such vast masses of people, one is at a loss to account for its appearance, and it becomes well worth the while of every well meaning and intelligent person to examine the subject more closely and pay it the attention due to so important a question.

To arrive at a full understanding of this phenomenon, the field which it covers must be subdivided into several areas, and not before each of these has received an exhaustive examination shall we be able to form a settled opinion, and to act with clearness and precision whenever it materializes and approaches us, in the tangible form of a legislative act. A careful summary of both the benefits and the evils which immigration carries with itself must be made, and the slightest deviations of the scales be noted; the changes that have taken place in the social conditions of all nations on account of the marvellous discoveries and inventions made in the last century, must receive due consideration; the psychic causes for the aversion which one race harbors against the other must be diligently sought and, when found, the possibility of their extirpation from the human soul be determined. Yet before all, it is necessary to acquaint one's self with the idea that migration is not the voluntary act of man as an individual, but his involuntary submission to a law which governs that great organism, called mankind; that it is as necessary to its existence and well being, as is the circulation of the blood to the human body, or the changing tides to the ocean. The investigation will turn around this first principle as around a pivot. If the migratory habit of people could be traced back to the whims of individuals, means could easily be devised to encourage immigration, in places and at times, where and when benefit could be derived from the influx of new comers, or to restrict or suppress it wherever and whenever danger lurks behind it; but if it be true that people migrate impelled by instinct, that the migratory habit

is a law of Nature, or that migration benefits the organism irrespective of the welfare of one or a number of its cells, we might as well attempt to stay the hurricane, which in itself is a migration of the particles which compose the atmosphere, or to check the storm that stirs the sea to its very depth, as to think of stemming the tide of migration whenever or wherever it sets in.

The study of the laws of Nature has taught man how to utilize the forces over which they rule, but not how to abrogate or repeal them. Man knowing, for example, the laws of electricity, may protect himself against the stroke of the lightning, by offering to the fluid a way to descend that is preferable to that which the electric spark might otherwise have chosen; he may even force it to drive cars, or to carry messages around the world, but as long as electricity exists, so long will the laws exist which regulate this force, and, as long as humanity exists, so long will the laws upon which its very life depends remain in full activity.

The editor of THE ARENA has kindly granted me the privilege of treating this vast and interesting subject in a series of articles, each of which is to be externally independent of the other, while internally the chain of thought shall remain unbroken. Will the reader kindly follow me in a discussion of "Migration a Law of Nature"?

The universe appears to us, at first sight, a mechanism so complicated and intricate, that a thousand various forces seem needed to keep it in running order; yet on closer inspection, it is found that but very few forces are called for to serve that purpose; that these forces are so carefully constructed that they automatically balance each other, and that the very same force which directs the fiery sunball is made to cut and grind the grain of sand which grits under the step of the human foot. The steam, which by its expansion and contraction moves the shaft of the engine up and down, to and fro, is made use of to do a thousand different kinds of work in a large factory; to drive in one room a thousand spindles; to turn in another a circular saw, and to lift a hammer in another,— thus the very same forces are utilized in the universe to perform various kinds of work.

It has become a well-established fact that the vast bodies which populate space are kept in motion by two forces; that the one, the centrifugal force, supplies them with the

impetus to fly far out from a given centre, while the other, the centripetal force, draws them as powerfully toward it. If either of them should overpower the other for one short moment, the equilibrium would be at once destroyed and the body would either fly towards and crash against the centre, or be hurled at random into space, to meet a fate of which we naturally lack even the dimmest conception.

These same forces, however, manifest themselves not exclusively in the planetary system, but are found at work even in the human mind, balancing each other there with the same precision as elsewhere.

With all due respect to human individuality, we are but minute cells of the large organism, called Mankind. In the order of things, the life of the organism receives always greater consideration than the life of the cells. A human being, an animal, a plant, is composed of myriads of cells which die away as rapidly as they haves prung into existence. Though their temporary well being stands in close relation to the well being of the organism which they compose, their existence seems of no consequence compared to that of the body of which they are parts. Likewise, the tree of humanity and its welfare ranks in importance far above that of the cells of which it is composed and which come and go and are replaced by others, that the tree itself may grow and prosper, and bear fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit.

It is ever and always humanity, the life of the larger organism, which we must take into consideration, when a social question looms up before us, and not of individuals, because it is not man that thinks, and feels, and moves, it is humanity that thinks and feels in him, and moves through him.

Now, while it seems necessary, for the preservation of this vast body, that its component particles should keep their places for a time, it is as necessary that their position should be shifted, and that the locomotion of the cells should be neither too rapid nor too slow; that there should be neither too much rest, nor too much restlessness, but that each extreme should be automatically counterbalanced and checked by the other: the same centripetal and centrifugal forces are applied exactly in the same manner as they are utilized to produce regularity in the motion of the planets.

Every cell, every human being, is swayed by them and

obeys them involuntarily. While the individual may believe that he is consulting his own welfare by staying where he is, or by seeking another place of residence, he merely follows the pressure brought upon him in either direction by either of these great and universal forces.

Man is imbued with an undying love of the place where he is born and reared. The earth of one's fatherland seems softer, its water sweeter, its sky bluer, its air more balmy, its flowers more fragrant, its fruits more nourishing, its men and women more shapely, more honest, and more trustworthy than those of any other land. The native of a desert will find beauty in its monotonous sandwaves, and would yearn for them even in a paradise. There is a strong tendency in every father, and still more in every mother, to keep their offspring near them. What a happiness, when at a holiday the members of a family find themselves collected under the same roof, around the same table, parents, sons and daughters with their wives and husbands, their children, yea, children's children!

This sentiment, so strong and lovable, is the manifestation of the centripetal force. Yet if this force were left to itself, stagnation would soon set in. As a body in which the circulation of the blood has ceased becomes mortified, and rots away, so would mankind be doomed to die prematurely if its cells were kept forever in the same places.

It appears to many a wonder why some nations have remained on a low plane of civilization, while others have reached a high standard of culture, and they seek to solve the problem by denying to these nations the capability of culture; but is their savagery not due, rather, to the fact that for various reasons, too numerous to be counted here, they have remained stationary? May it not be conjectured that if the currents of immigration and emigration had produced a healthy circulation of blood, they might have risen intellectually, morally, and industrially to the same height which is occupied by those nations which have had the opportunity of atomic circulation by migration? Wisely, however, the centripetal force is balanced by the centrifugal force here also.

Behold the yearning of the child to see other places; behold in the youth the eagerness to seek his fortune in far off countries, his belief that the further he goes to seek it, the surer

his chances of finding it. Behold our love for all that is strange, and behold the success of the stranger. Has the reader ever chanced to observe, that in spite of all the advantage which the native born has over the stranger, in spite of better knowledge of his surroundings, of men and things, it is always the stranger who succeeds? How many families remain and prosper for several generations in the same locality? And if they do, when we reach backward but a few hundred years, we find that the originator of the illustrious house or family has come and settled down — a stranger in these quarters. Has the reader ever observed that it is the visiting strange young girl who is sure to fascinate the young men of a place, or that the strange young man is the most dangerous rival, and sure to win the affection of the other sex? And has the reader ever tried to explain to himself why this is so?

Both the yearning to leave the parental roof and the success which the stranger always meets, are the manifestations of the centrifugal force, which wills that the atomic particles shall not remain at rest, but shall exchange places and combine in new form.

Migration is a law of Nature. As the sea is stirred by the storms, or the atmosphere by the currents of wind, thus are the atoms of which humanity is composed kept in circulation, by the innate desire of each to leave its place and seek another abode.

It may be a daring assertion yet I venture to make it, that the marvellous development of the human race during the last century, on which we pride ourselves so greatly, has been made possible and is due to the greater facilities offered to migration, and that in the same ratio as these facilities and migration increase, humanity will rise upon the ladder of civilization. Our historians tell us — and endeavor to convince us of the truth of their statements — that Europe has been populated by the overflow population of Asia; that thousands of years ago, Asiatic tribes crossed the Balkan or the Hellespont and entered Europe from the East. The migration of swarms of barbarians moving from the northeast towards the southwest of Europe, which began with the appearance of the Cimbri in Italy, and after having shattered the Roman Empire, ended with the Crusades, are historical facts frequently dwelt upon. But large as these

expeditions may have been, what are all the migratory movements that occurred during the known ages of history, in comparison with the extent of migration which has been made possible and taken place through the inventions of the last century? The migrations of the past were tribal or national. A tribe or a nation, impelled by the centrifugal force, would break up quarters and move on to other places. For the safety and success of the individual, it was absolutely necessary that the whole tribe should march together, exactly as it is of absolute necessity for the birds that migrate in winter to southern climates, to unite into large swarms. To-day migration has become individual. The better organization of society has made it possible for each atom to change its position, and if the hosts of people who make use of the opportunities offered to them and exchange places in nearer or wider circles could be counted, or be seen in marching order, as could once the savage hordes that fell upon Rome, a magnificent spectacle would be offered, and the vastness and strength of the current which at present circulates throughout the whole organism of mankind would become at once apparent.

The inferences which may be drawn from these observations are simple but telling, and can be summarized as follows: —

1. Migration is a law of Nature, and people who migrate follow involuntarily a force which they cannot resist.

2. The stronger and wider the current of migration the higher will rise the waves of civilization. Migration is a blessing and not a curse to humanity.

3. Migration may prove disastrous both to the cell that moves, and to the cell which is pushed out of place by the intruder, but the life, the health, and the prosperity of the body of humanity depends upon it.

4. It is folly trying to prevent what cannot be prevented. Instead of stubbornly offering resistance to a law of Nature, we ought to familiarize ourselves with its working, and regulate our course of action accordingly.

WAS CHRIST A BUDDHIST?

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D., PH. D.

"If the right theory should ever be proclaimed, we shall know it by this token,—that it will solve many riddles." —*Emerson.*

PHILOSOPHERS have often demonstrated that the suppression of historical truth implies a two-fold mistake: the erroneous belief in the possibility of permanently disguising the significance of an important fact, and the vain hope of serving even a good cause by the concealment of its defects.

Political party rancor has blinded more than one able critic to the errors of that double fallacy, but its most striking illustrations are perhaps to be found in the persistent misrepresentations of ecclesiastical historians. For the last fifteen hundred years, the memory of every free thinker has been slandered, while subserviency to the purposes of the priesthood has been made a cloak of every vice. Constantine the First, a cruel and effeminate tyrant, was canonized; Constantine the Second, a murderer and a bigot, was eulogized in thousands of sermons, while his heroic and philosophical successor was depicted as a monster. "The fathers of the church," says Lecky, "laid it down as a distinct proposition that pious frauds were justifiable and even laudable. Paganism was to be combated, and therefore prophecies were forged, lying wonders were multiplied, and ceaseless calumnies poured upon those who, like Julian, opposed the church. That tendency triumphed wherever the supreme importance of these dogmas was held. Generation after generation it became more universal; it continued till the very sense of truth and the very love of truth were blotted out from the minds of men."

"*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*" (perish the memory of our precursors) expresses, however, the motive of the most characteristic examples of historical disingenuousness. The danger of orthodox tenets or customs being traced to their pagan sources has ever stimulated the inventiveness of ecclesiastical apologists to its highest pitch. When

the opponents of the doctrine of exclusive salvation by faith called attention to the sublime ethical precepts of pagan philosophers, those precepts were promptly ascribed to plagiarisms from the Old or New Testament. Julius Maternus, a contemporary of Constantine, maintained that all the wisdom of Egypt was borrowed from the Pentateuch, and that the god Serapis was an *alias* of the patriarch Joseph, his Egyptian name being evidently derived from his great-grandmother Sarah. The ethics of Plato were attributed to the instruction of the prophet Jeremiah, Homer's poetry to the inspiration of the Psalms, the eloquence of Demosthenes to the controversial writings of Isaiah and Ezekiel. Several unabridged copies of the *Stromata* attest the almost incredible fact that Saint Clemens Alexandrinus accuses Miltiades of having borrowed his tactics from Joshua, and owing the victory of Marathon to a hint from the Second Book of Moses. Forged prophecies of the Messiah were attributed to the Sybils, and Saint Linus forged several letters of an alleged correspondence between the apostle Paul and the philosopher Seneca.

But artifices of that kind will prove unavailing against the portentous accumulation of evidence demonstrating the East Indian origin of the New Testament. The attempt to identify or even to harmonize the doctrines of the synoptic gospels with those of the Hebrew Scriptures has long been recognized as the most untenable paradox of patristic theology. Perhaps no other two books ever published are more dissimilar in their tendency than the first and second part of our heterogenous Bible. Here, the chronicle of a brave and simple-minded nation of herders and husbandmen and the code of their manful lawgiver; there, a compilation of ghost legends and anti-natural dogmas. Here, an honest silence on the unknowable mysteries of a future existence, and the possibility of resurrection; there, a constant *petitio principii* of that dogma. Here, Unitarian exclusiveness; there, Trinitarian and gnostic tenets. Here, health laws, Samson traditions, pastoral poetry, realism and optimism; there, indifference to health, renunciation of earthly possessions, other-worldliness, mysticism, and pessimism.

Compared with such contrasts the difference between the optimistic monotheism of Judæa and the optimistic Nature-worship of Greece, appears indeed, altogether insignificant; and as an outcome — "a consummation," of the Hebrew

Scriptures, the New Testament would be utterly inexplicable. But the doctrines and customs which distinguish the creed of Saint Augustine from all the ancient religions of the Mediterranean nations were at last proved to bear a marvellous resemblance to the doctrines and customs of a faith which, just about the beginning of our chronological era, flooded Western Asia with thousands of zealous missionaries. More than a hundred years ago the vague accounts of a Jesuit chronicle first called attention to the curious analogies of Buddhist and Christian church-rites, and in 1844 those rumors were fully confirmed by the reports of Father Regis Huc, who had studied Buddhist monotheism in the capital of Thibet. "The cross," he says, "the mitre, the dalmatica, the cope, which the Grand Lama wears on his journeys, or if he is performing some ceremony out of the temple, the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censer suspended from five chains, the benediction given by the Lama by extending his right hand over the heads of the faithful, the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, religious retirement, the worship of the saints, the fasts, the processions, the litanies, the holy water,—all here are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves."

Soon after Eugene Burnouf, one of the most distinguished orientalists of modern times, published his "Introduction to the History of Buddhism," Professor Lassen of Bonn traced the progress of Buddhist Missions to the shores of the Mediterranean; Rudolf Seydel demonstrated the similitude of not less than fifty-two traditions of the Buddhist scriptures to as many different passages of the New Testament, and since the publication of Spence Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," the significance of those facts has been an open secret to all unprejudiced investigators.

Granting the circumstance that the appearance of the first Buddhistic apostles preceded that of the Christian evangelists by at least four hundred years, the following list of the principal analogies of the two religions should, indeed, seem to make comments almost superfluous.

A. TRADITIONAL ANALOGIES.

1. Both Buddha and Christ were of royal lineage. Both were born of a mother who, though married, was still a virgin.

2. A birth of the future Saviour is announced by a heavenly messenger. An apparition which Maya sees in her dream informs her: "Thou shalt be filled with highest joy. Behold thou shalt bring forth a son bearing the mystic signs of Buddh, who shall become a sacrifice for the dwellers of the earth, a saviour who to all men shall give joy and the glorious fruits of immortality." (*Rgya Cherrol-pan*, 61, 63.) The angel says unto Mary: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Behold thou shalt bring forth a son and call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David." (Luke i. 30, 31.)

3. At the request of Maya, King Sudodhana renounces his connubial rights till she has brought forth her first son. (*Rgya* 69-82.) "And Joseph knew her not till she had brought forth her first son." (Matt. i. 25; Luke i. 39-56.)

4. The immortals of the Tushita-heaven decide that Buddha shall be born when the "flower-star" makes its first appearance in the East. (Lefmann, 21, 124.) "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East." (Matt. ii. 2.)

5. A host of angelic messengers descend and announce tidings of great joy. "A hero, glorious and incomparable, has been born, a Saviour unto all nations of the earth! A deliverer has brought joy and peace to earth and heaven." (*Lotus*, 102, 104. *Rgya* 89, 97.) *Comp.* Luke ii. 9.

6. Princes and wise Brahmans appear with gifts and worship the child Buddha. (*Ryya*, 97, 113.) "And when they were come into the house they saw the young child and worshipped him; . . . and they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense and myrrh." (Matt. ii. 11.)

7. The Brahmin Asita, to whom the spirit has revealed the advent of Buddh, descends from his hermitage on Himalaya to see the new-born child. He predicts the coming Kingdom of heaven and Buddha's mission to save and enlighten the world. (*Sutta Nipatha*, iii. 11.) "And it was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord Christ . . . then he took him up in his arms and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." (Luke ii. 26.)

8. The *Allinish Kramana Sutra* relates that the King of Magada instructed one of his ministers to institute an inquiry whether any inhabitant of his kingdom could possibly become powerful enough to endanger the safety of his throne. Two spies are sent out. One of them ascertains the birth of Buddha and advises the king to take measures for the extermination of his tribe. Cf. Matt. ii. 1-11.

9. The princes of the Sakya tribe urge the king to present (or introduce) his son in a public assembly of nobles and priests. Spirits accompany the march of the procession; inspired prophets extol the future glory of the Messiah. A parallel story of Luke supplies the motive of the ceremony with the words: "As it is written in the law of the Lord." But diligent comparison of the sources of Hebrew law has revealed the fact that no such ordinance ever existed, . . . the motive of the narrator's fiction being evidently the necessity of fitting the incident into a frame of Hebrew customs.

10. Buddha's parents miss the boy one day; and after a long search find him in an assembly of holy rishis, who listen to his discourse and marvel at his understanding. (Buddhist Birth Stories, 74.) Cf. Luke ii. 45-47.

11. Buddha, before entering upon his mission, meets the Brahmin Rudraka, a mighty preacher, who, however, offers to become his disciple. Some of Rudraka's followers recede to Buddha, but leave him when they find that he does not observe the fasts. (*Rgya*, 178, 214.) Jesus, before entering upon his mission, meets John the Baptist, who recognizes his superiority. Two of John's disciples follow Jesus, who states his reasons for rejecting John's rigid observance of the fasts. (John i. 37.)

12. Buddha retires to the solitude of Uruvilva and fasts and prays in the desert till hunger forces him to leave his retreat. (*Rgya*, 364; Oldenburg's *Mahâvagga*, 116.) Cf. Matt. iv. 1.

13. After finishing his fast, Buddha takes a bath in the river Nairanjana; when he leaves the water, purified, the devas open the gates of heaven and cover him with a shower of fragrant flowers. (*Rgya*, 259.) Cf. Matt. iii. 13.

14. During Buddha's fast in the desert, Mara, the Prince of darkness, approaches him and tempts him with promises of wealth and earthly glory. Buddha rejects his offer by

quoting passages of the Vedas; the tempter flees; angels descend and salute Buddha. (*Dhamm padam* vii. 33) "And said unto him: All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then Jesus saith unto him: Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only . . . then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." (Matt. iv. 9-11.)

15. During the transfiguration on the mountain, Christ is joined by Moses and Elias. Sakyamun has frequent interviews with the *two* Buddhas that preceded him.

16. The shade of the sacred fig-tree that shelters the meditating Buddha is the scene of the conversion and ordination of the first disciples, formerly followers of Rudraka. Christ chooses his first disciples from among the former followers of the Baptist, and in John i. 48, his remark about a fig-tree appears wholly irrelevant to the context. In the answer of Nathanael the circumstance of having been seen under a fig-tree is accepted as a proof of Christ's messiahship.

17. Before Buddha appoints a larger number of apostles, he selects five favorite disciples, one of whom is afterwards styled the pillar of the faith; another the bosom friend of Buddha. Before Christ selects his twelve apostles, he chooses five chief disciples, among them Peter, the "rock of the church," and John, his favorite follower. Among the disciples of Buddha there is a Judas, Devadatta, who tries to betray his master and meets a disgraceful death. (Köppen i. 94; Lefmann, 51; Birth Stories, p. 113.)

18. The first words of Christ are the macarisms (blessings) in the Sermon on the Mount. When Buddha enters upon his mission, he begins a public speech (according to the French translation of *Rgya*, 355.) "Celui qui a entendu la loi, celui qui voit, celui qui se plait dans la solitude, il est heureux."

19. Near a well Buddha meets a woman of the despised caste of the Chandalas. (Burnouf's Divya Avadâna.) Cf. John iv. 1-20.

20. Buddha walks on the Ganges; he heals the sick by a mere touch of his hand, and the Mayana-Sutra relates the miracle of the loaves and fishes. A transfiguration, speaking in foreign tongues, are additional parallels. Buddha descends to hell and preaches to the spirits of the damned.

20. At the death of Buddha, the earth trembles, the rocks are split, phantoms and spirits appear. (Köppen, i. 114, Seydel, 281.) "And behold, the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent . . . and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose." (Matt. xxvii. 51-53.)

B. DOGMATICAL ANALOGIES.

1. Belief in the necessity of redemption by a supernatural mediator.
2. The founder's exaltation to the rank of a god. Buddha is equal to Brahm: demons are powerless against him. Angels minister unto him.
3. Demerit of wealth. "It is difficult to be rich and keep the way."
4. The moral merit of celibacy. Its enforcement in Buddhist convents.
5. Rejection of ancient rites, sacrifices, etc.
6. Vanity of earthly joys.
7. Depreciation of labor and industry, of worldly possessions and worldly honors.
8. Inculcation of patience, submission, and self abasement; neglect of physical culture, of the active and manly virtues.
9. Love of enemies; submission to injustice and tyranny.
10. Depreciation of worldly affections; merit of abandoning wife and children.

C. CEREMONIAL ANALOGIES.

Monasteries; nunneries; popery; the Thibetan Lama is worshipped as God's vice-regent upon earth; œcumenical councils; processions; worship of relics; strings of beads; incense; litanies, holy water, shaven polls, priests going bareheaded, weekly and yearly fasts, exorcisms, candlemas, feasts of the Immaculate Conception; masses for the repose of the soul; bell-ringing; auricular confession of sins.

The rhetoric of the New Testament is throughout *illustrative* rather than *persuasive;* it is the eloquence which distinguishes the communication of transmitted from the introduction of original ideas. And, as Feuerbach well observes, the testator's strange neglect to insure the record of his revelation by committing it to writing is a strong presumptive proof that he delivered his gospel as a prerecorded doctrine. Not one of the early fathers (before

Irenæus) ever quotes a single passage of the "New Testament" in its present form. The committee of the church-council that made the "four gospels" the canons of their faith had to select them from fifty-four contradictory versions. Contemporary writers are silent about the stupendous events alleged to have attended the appearance of the new prophet. Josephus, who describes the reign of Herod in its minutest details, never mentions the miracles of Bethlehem, the appearance of a new star, the massacre of the innocents, or the prodigies of the crucifixion.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that all the essential doctrines and traditions of Buddhism were recorded before the subversion of the Persian empire, and that the successors of Alexander the Great witnessed the invasion of Western Asia by a zealous band of Buddhist missionaries. Long before China and Siam were brought under the sway of the "Word," Buddhist colonies had been planted beyond the Indus. Alexander Polyhistor describes the æscetic practices of Buddhistic monks in Baktria, and speaks of self-torturing hermits and mendicant orders, while in the thirteenth edict of Girnar, King Asoka, the "Constantine of Buddhism," refers to missionary embassies sent to the Yona (Ionian or Greek) kings, Antiochus, Ptolemâus, Antigonus and Magas. Two hundred years before Christ, the city of Alassada, near the sources of the Oxus, was a central point of the West Buddhistic propaganda, and its restless missionaries can hardly have failed to have availed themselves of the opportunities offered by the active overland traffic between India and the Mediterranean coastlands. Among the embassadors which King Poros, or Paurava, sent to the court of Augustus, there was the Buddhist Zarmanochegas, who afterwards went to Athens, and burned himself on a funeral pyre to attest his belief in the worthlessness of earthly existence.

In the constellation of the Pleiades, six larger and half a hundred smaller stars are crowded together within a space that could be enclosed by the apparent circumference of the moon. Either these stars form a correlative system, or their aggregation in the field of our vision, as well as the nearly uniform size of the larger ones, must be ascribed to the strangest kind of coincidence; and the astronomer Olbers calculates that the probability of the former hypothesis

exceeds that of the latter about twenty-five million times. With a similar kind of assurance the student of the Hindu scriptures must reject the belief in the *accidental* analogies of Buddhism and Christianity.

The question as to the comparative ethical merit of the two religions belongs to an entirely different province of inquiry. Christianity has certainly surpassed its parent creed in adapting itself to the purposes of a cosmopolitan mission, and there is no doubt that its westward progress has emancipated its doctrine from many Oriental prejudices.

By a similar process the English language, since its transmigration to the American continent, has been purged of much provincial dross, and we may admit that many expressive Americanisms have no equivalent in the idiom of the Elizabethan era. American patriots of a future generation may go further. They may question the inspiration of Byron's poetry and the force of Bacon's logic; they may demonstrate the unfitness of British fogs to generate anything but a muddled dialect, and assert that only an American climate could evolve the pure English of Boston and Philadelphia; but even then their *nativism* could not hope to rival the knownothing zeal of theological loyalists, unless they should attempt to deny the transatlantic origin of that paragon language.

SILVER COINAGE.

BY E. D. STARK.

THE current comment in financial circles upon the subject of Silver Coinage is exasperating. The main end that ought to be kept in view in the legal constitution of primary or standard money, is provokingly dropped out of remark, and instead, the air is filled with prophecy of dishonor and other nebulous calamities inherent in unlimited silver; together with small criticisms based on these coins, regarded merely as subsidiary currency and pocket conveniences, or proceeding upon totally false assumptions of elementary doctrine, going even to the length of an assault upon the dictionary.

Too many of these fallacies are abroad, for specific reference here, and consulting brevity, they must be answered in groups and by implication from propositions affirmative of elementary principles.

Money may take many forms and serve in various modes. It may serve merely as a nominal scale for appraising and reducing goods, to numerically defined bartering relations. It may consist of symbols, tickets, or printed promises, to be themselves exchanged and re-exchanged for other marketable things, as for buying and selling. But ultimate or primary money, the specific thing which symbolic or promise money is always understood to mean, consists of definite duly certified units of a money metal, into the terms of which capital, resources, or purchasing power may be converted for convenient storage and transport, or loan upon interest.

Now in each and all of these uses there is just one excellence so transcendent as to sink all others out of mentionable regard in comparison; an excellence which if a money has, it will be honest, fair, and friendly to all the great beneficiencies of economic intercourse and all wealth-creating processes; but which not possessing, money will be converted into an instrument of oppression, wrong, and fraud. That excellence is constancy or stability in value.

No one who is at all conversant with the literature of this

subject, or who has observed the course of prices since 1873, and comprehends the meaning of the words he uses, will deny that silver has been more stable in value than gold, by all of the difference which is commonly called the "fall of silver." So absolutely, palpably, and confessedly, is this true of the metals, to every person having a competent intelligence, that one with difficulty preserves a forensic decorum, at the spectacle of eminent and much-speaking financiers and publicists, arguing that inasmuch as this great increase in the value or purchasing power of gold (some forty or fifty per cent. since 1873) has been *caused* by the multiplication of goods, consequent on improved processes and agencies of production, that *therefore* there is no proof of any increase in the value of gold at all! They fail to understand that value is of the nature of a ratio between two factors, like a common fraction, and that no constancy in value is possible, under a condition of a change in the quantity of one of the terms, only as the other changes *pari passu*. They fail to see that no statute or convention can confer fixity of value upon anything, for value is not intrinsic. To talk of the "intrinsic value" of a metal or anything else, is discourse as vacuous as to talk of the intrinsic ratio of a number. The value of a thing is unthinkable, except as some other thing is implied in the terms of which, or by reference to which, its value is to be estimated. Value is a commercial relation. Broadly and generally it is market equivalence. Concretely and specifically it is the second term in a trade. If, therefore, the second term in a trade, say wheat, has increased from its former trading rate, the first term, say dollars, remaining the same identical thing, then has the latter increased in value as so computed: this by definition, regardless of all question of causes.

It is error in this general discussion, to gauge the value of money by labor. There can be no definite unit of muscular strain or mental and physical endurance. The efficiency of a day's labor is itself so variable, and tends to be more and more so, by the rapidly increasing intelligence, skill, and fidelity by which it is guided, so that it is a very different thing from what it was fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. Besides, a sounder economic science requires us to regard the operative as justly a sharer by some *pro rata*, in the product. More equitable relations arise by the automatic adjustment of freely competing impersonal products, standing each upon

its own merits, than by the passions and sentimentalisms forever obtruding in the personal relation of employer and employee. Judged by its productivity, as it should be measured, a unit of labor becomes indefinite and variable; while a ton of hay, coal or metal, a barrel of pork or flour, a gallon of turpentine or oil, a bale of cotton, a pound of wool, sugar, or butter, etc., are all clearly defined and fixed units of commodities, having the same familiar and approximately stable qualities, utilities, and relations to the common needs, and so become proper criteria of comparison. When, therefore, a given sum of money, say $1,000, will buy a larger aggregate quantity of these great staples, then has the value of a dollar become by just so much appreciated. When that condition continues through a series of years, extending over the entire area where the same money-standard prevails, then is the proof clear and conclusive, that the "Standard" is misbehaving in its supreme office. Then there is a loud call for repeal of a statute which makes such behavior of standard money possible.

If industrial processes have rendered labor more efficient, then should all of the benefit inure to labor, capital, invention, enterprise, and all the other tributaries to that increased productiveness, and no jot of it go to the enlargement of the measuring unit — the dollar. The natural course of events under bi-metallism was tending in just that direction, for the output of the money metals was increasing approximately with the increase of goods. That beneficent tendency was thwarted by the act of 1873. The motive of the act is unwittingly confessed, by the admission that but for that act our money would have been cheaper, that is, would have less purchasing power, and that by a repeal of it the unit of valuation would be again restored to its former dimensions.

Now if the silver all these years has been stable and constant, that is, if prices of the great staples of food and fabric have, in terms of silver, say rupees, been proximately unchanging — while prices as computed in gold have fallen about one third, and if furthermore, there is a reasonable probability of those market relations of goods to gold and silver respectively, continuing in the future under a single standard policy, then the superiority of silver as a valuing or money metal is proven, for with unlimited coinage the silver "dollar" will take on the same value as the bullion has, which goes to its making.

The ground of this superiority, actual and prospective, is

not far to seek. Immemorial usage of three quarters of the human race, in estimating all things in terms of silver, the more permanent sources of supply, and more systematic and gradually increasing production of silver — all guarantee a more stable quantity relation to population and goods, of money based on silver alone, than on gold alone, though when it shall be again relegated to its ancillary and subordinate place in the monetary system, gold will be again an equitable and useful money metal.

The familiar comparison of a dollar to a yard-stick is misleading, in that value, unlike length, lies in estimation, and estimation varies with the ten thousand varying conditions of trading men. To make it apposite, we should give the yard-stick a similar expansive and contractive quality. Made of rubber, though scaled off in inches and fractions, it would be still thirty-six of its own inches long, although stretched to measure fifty per cent. more of cloth for every length unit. In such a case, the claim of its constancy as a measure, based upon the ground that it was always "just thirty-six inches," would fitly illustrate the profundity of those who prove the stability of the pound, by its always being "just twenty shillings" and of the gold dollar as always being "just one hundred cents." Yet that and other platitudinary vacuities make up the staple of the current monometallic argument.

To briefly summarize my advocacy of free coinage: — I hold constancy in value to be the desideratum in monetary legislation. Constancy in the value of money, is precisely the same fact as stability in the general range of prices.

The great fall of prices in gold standard countries, is proof that money constituted on it alone is unstable, and therefore bad money, from the standpoint of statesmanship. Normal prices in silver standard countries proves the superiority of silver money for the equities and beneficiencies of business. If our money were all brought to equivalence with silver bullion, as it would be by free coinage, and gold it self again anchored to silver, the superior valuing metal, and compelled to come down to a ratio of 1.16 with it, on peril of dismissal from the valuing office in our commerce (though retaining its minting right at that ratio), our money would be more honest and efficient, both in its office of measuring goods for transfer and as a mode of loanable capital; which is the free coinage argument in a nut shell.

WOULD WE LIVE OUR LIVES OVER AGAIN?

NO-NAME PAPER.

NINE out of ten persons, maybe nineteen out of twenty, if asked, "Would you live your life over again?" would probably answer off-hand, "Yes." If the question were repeated, with an air of seriousness, as if they were put on their honor and conscience, they would be very apt to begin to qualify. They would live their lives over again, could they leave out certain parts; could they have, in the second life, the benefit of their experience in the first; could they have better health, more money, another calling; could they change their disposition in essential particulars. That is, they would live their lives over again, if they could have their lives different — tantamount to saying that they wouldn't.

I very much doubt if any reflective, sober-minded man would live his life over again, if he had the opportunity, when it came to the pinch; when he saw it stretched out before him, clear, and complete, and distinct,

Many men who would swear that they would leap at the chance, would squarely back out, put to the test. They would remember so many painful things they had forgotten; the thick shadows of their renewed life would so frighten them from their propriety that they wouldn't have the courage to tackle it afresh.

Very few, perhaps none of us, recall, with any grade of vividness, the sufferings, physical and mental, that we undergo, years after they have past.

Nature, whatever she may be to the race, is very seldom kind to the individual; but one of her kindnesses is enabling us to lose remembrance of the painful, and to retain remembrance of the pleasant.

Women forget the agony of parturition; else they would scarcely have the fortitude, great as their fortitude is, to endure it again and again. Unless men of bibulous habit forgot the horrors of a debauch, they would be deterred from another. Unless army officers forgot, after a series of cam-

paigns, their privations and anxieties and wounds, they would resign their commissions. Unless merchants, engaged in mighty enterprises, forgot the terrible tension of nerve and brain they had often been subjected to, in carrying them on, wouldn't they retire from business in middle age?

One can forget, and does forget, the disagreeable chapters in the book of Life; but one can hardly so forget the whole book as to wish to go through it again, when one turns the leaves backward, and notes their generally dull and dreary pages. Young persons might wish to, for life is before them; beckons them on; smiles gayly; promises what will never be fulfilled; indicates brilliant comedies that turn into rueful tragedies; plays the false prophet, Mokanna-like. They haven't found out the sham, and meanness, and bitterness, and cruelty of Life, and cry out, like Ali Goupah-ben-Gouro, in the Persian story, that the dance of the wizards shall go on bravely, bewilderingly. Oh yes! what fools they are!

But those who have gone beyond the meridian; who have spent their rages; dispelled their allusions; broken the bonds that cheating devils have imposed,—how is it with them? Do they want life over again—just as they had it? Not they; not they. They've had enough, had more than enough, they'll declare, and won't be tricked, and baffled, and tormented a second time. Years have made them thoughtful; cleared the mists from their eyes. They see the past as it is, and quiver, through memory, from the thorns that it pierced their side with.

Life, in its actuality, will not bear investigation; has not only no enticement, but is repellent. It is deprived of hope, worse than nothing,—which at least is rest, while Life is unending restlessness. We all know Hesiod's fable of Pandora, and how it emblems and encompasses the truth. If we retrospect, we perceive pellucidly what dismal tricks she has played us, and what damnable trials she has exposed us to. We feel that we could not brook a repetition of the tragic farce, ycleped Life, without her; and yet we resent her remorseless impositions.

To strip Life of its illusions is like stripping the body of flesh; it becomes a sardonic skeleton. Only illusions empower us to endure it, and when we relinquish these, we relinquish everything desirable. Our illusions vanish usually at fifty, often before; certainly at sixty; and then, glancing back-

ward, the thought of living the weary, uncrowned years over again is chilling, forbidding.

Some men's lives are exceptionally auspicious; their paths have been smooth; the blows and shocks of Fate have passed them by, as if they were charmed against it. They might say, I would live it all over again. Life is joyous, compensatory, brimming with the best.

Let them wait, ere they have mouthed their gratification. Their day of reckoning that comes to all has been postponed; but they cannot escape it; their sorrows and tragedies, which attend on every mortal, have not struck them yet. Wait a little, wait a little. Let them proclaim once more, and their note will be changed, and their voice husky with grief.

He whose affairs had been prosperous has met with reverses; has failed disastrously. She whose children had blessed her, has lost the dearest loved daughter, the most promising son. He who had believed that lasting fame was his, has seen it fade into emptiness. He who had swaggered over his health, and hectored his associates with it; who had never experienced an ill day, has so broken down that he longs for death as the parched long for water. He who had touched the zenith of his expectations, has tumbled to the nadir of his fears. The heaven that had opened to her, and shown celestial visions within, has led her through divine delights to the torments of hell.

These are the contrasts that Life divulges before its close; these are the uncertainties and deferred dooms of existence.

We cannot judge fairly of Life until it is wholly behind us. While the past looks radiant and lovely, the black tempest rises abruptly, and desolates the scene.

Since scarcely any person is willing, after careful consideration, to live life over again unreservedly, would anyone profit, in re-living by amendments? If he should omit certain parts, might not the parts supplied be as bad or worse than those omitted? Is not surety always to be preferred, always safer, than insurety? Zenayi tells us,— doesn't he?— that behind the unseen crouches the demon adverse to our species. Might not better health, more money, another calling, a changed disposition bring us, in lieu of benisons, mischances that we wot not of? From a new good, a new evil may ensue. "When we supplicate Ormuzd," declares Zarathustra, "Ahriman may answer, blasting the offered invocation."

Almost everybody asks as a condition of repeated life that he should enjoy the advantage of his experience in the original life. Would it avail him aught? I shrewdly suspect not; not a scintilla. Does experience teach us aught; our own experience more than the experience of others; is the practical outcome made different by it? It may throw light; does the light so guide us that we follow another path? The inborn, inherent, irreversible tendency we come into the world with, and get undiscoverably from innumerable cosmic æons, would hold its imperious course a second time, as it did the first. Experience would be completely abrogated by it, no matter what the reiteration or the palingenesia.

Living life over again would incontrovertibly be a duplicate of the first life. We are sheer shuttlecocks between the battledores of Organization and Circumstance, and we would be knocked about, in a fresh mask of flesh, a thousand years hence, not very differently from what we are knocked about A. D. 1890. It's only the babble of the mob that utters otherwise, my masters, although the babble of the mob is labelled and guaranteed as Public Opinion.

After all what is life? Who knows? Who has known? Who ever will know? It is insolvable. It is undecipherable. It is unanalyzable. I mean by this, its substance, significance, source, end, purpose, law, symbolism, metaphysic, elucidation.

Nothing responds through nothing out of nothing. It is all a monstrous vacuity. It is a whirl of dust formed from dead men's bones, — men dead a million years a-gone.

What each human being's life is to him — or to her — anent the impression it gives, good, bad, or indifferent, to its haver, each human being, and he only, is capable of disclosing. It's a very, very old, and regular moon-howling trick that other people whom we've never seen, and wouldn't see, for a cupboard in Cyprus, could we help it, should tell us what our life is to us. It is, they insist, a special boon, a rare privilege, a delightful temporariness. Never mind if we have gout, and a scolding wife, and but two pairs of trousers, and devoted, disputatious visitors, and nine children, and the position of bookseller's hack. What superhuman impudence! We it is who know — we, who wear the shoe that pinches like Satan.

A man may have apparently every enrichment — youth

and genius, love and personal charm, wealth and health, pervading honor, and an army of friends. He ought to be inundated with content. Is he? Ask him. He may not reply. But, at the question, a doleful smile, which, more than words, bespeaks the canker at his heart, overspreads his face. His neighbor is strangely in duress. Chronic invalidism, and clawing poverty, and irretrievable misunderstanding, and hopeless isolation hem him in. Deserving of multiplied compassion he; but he does not in the least need it. Why should he want compassion from anybody on this oblate spheroid? Why, in sober sooth? No ghost of murmur in his poor noddle. Satisfied is he amid his many causes of dissatisfaction. Would he live his life over again? Like most of us, he would say Nature nay. Will, and strength, and philosophy he can command for one journey, from crib to grave; but that is quite enough. Repetition would be onerous and execrable, and none but a dolt would choose it.

Men have hanged themselves, and relished the sensation; but they have not rehearsed it. Oh, no; never.

Very few persons confide to the public their private opinion of Life; knowing that they come here, and go hence without being consulted, and without their consent, they feel that they are in for it anyhow, and keep tongue behind teeth. They try to make the best of the implacable, uncontrollable issue; for they're conscious that condemnation and protest are nugatory, dead waste.

Americans in general have borrowed the stoicism of the red Indians, the autochthons of the soil; they are inclined, David-Crockett-wise, to grin and bear it. Ask almost any of them, "Would you live your life over again?" and they would answer, "I pass," even when holding a full hand.

We can't help living once; it isn't our fault that we do; should we live a second time, it would be our fault, a great crime against ourselves. Then we'd know all we have to encounter; men are courageous, very; but courage is not always insuperable. Living life over again is beyond the limit. There's a shuddering difference between doing what we must, and doing what we elect.

"The by-ways of Horror," says Firdusi, "lead to the open road of Necessity."

Opinions of Life naturally and necessarily differ, quite as much as its circumstances, though not at all, as might be

thought, according to the circumstances. It may be safely set down as a rule, however, that the value, the satisfaction of Life is prodigiously overrated, as respects popular expression.

Continually are we hearing of happy lives, as if they were of the commonest. How could any life be happy, in any veritable sense of the adjective? There may be happy hours, happy days; but even these brief spaces of time are pretty sure to be commingled with fragments of unhappiness. But happy lives! Is not the phrase a self-evident absurdity? Is it capable of being entertained as a thought? Has there ever been, or could there be, one happy life out of the decillions of decillions of lives that this crazy old planet has generated? A happy life, if there were only death in the world, ignoring the many worse evils that the world contains, would be impossible. Death may be, and often is better than Life, altogether preferable to Life; but only because Life is so very sad; so very cruel; frequently so very endurable. Were Life under any conditions, what some bamboozled sentimentalists declare it, death would be the climax of horror; and we are all aware, by observation no less than reason, that it isn't. The best satisfied and the most unsatisfied of mortals disagree not essentially in their estimate of Life. Byron said that he had experienced but two happy days, and Goethe, who postponed his funeral more than twice as long as the English poet did his, experienced but eleven days; so that between a man who believed himself the most miserable of his kind, and a man who was considered abnormally fortunate, the difference in happiness is only nine days. Selah! Life may be an obligation; certes, it is not a delight, nor an advantage. Its mighty seriousness and unescapable responsibilities, except we be very volatile, make it heavy to a degree that we should be pleased, at the end, to lay the burthen down. It is proper and honorable, that we should bear it as best we may, having been juggled into its possession; but to bear it again would be the maddest of follies. Having acquitted ourselves of the duties of Life, is it not wise to trust the fathomless mystery that draws us on, secure in the thought that, if it lead to nothing better, it can lead to nothing worse? Erst while, Saladi whispers, Vex not your spirit over the Unknown, which is the goodness of the Known.

A DAUGHTER OF LILITH AND A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

BY KATE BUFFINGTON DAVIS.

In the Talmud myths of life, is one of Lilith, the earth-born woman who first companioned Adam, or man. She wedded him to matter and its fleeting forms. Then as a messenger from God, a helpmeet to lead men from earth, matter, and its illusive shadows to heaven, helping him to perceive the purity, peace, and joy of union in the soul and with the spirit — as a tie between heaven and earth,— Eve was created by God, and offered to man for his inspiration and his awakening.

In the bondage of one, ye shall perish. Through union with the other shall the door of immortality be opened unto you.

I.

"Love! If I loved I would yield to no power above or below that would hold apart from me the object of my passion."

The magnificent form of the speaker seemed to quiver from the stately head, crowned with its wavy black tresses, through its every beautiful curve to the dainty foot tapping the floor. And the undulating flush that deepened the bloom upon the cheek, the flash of light in the eye, that in unemotional hours looked lazily out from under the heavy fringe of the drooping lids, all emphasized the power that lay behind the words for their fulfilment.

"Why should one yield in love to aught but its destined reward? It is joy — nay, it is life itself. We move, we think, and all is monotony, a mere existence. We feel, we *love*, and all is life. Every throb of our pulse is a note in the melody of being, when it dances to the measure of love. What can compensate for the loss of that which we seek? Nothing. I would stop short of naught save death, to accomplish my aim — if once I loved," she added with a little laugh.

No one save the queenly Cleopatra Tarrasal in the strength of her peerless magnificence, would dare to have uttered words at once so intense and so antagonistic to the accepted code of femininity. As it was, a sort of startled silence fell upon the little group gathered on that seaside piazza.

Cleo was a child of the southern clime, and as beautiful, as intense, as is all tropic beauty. Daring as the rays of a southern sun, that not only nourishes into form and sweetness the orange and the rose, but begets, likewise, the tarantula and the serpent that stingeth unto death, was the nature that animated her beautiful body. She would entice through color, form, and tone, every sense that could be thrilled, and yet in such love lieth hidden the deadly peril.

A moment's silence, and the young girl at Cleo's side said,—

"You frighten me, Cleo, your idea of love seems so compelling, instead of winning. I cannot understand any joy in forcing an acknowledgment of any emotion. It seems to me that love must be like the discovery of great treasure that God has stored up for you, and hidden in the heart of another, the key to its finding resting in the voluntary blending of thought and emotions that touches the secret spring, throws open the door, and reveals to each their portion of this great joy that enriches life."

A smile crept over the full red lips of the beautiful Cleo, who had relapsed into a manner of lazy indifference, compared to which her previous emotion had been like a sudden tempest. She turned her eyes with deliberate gaze upon the speaker and slowly said,—

"That may be your idea, Carrol, but mine is any power that wins. If the man I shall love is not my master, he shall be my slave. *Mine* he shall be, either through love or submission."

A chill almost of horror seemed to pass over the fair girl, who had ventured to suggest her different thought, as she gazed upon the leonine grace and power embodied in the speaker.

Just at that moment there came around the corner of the building, a fair and graceful man. As he advanced, a close observer of Cleo would have seen a change pass over her, scarce perceptible, yet suggestive of the cat-like concentration of all faculties into a perceptive state, that the animal takes on when its attention is fixed by a bird.

As he approached the group with a graceful salutation, Cleo's face animated and she motioned him to her side with a pretty little wave of her hand. A faint hesitation on his part caused the color to flicker over her countenance, and there passed into her expression a magnetic charm,—a look no son of Adam can resist, unless his soul stands guard.

Accepting the seat beside her, Richard Noyes handed her a newly-cut magazine, and said: —

"Miss Cleo, I brought you the paper on hypnotism we were speaking of last evening. It very ably sustains the argument that a person cannot be hypnotized against his will, thereby contends there are no innocent victims of this new recognition of science."

Rising, she took the book and said: —

"Oh, thanks; anything in that line interests me exceedingly; how nice to know there are such wonderful forces to work our will. I wonder if there is any limit to the power of mind — if we but know ourselves?"

As she stood in graceful unconsciousness of muscular effort, in seeming absorption in the realm of mind, she looked as fascinating as, history tells us, did her royal predecessor in name and in beauty, whose passions ruled empires and made the history of a world. She looked a woman so full of life, that emotion radiated, winning response in all sense perceptions. In her wondrous eyes was a fearless gleam, as she searched within for the mystic faculties that obey the will.

"I have just an half hour at my disposal before my packing must be done, we leave so early in the morning," she said. "So I will go and read this article now, that we may have a little opportunity for its discussion this evening." And she walked away.

Going to her room she threw herself upon a low couch by the window, and rapidly read the article of interest in the magazine. As she finished it, she tossed the book aside, and clasping her beautiful hands above her head, gazed long and earnestly into the ever moving sea, whose waves restlessly caressed the sands before her window.

Her face at first looked veiled in its placidity, as all thought force seemed concentrated within. Then, like a sudden flash, the color leaped to her rounded cheek, swept over the marvellous throat, and followed with a gleam in the

eyes as she sprung to her feet, and paced back and forth the confines of her room, as a tigress measures the limits of her cage. Finally she muttered,—

"I don't believe the power is limited. At any cost I'll test it this very night."

II.

It is just three months since Cleopatra Tarrasal experimented with her force as a hypnotizer. If her power over her subject extended to the suggestion *a echeance*, to-night, in this, her southern home, it will be proven. For in that last evening at the seashore they had tried some hypnotic experiments, and Cleo had succeeded in placing three subjects in hypnotic sleep, one being Richard Noyes; and during his subjective state she had laid the command upon him to appear at her home in New Orleans three months from that day, on this, the twenty-third of November. And to-night, she is awaiting the fulfilment of the test, with every breath a quivering anxiety.

She loved Richard Noyes with the fearless intensity of her wonderful nature. Yet she was not blind to the fact that he never sought her with the eagerness she felt to behold him. Instead, she realized, although every charm she was mistress of had been thrown about him, that she had been able only to exercise a sort of physical attraction upon him when he was in her presence. That he would more willingly seek the side of pretty little Carrol Ashton, in those days at the shore, was to her plainly manifest.

But she was magnificent to-night! Effect had been studied well, before she adopted that Grecian robe of white wool with golden girdle holding its soft folds to her queenly form, her black and wavy hair held in place by a golden dagger. The dress was simplicity itself, thus showing her mastery of the art of dress; for it adorned her with its grace, and yet made you only conscious of her exquisite personality. And it was suited to the hour and the rich surroundings of her luxurious home. In looking upon her one could utter the tribute Hafiz bestowed on Zuleika's beauty:

"In the midnight of thy locks,
I renounce the day;
In the ring of thy rose lips,
My heart forgets to pray."

A soft, delicious repose creeps o'er the senses in that room where sweet odors make breathing a joy; and the soft light blends its decorations into a symphony of color. It is a spot to make the soul of man unmindful of care, of suffering, of reason, of responsibility. But it was all effective to mark the power of a woman's charms. There in the midst of beauty, she was of it all, the most beautiful.

No fervent imagination of the Orient could picture an houri in paradise more attractive.

"Hark, a ring!" A few words —

"*Yes, it is his voice.*"

Cleo leapt to her feet, clasping her hands, pressed them to her heart as if to quell its wild beating. And then with indrawn breath exclaimed,—

"I have triumphed!"

With a mastery of self simply marvellous, her possession was regained, and all the passion of her fever of love and her sense of power was shown alone in her beauty, which was radiant.

As Richard entered the room he had a slightly embarrassed air, as of one doing some unaccountable thing; but what man, with such an apparition of beauty extending both hands in welcome, could remain untouched?

He stepped forward in his graceful way, and she half swayed toward him, just enough to bring her brow temptingly near his lips. And then, as if in response to the determining thought in her mind, his mustache swept her forehead in a swift caress.

Within himself he was bewildered as a man in a dream. He scarce knew why he was there, except an uncontrollable impulse had led him on. He had thought to apologize for his coming unannounced and uninvited. Instead, here he was with a welcome that dazzled him, and had given a greeting whose warmth startled him. But he has no time to analyze these contradictory feelings; he is in a whirlpool of sense emotions that blind his soul.

Her blush, the swift droop of her head, her low, glad exclamation of joy at seeing him were all in place, after the caress he had given her — but how had it all come about?

For a moment he was embarrassed; but Cleo's perceptions never failed her; neither did her power of will that now had

so fastened itself upon him as to transfer her thought into suggestion for action on his part.

He led her to a seat; then in a most natural way they talked of his arrival in New Orleans. He had reached there only that afternoon.

"I thought I should get in, in time," he said, "to send a messenger to ascertain if you would be at home this evening, but our train was late. At first I thought to postpone my call, but really I found myself as impatient as a thwarted child, and it was impossible to resist chancing it, and coming this evening any way."

She smiled and thought, "It is well, my will is sovereign," but only said: —

"I am very glad you did not delay my pleasure in seeing you."

After an hour passed in chat and gossip of mutual friends, and what had crept into their social experiences since last they met, he started to go, saying: —

"I am making an unwarrantably long call."

But it did not suit her purpose that he should leave her with no future command imprinted upon his unconscious will, so she pleasantly insisted their visit was not half completed.

If he could only have known, that was his moment of escape from life-long bondage; but no guardian spirit was near to whisper it, and the moment was fatal, because his sense still struggled with the world alone, his soul not having come into a knowledge of its own kindred, and it stood not upon its guard with understanding as its shield.

He stayed; the magnetism of that rich physical beauty, glittering with intellectual charm as well, held in thrall his senses.

Reaching a harp that was placed conveniently near, she said: —

"I will play for you."

Music was his love thus far in life, and it was an agreeable surprise to find she could so entertain him, as she had never before given any hint of that accomplishment. Yes, she loved melody, though the grand harmonies she could not grasp.

As her beautiful hands, with their dimpled knuckles and tapering fingers, swept across the strings of the melodious instrument, what a picture she made! And the melody was like a shimmering light, passing through the room.

The sweeping drapery of her classic robe, falling about her as softly as the lights and shadows of a moonlight eve, lost not a line of the beauty of her majestic form; and the curve and taper of her arm, as the white wool fell away in a soft mass, made a study for a sculptor.

From the dancing, sparkling melody she passed into one like a song of murmuring leaves, with a weird sort of monotony in its tone. During the repetition of this strain, she fixed her eyes upon Noyes' face; gradually, and unconsciously he passed under control of her will. With the lithe grace of a cat she moved to his side, humming still the monotonous measure she had been playing, and touching him gently upon the eyelids, she made sure he was unconscious. Passing back to the side of the harp as quickly as she had left it, she began softly to play again, keeping up the same measure, while she spoke, and said: —

"You will come again to-morrow, and say, 'Cleo, I love you, will you be my wife?' Remember, you have not been hypnotized. Now count six and be awake."

She still played the same melody that lulled him into unconsciousness until he uttered the word six, then she broke at once into a refrain of sweetness that thrilled every nerve to listen.

For a moment Richard Noyes looked confused; then said:—

"That was a peculiar change; that minor strain had a dream-like effect upon the mind, while this seems to send life bounding through the veins."

She saw it was as she desired; he was unconscious of having been hypnotized. So pushing the harp from her she said:—

"Yes, I don't care for music that is not emotional!"

"You seem the living personification of feeling," he replied; "you sometimes give me the impression that I am torpid, or but half awake; as though you knew a keener life; an intensity, that I sometimes, as now, realize only through you."

"Perhaps you are just waking," she said, with a tender look from beneath her curling lashes. And then hurriedly rising, as if she had said more than her second thought sanctioned, she moved from him, and remained standing by her harp.

Just behind her in rich folds, were golden brocade draperies of a large window. As she stood there with the exquisite poise begotten in tireless muscle and perfect proportion, she was a living, breathing embodiment of all the beauty man attributed to the goddess of Love in the days of Greek idealism. But alas, a Venus Pandemos! She knew his soul turned not to her with longing; that the sheer force of physical beauty and her all compelling will alone brought him into her presence. Yet not a voluntary yielding of a single desire did he give her. And yet — and yet! She wavered not one instant in her determination to bind him in the yoke that love alone can make honorable, or pleasant.

And like one charmed he gazed upon her. He rose from his seat and approached her, put forth his hand and half encircled her waist; she drew back ever so slightly, but it was enough to break the spell. He drew a long breath and whispered low,—

"Forgive me, but you are so radiant, you fascinate me. To punish myself I will say good-night," and pressing her hand, in a moment he was gone.

As he passed out of sight behind the portières, a smile of triumph swept across her expressive face, and she said under her breath,—

"You may go now, for you will come back; you are *mine* and you cannot help yourself."

III.

That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which pertaineth to earth must perish through the nature of its being. A love feeding on the mortal part must die; for all earth-born desires are but fleeting fancies for a shadow.

Two years have passed since that night, when Cleo Tarrasal rivetted the chains upon her victim, a victim as helpless as a charmed bird. They married. Passion threw its scarlet robes about them, and held in thrall their natures during his limited reign; but, as extremes are subject to the law of rapid variation, the devotee at Passion's altar first rebelled. The nature that accepts the forced in place of voluntary offering can never be satisfied. Unrequited de-

sire must sharply lash one who would substitute the mockery of love for the divine reality.

To such natures as Cleo Tarrasal, the demon of jealousy holds the rod, and tortures alike the victim and victor. It is this self-seeking passion masquerading under the name of love, that is the father of jealousy. Love the Divine, the light of the soul, knows no such monster.

They had been married now nearly two years, and life was a torment alike to both. No peace, no harmony; a stifling of every soul emotion, life resolved itself into a contest on the animal plane of being.

Richard Noyes at times felt the revolt within,— a consciousness of a promise in his ideals of a different life than this, a life that had in it aspirations, hope, and harmony. Was that a vain dream of youth? he would sometimes wonder. Did life hold no tie between man and woman based on aught save passion, conflict, and base striving?

Alas! he lived a stranger to his own soul. But a new day is at hand.

Cleo is in Europe with a party of friends, and Richard feels nothing but a sense of relief as he puts in his time in bachelor fashion. Yet a world weariness is creeping o'er his sense, and it is in a mechanical way he goes through the social routine of a rich man's life.

Living on the crust of formal life, he scarce has a knowledge of the seething, turbulent mass of struggling humanity. Lacking understanding, he of course has no sympathy with the needs of his brothers, and the true vocation of man,— that of helping the world to right the wrongs of ages,— is outside his ken.

Narrowed in experience by the idleness of inherited wealth, he drifts, a disappointed, aimless man, upon this little turbulent sea that lies encompassed with eternity. Out of the eternal we come; a moment we battle with the waves of time; into eternity we go again.

He is again at the seashore, but this time one of a cottage party. Among the guests is one Elizabeth Mitchell, a girl who is gradually bringing a new emotion into his life when he is with her; a peaceful, soul-uplifting calm. Every day he feels more restless when apart from her; and he seeks her side with no sense of restriction. There is something in her calm, beautiful womanhood that soothes him so.

She steps upon the piazza now, with a light wrap about her shoulders, and he rises and joins her as she starts for a walk upon the beach. She has no coquettish art, or consciousness. He wishes to walk with her — why not? her soul is her own, and so is his. Her woman's heart long ago discovered the barrenness of his life; the crying human need of sympathy that found no expression in his words.

She saw before her a soul dormant in a nature with every capacity for good; a life going to waste for want of inspiration; simply a sense existence taking the place of soul development.

As they walked along the beach their talk referred to a subject often discussed between them,— human nature.

They had just passed a tired group of picknickers who were making their way to the pier, to take the evening boat, and he said:—

"I cannot see what their lives hold to make the struggle endurable?"—They were evidently of a class of factory operatives from a neighboring coast town.

Elizabeth scanned their faces earnestly as she passed and said:—

"Earnestness of purpose makes their life not only endurable, but noble."

"How is that?"

"While it is true their lives are full of toil, and probably this is the only holiday in the year in which they can afford an outing, breathing the free air, and in sight and hearing of the singing waves,—more the shame to you and me, and all like us, who have abundance,—yet the very toil that earns what it possesses makes life earnest, and in the sympathy for one another's burdens that you find daily manifest among those who labor, you see the mark of soul nobility. The form perhaps is dwarfed or bowed, and rigid muscles rob them of grace, but watch them closely, and you will see no mask of politeness hides hideous indifference toward one another. The spirit of brotherhood is among them. Their souls, perhaps reborn, may animate the truest civilization the earth will ever know."

"Ah, I see! you point the selfishness of aimless lives as the worm, 'i' the bud,' destroying the present flower of civilization. I don't know but you are right, although I never thought of it just that way before."

Like a vision, a mirage of his past swept before his mind's eye, and he saw its lack of true purpose, its wasted years; a flood of perceptions almost overwhelmed him. Yet under all the pain there was a soft symphony of joy. He knew now, what had led him into the light of true being, what had born into his soul the life immortal. This fair, sweet woman at his side had opened the door of paradise to him; she had brought him into his own kingdom and crowned him in the realm of spirit. The pangs of travail through which this consciousness had birth, were submerged in the waves of joy that illumined his entire being.

He walked, he spoke in a mechanical way, while his soul was singing the refrain of love. In his new wisdom he saw the subjective world as the real one. And although the crown of thorns still pressed upon his brow as a son of man, he felt his heritage as a child of God, crowning all with glory. No matter what trials fill his path on earth, strength and purpose are now his weapons, and wisdom his shield.

As they drew near the boats he said,— "Let us row."

She assented.

It was the one indulgence he would permit himself, now that he knew the truth. For one evening they should be together, untouched by humanity's tide. Alone on the waters as though eternity again enveloped them. And then, after the deeper thoughts of her developed nature had given him fresh inspiration and guidance, a store for him to live by, he would go from her, into the world, and never see her again. And she would never know what she had been to him, a veritable messenger from God.

All this was in his mind as he handed her into the boat and silently pulled from the shore.

Ah! he was a novice yet in the mysteries of the soul world. "She not know?" Why, the supreme moment of earth life can be only when two souls perceive one truth.

After long thinking, he said:—

"That is a great truth, that an aim and earnestness in its fulfilment makes life enjoyable, while sympathy with the needs of our fellows is the insignia of true nobility. I want to confess to you that a new world lies before me in the life your earnest thought has given me. I see a new meaning in life and also a new promise."

"I rejoice to hear you speak so," she responded; "such possibilities as lie hidden in your nature will enrich you beyond expression when you come into understanding of your own being. Oh, think of it! We are the children of the Infinite One, and every man is our brother. The penalty with the imprisonment of the spirit in the flesh, is labor, either with hand, or heart or brain; else the spirit wears upon itself within its prison walls. The thread upon which every bead of human life is strung, begins and ends in God. And what are we, that we should stand in the way of our brothers and attempt to live for ourselves alone?"

Her face was radiant with its high purpose to uplift him, to illumine the path that, though rugged and hard, would bring him into the light. It was the truth that rung tones of power through her words.

"You are right; and my life shall be devoted to the welfare of my fellows from now on. I feel the thrill of courage, the strength of purpose; I feel a new source of life sweeping over me as though I had but just come into maturity. I see the pursuits of past years lying like so many broken toys strewn all about me. Elizabeth, from a child within me, you have grown a man."

In low tones she solemnly said,—

"Not I; the Divinity stirreth within you."

Long they rode upon the waters, and not another word was spoken. Both hearts beat in harmony to the same music, and the language of heaven filled their thoughts,— love, the love of the spirit.

At last, softly as the notes in a dream, the words, "I love thee, I love thee," found utterance.

It was unintentional. A breath found sound and voiced the refrain of his soul. Richard was affrighted at the sound of his own voice; he felt he had violated a faith reposed in him. Not even yet had he measured the greatness of that woman beside him.

He held his breath and almost cowered, as though the word must come that would hurt him. He would have sacrificed life itself at that moment to have recalled the words. But in all his future years he blessed them. Their result destroyed the last touch of his worldliness, the last false habit of thought, and gave him the revelation of a still purer character than even his imagination could fancy.

In tones as free and pure as an angel might use, resonant with the melody mastering the base emotions of passion, of fear, or of pride, came the words, —

"Love, love! I wonder if that word means to you what it does to me?"

"Will you tell me, loved one, what it means to you? Then I can answer." And his voice was tremulous with tenderness.

"I cannot define it though I try," she said. "But it seems as though every heart-beat would be a throb of joy, telling me I am dear to you, every breath tremulous with emotions of thanksgiving for the richness of life that giveth love, and even age, a privilege, for it brings us nearer the immortality of love. I feel this in the full consciousness that life can know no fruition of love together in the flesh. That now, you and I are bound in the eternal yoke of soul-united, and yet severed by the laws of man. It is no crime to speak our love, for the eternal union of two souls will bind in spite of life's blunders, and just obedience to social law. Yet, our speech has its penalty. From this hour, it would be a sin to tempt the flesh and grieve the spirit. You are mine, and I am yours, in the oneness of soul destiny. Having found each other in this labyrinth of life's tangled paths, and established our bond of union by this acknowledgment of love, we henceforth must live in accordance with the life of the world, and with a separation of distance. But that is only a formality of the flesh; 'soul will companion soul in spite of that.'"

A silence followed, seemingly as long as a lifetime to them. In that supreme hour, they whose lips had never met, felt the union into perfect oneness of their true selves.

"I can answer you now," he said. "Love means all to me it does to you. It means, no matter how earthly things separate us, a union with you, and a sense of supreme joy in knowing you are mine. The years to come before our souls are free will prove their strength. I have no fear that we will ever be apart one from the other in spirit, for one moment."

Then her sweet tones laid the command upon him. "And now, my love, the hour is come to say — let us word it just 'good-night' — when we part."

Silently he obeyed and rowed to the shore.

At the cottage step they paused, and under the rays of the full moon they looked long and deep into each other's eyes. No touch of flesh, but soul met soul, and the angels rang the wedding chimes in heaven. With every measure of their being in harmony with that heavenly music, softly and tenderly they said, —

"Good-night."

THE QUESTIONER.

BY CHARLES HENRY PHELPS.

I AM the spirit restless,
That can never stay nor sleep;
The mortal I hail in passing,
Must ever my vigils keep.

To the first Chaldean shepherd,
Who gazed, from his humble cot,
At the stars, in their circling glory,
I breathed: "Beyond them — what?"

The stars swept on in silence,
But the seers gave him reply;
It was I who bade him rest not,
But ask the wise men, "Why?"

No man knows where I bide me,
Nor the hour I may come thence;
At the grave I whisper, "Whither?"
At the cradle I murmur, "Whence?"

The priests in their cowls have cursed me,
And thinking me dead cried: "Rejoice!"
But amid their maledictions,
They heard my still, small voice.

Brave men, for my sake have questioned,
When to doubt was death without ruth,
For they gladly held that living
Was less than to seek the truth.

I am the handmaid of knowledge,
It is I, alone, can show
The places she haunts to him who burns
With the quenchless passion to know.

I shun her complaisant lovers,
And early they cease from the quest,
But I wait alway on the chosen
Whom she honoreth as her guest.

If there is a veil, I rend it;
  If there is a height, I climb;
If there is a deep, descend it;
  I pause not at space nor time.

For this must be so, beyond cavil:
  Truth radiant grows in the test.
A thread it is a sin to unravel
  Is knotted and worthless at best.

What faith do you think could be greater
  Than this: that man shall unfold
The scroll whereon the Creator
  His infinite message hath told.

He shall think God's thoughts as God thought them,
  He shall reverently tread the white way
The infant stars took, when God taught them
  Their orbits ere yet it was day.

He shall question the oak, how it groweth,
  The lily, whence cometh its rings,
He shall challenge the lark, how it knoweth
  The jubilant song that it sings.

For mine is the faith and reliance
  That in ways that are virgin, untrod,
I shall teach my apostle, fair Science,
  To spell out the process of God.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, DONN PIATT, ROBERT C. ADAMS' CRITICISMS OF "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?"

A LEADING LIBERAL AUTHOR'S VIEWS.

UNCOMFORTABLE as the fact may be, here is another thinker let loose among us. The author of this book must henceforth be reckoned with. Having already enlisted attention by brilliant essays,—some of them disguised in the tales entitled "A Thoughtless Yes," — she challenges "society" to take a searching look at itself in a full-length mirror of her contrivance. Some may pronounce it a distorting reflector, others declare it cracked, but none who have eyes can fail to recognize in it a magical mirror for polish, and the vividness of its images. The frontispiece gives impression of a lady, who might naturally be courting the adulation of "society" instead of risking its frowns. In the book, too, she seems to be giving fashionable friends away, as in the study of Miss Pauline Tyler, and her distress that the odious reporters have associated her name with the distinguished personages whom she so impressively enumerates to an eligible visitor. However, despite such amusing sketches, the work is as little realistic as romantic. The realism and the romance are in side-shows; the main stage is mounted with scenery symbolical of "the fashion of this world," and the figures on it are as typical as Christ and Anti-Christ. The plot has been syllogistically constructed, and the main actors, created for the plot, perform their parts without that illogical adulteration of evil motives with good, and good with evil, which characterizes every-day life. If any realist deems this kind of art less charming than his photography, let him read his Bunyan again. He will find it a good prologue for what our latter-day pilgrim has to say of Dr. Highchurch, and Dr. Broadchurch, and the sheep of their pasture who so strangely act like goats. These do not, indeed, bear allegorical names like their pastors, but, apart from the side-shows, might easily be so labelled. It looks as if the author's good genius had with difficulty overpowered her occasional proclivities towards a habitat not her own. The story opens with a show of historic reality, purporting to be related, in the first person, by

a physician. This breaks down on the seventeenth page, the story branching out into scenes which only an author's omniscience can witness. Though the doctor's story suggests a basis of fact, it speedily turns to fable, and then becomes interesting. A "gentleman" who carries the contribution-box in a leading church, might indeed ask a doctor's aid in restoring his son's health by immoral means, but only a fabulous doctor could fail to inform him that, in the given case, the proposed remedy would continue the injury. The doctor, however, accepts the layman's notion, but for which we should miss the picturesque situation in which the expected victim unveils, revealing the face of the hypocrite's daughter, who supposes herself giving him and her brother a pleasant surprise.

It will be seen that Helen Gardener deals with subjects called "delicate." Dr. Martineau, in an able discourse, relegated such themes to "the realm of silence"; but his sister Harriet said, "English women remember Godiva, and will do their duty." There is a steadily increasing sisterhood of the Daughters of Godiva who, "clothed on with innocency," will not shrink from setting forth the naked truth in that realm where moral nightshade is fostered by conventional silence. Our author does not indeed spare idly the veil prescribed Thought in the presence of problems relating to sex; she is too artistic to denude Truth for eyes that can only see without perceiving; but she speaks unmistakably for those who have ears to hear. Such brave speech from a woman of refinement and culture marks an advance towards the new ethical age. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's much ado over Christian theism, which she discovers when most people have about got through with it, may measure the degree to which Helen Gardener has distanced the rearguard of liberal thought. Here is no cock-crow over yesterday's sunrise. The conspiracy of silence on subjects that fundamentally concern the welfare of mankind is broken. The wise know that words in season are golden, timid silence not silvern but pinchbeck. It is not so much any opinions on suppressed subjects that can serve us, at present, as the courage of their free utterance. It will require a fuller freedom of moral genius from the long oppression of prurient purists to perfect, by knowledge and discussion, the word which, as perfected, shall be made flesh and dwell among us. It is to be hoped that Helen Gardener is the forerunner of other American women whose pure-minded freedom will put to shame the official attitudinizers who mistake their own vulgarity for virtue. In this direction our rising moral Protestantism will be led by brave women, whose sex is especially oppressed by the monasticism which was left its sceptre over morality when the ecclesiasticism around which it grew was overthrown. In the name of morality the most ignorant official can exercise over the

millions of this New World the despotism of a mediæval pope. A friend informs me a copy of Boccaccio — to whom Emerson, purest of intellects, paid homage — was recently imported for a library in Washington, but burnt at the Custom House by an order from the Treasury. Such a far-reaching wrong, which did not even reach the press, could not occur were it not that the most important of all ethical departments has been left to the sequestration of barbarism. The nerve of vigilance, the price of liberty, may be paralyzed by any fool who touches it with a pretension of suppressing immorality,—with which, public law has properly nothing to do. The function of law is to redress the injury of one to another, whether wrought by moral or immoral motives.

A hard struggle awaits ethical Protestantism, but it cannot be crushed, for it is one of social life and death. What slow steps have been made in the past brought hemlock, or cross, or stake, to those denounced as corruptors of society, now worshipped as moral law-givers (albeit with equal ignorance). The Daughters of Godiva may have to endure such corresponding penalties as our age admits. Let them know that instead of a city tax, to remove which the legendary lady disregarded the most consecrated conventionalism of her sex, it is to end an arrest of the world's regeneration that good women are now called on to break through walls of mock-modesty which reserve the most important field of inquiry for weed and reptile, without obstructing the encroachment of these on fields secured for culture.

So much for the heroic gesture of Helen Gardener's work. It need not be wondered at that to this field she brings no new ethical implement or method. The great moral problems are raised, but not solved. It must even be admitted that they are chiefly raised by remorselessly pressing the old standards to logical conclusions that bring them into question. For example, to refer again to the case with which her story opens, there is high medical authority for the belief that rigid "chastity" (we still use these monastic words) is sometimes inimical, if not fatal, to health. Our author justly impales the father who sacrifices an innocent maiden under circumstances supposed (mistakenly) to be such, but she does not venture beyond him and deal with the natural causes of such conditions. Is the youth to perish, or, as Saint Paul suggests, marry in order not to "burn"? Helen Gardener covers her retreat before this dilemma, — by adding circumstances of peculiar villany to the father, but its terrible horrors remain to confront many an honest parent and son. Another of the moral problems raised, but not solved, is the inequality of the standards of sexual purity by which men and women are judged. Although an author is not to be held strictly

to the utterances of her characters, one or two of Helen Gardener's seem to be inspired by their literary creator in their indignation against such inequality. Such indignation may have its use, but it is a confession of helplessness. A captain whose ship is caught by icebergs, may get a little warmth by swearing, but it does not melt the bergs to speak disrespectfully of them. To the eye of moral philosophy there is in morality neither male nor female. But what cares Nature for our philosophy? By making one sex the child-bearer, Nature has made that sex primarily responsible for any alien blood that may be foisted on a family, so far as that family and its heritage are concerned. The male accessory, who has not similarly wronged his own family, is naturally liable only for the damage he has assisted in doing his neighbor. Law, whose province is not morality, but damage, has distributed the penalties in accordance with the necessities of social development. The inequitable moral sentiment has been developed on the lines decreed by Nature. No doubt the sex so burdened finds some relief in denouncing the injustice, but that cannot alter the fact. And is that the best that can be done?

Quisque patimur suos manes. That is, one cannot escape his ancestral shades, any more than he can jump off his shadow. In the last century, French revolutionists shattered the Madonna, but with more fatal superstition set up in her shrine an effigy of Nature. This "She, that must be obeyed," showed herself "red in tooth and claw." Many a so-called "infidel," who indulges a belief that he has broken continuity with a superstitious past, is after all but an inverted "salvationist." He has transferred his faith from Jehovah to "Laws of Nature," and his method of reform is apt to be millennial. Some angelic Bradlaugh or Bellamy is to sound a trump, a lucifer is to be scratched, and puff! away go the pomp and glories of this wicked world! The survivals of ancient creeds in Helen Gardener's characters are faint enough to attest the large culture and far advance of the mind and heart that conceived them. But what are we to make of such a statement as this (p. 138): "His morals were based on those creeds. Well, the result was, the moment his belief in dogmatic religion was shaken, he had no foothold. Natural morality had no meaning to him." What are the creeds but consecrated transcripts of natural morality? What is Nature's morality but to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, to make the innocent suffer vicariously for the guilty, to load one sex with the heavier share of pain for all forbidden fruit shared equally by both? Again (p. 124) the young "hero" of the story says, in an admirable letter:

"How strange it is that almost every boy thinks first of these two professions,— War and Theology, twins we have inherited

from the ignorance and brutality of the past! These two, who were born of the same parentage, and are destined to sleep in the same grave!" So far as war is concerned, it would rather be strange if the boy, a product of predatory Nature, should not feel the embryonic throbs of ape and tiger. And what is the meaning of "destined"? Is this Matthew Arnold's stream-of-tendency deity? Probably this optimistic hope is born of faith in man, but the phrase refers to a dynamic deity, who will bring things all right, whatever man may do or leave undone.

Some of these comments may appear hypercritical, and they would be so were they made on any ordinary work. But this is an extraordinary work, not only powerful in itself, but indicating a reserved force in the author, for whose future an older worker in the vineyard, remembering his own mistakes, may be pardoned for feeling a parental anxiety. Let her accept a bequest from the experience of those who have wasted in revolutionary, what had succeeded as evolutionary, enthusiasm. We used to beat our political and theological scapegoats into the wilderness, leaving untilled the wilderness itself, to return its savagery steadily upon us. Rebelling against a god of war and cruelties, we euphemized the atrocities in Nature, of which he was a mild reflection. Substituting, after the Darwinian daybreak, natural for supernatural selection, we still did not realize that both are to be replaced by human selection. Nature is not a She, any more than a He, but a morally inanimate It, whose impartiality between serpent and dove, conquered by the farmer's economy, lingers in our social fields, because we are still taught to bend before Nature, instead of bending it. Man's business is to humanize Nature. Until that task becomes the object of religion, the first day of creation will not dawn. And meanwhile, since we must all for a time be workers in the dusk or the twilight, with some darkness mingling in our clearest perceptions, it is well before suspecting the good faith of others, to remember King David's question, "Who can understand his errors?" Helen Gardener is remorseless on Dr. Broadchurch: he is untrue to his ordination vows, in throwing aside what he does not like in the Bible. "The final appeal of any orthodox clergyman *must* be the Bible." That is bad law in the Church of Rome, in the Greek and Russian churches, and in the Church of England. For my part, I have great hope in Dr. Broadchurch. This our author will regard as her critic's little "survival." Be it so. If she can only believe it consistent with sincerity, perhaps her next hero will not be so hard on Phillips Brooks and Heber Newton. It is to enlightened woman, unfortunately not yet a part of our political and ecclesiastical machinery,— to the one disfranchised and independent class left us,— that we must look for the moral

leaven that is to raise the world. And no woman of our time has a fairer prospect of preparing a pure leaven, than the author of this brilliant and phenomenal book. But where shall her leaven be hid but in the meal of existing institutions? And why, oh why, when the leaven begins to work in poor Dr. Broadchurch, should he be berated for not becoming either all leaven or all dough?

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A PROMINENT SCIENTIST'S AND EDUCATOR'S VIEW.

"This is a terrible book, but is it not an overstrained, fancy sketch of possibilities that are seldom, if ever, realized?" Such was the exclamation of one who had been, in early life, familiar with a far different state of society, in which he had met enough of the manly and noble to impart a social inspiration, and who, in his riper years, had felt so keenly the antagonism of society to every generous impulse, as to shun every circle in which this social depravity could be revealed. He sympathized with the expression of Boyle O'Reilly: "I grow rapidly toward complete dislike of the thing called 'Society,' but this must be moral rather than mental development. Society is a barren humbug, fruitful only of thistles and wormwood."

The first question to be considered as to this novel was, could this be true? could it be a picture of any portion of human society? It did not require much investigation to satisfy him that it was indeed a terrible piece of realism,— like the unconventional pictures of Verestchagin, the Russian artist, so real that its fidelity could be recognized by thousands,— not the realism of a Zola, but the realism of an honest, high-minded American woman, who looks upon society from a higher standpoint than that of conventional literature, and conventional ethics and theology. I might give the reader records of social depravity that would shock, satiate, and disgust, but it would be an unwholesome task,— we do not desire to approach closely any form of putrefaction. May we not hail it as one of the triumphs of American progress, that it is bringing to the front a new literature — not that of the dominant sex, not that of the weaklings of the other sex, who have been taught that intellectual independence and the fearless criticism of corrupt society are entirely unwomanly,— but that of women who know how to plead for justice, and who look upon social shams and falsehoods, only to pierce them with the spear of Ithuriel.

The book has a pervading spirit of stern conscientiousness, guided by the equally stern spirit of modern science, which tolerates no traditional hypotheses, demands verification for everything

asserted, and prefers the verifiable natural history of to-day to all doubtful records of the past, which are supposed to be history. For such a spirit, theology has no authority and no such charm as it finds in Huxley and Spencer, who represent the drift of the majority of cultivated thought to-day. Before that drift everything not fortified by religious education must give way, and the church itself, when this scientific iceberg passes, is chilled to the heart and loses its power of self assertion. No longer a church militant, it stands feebly on the defensive, slowly surrendering dogmas which in former times it was death to doubt.

That educated women should become inspired by this scientific spirit was the foreseen result which made one party dread, as another hailed with joy, the higher education of woman, and the demand for equality with their brothers in all human rights.

That woman, in this spirit should make an incursion in the field of literature, and should assail the entire social fabric in the spirit of iconoclastic science, but with a determination to right all wrong, was obviously inevitable, and in this novel we see a beginning of that sturdy rebellion against conservatism which may make the novel the moral leader of mankind, leaving far behind it the church and the university, the chief office of which is to preserve the moral stability of society against public debasement, and also against all revolutionary methods of honorable progress.

No one will deny that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did more than all the pulpits, to make slavery odious; and as it seems inevitable that free educated woman shall labor chiefly for an ethical purpose, as her great life-work heretofore has been the ethical inspiration of home, may we not hope that woman shall be instrumental in leading mankind to a higher plane by the charming path of fiction. In the gloomy power of Carlyle and the theatrical splendors of Bulwer, there is not much to elevate or inspire the reader to a nobler life. The personal unworthiness of Bulwer taints his writings — his virtue is artificial, his gold but polished pinchbeck.

In every age there is a mass of sentiment, opinion, usage, fashion, and intolerant prejudice which dominates over all institutions and persons. Literature becomes its expression. But ever and anon the spirit of liberty, the spirit of justice, the spirit of humanity, and the fearless love of truth rebel against such enslavement, and this ever recurring struggle of brave souls against the multitude is the power that advances mankind. Every movement inspired by an ethical sentiment is a factor in that process of evolution, the majestic onward sweep of which may be calculated by looking downward and backward from our present elevation along the vast inclined plane that extends toward the beginning of an undeveloped humanity.

That this efflorescence of the divine element in man shares the fate of the too early blossoms of a capricious and uncertain spring is one of the greatest problems that puzzles the world's theosophy. Why was it that the founders of Christianity, and such followers as Huss, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, Latimer, Ridley, and George Fox, and the leaders of thought, such as Galileo, Bruno, Roger Bacon, Telesio, and Campanella, or such women as Hypatia, Joan of Arc, and Madame Roland, must fall before the vindictive hatred of cotemporaries, who were *our ancestors*, has been asked in vain; but it is not in vain to remember that these fierce persecutors of Nature's nobility were our ancestors, and that the blood inherited from them has not entirely changed its nature, but may inspire a similar spirit to-day in spite of centuries of amelioration.

But a nobler literature is continually rising from our higher social conditions, overlaying and sinking into oblivion the immense accumulations of libraries, the mere titlepages of which would require a lifetime to read them. One book out of a hundred thousand that claim our attention is as much as men of active and efficient lives can read; for them the novel is superfluous; but in the leisure moments in which they seek rest it is a refreshing companion, and for the half idle class it is the chief mental food. How important, then, that the novel should be an ethical teacher — that it should come from those who have an earnest purpose, and not from those who write merely to amuse the reader and earn an income. But what a flood of fiction is continually pouring upon us! A single novelist, Jules Verne, said: "I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time!"

Helen Gardener's novel is an ethical work, — not a set of speculative platitudes about duty which never inspire a noble resolution, but a set of graphic pictures of the abominable, in contrast with her conceptions of manly and womanly virtue. We may say of some novels in the language of Pope, —

> "Vice is a monster of that horrid mien,
> Which to be hated needs but to be seen,
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But no one will endure, or pity, or embrace the vice and the heartlessness portrayed by Helen Gardener. It is so thoroughly detestable that to one unfamiliar with corrupt and hollow life it seems almost impossible, and reminds us of the wretched criminal portrayed in Tolstoï's last novel. The father who corrupts his son and expects salvation by the vicarious atonement of theology, the ambitious and pretentious Harmon, who, without a particle of religion, expects to become a bishop by the force of culture

and social position, and his equally heartless and artificial mother, puzzle one to comprehend their moral monstrosity. To the inexperienced, this book will be a sad revelation; to the vicious classes which it portrays, it will be a warning that they are observed and scorned, but whether it will give them a blush of shame may be a question.

It is much to be regretted that the scope of the work is so narrow that she portrays only the consummate hypocrite, and gives no example of the intelligent, sincere, heroic, and unselfishly religious, reserving all the virtues for her agnostic heroes. Perhaps she felt that as the Sunday-school pattern of virtue had been sufficiently exalted and extolled, while the agnostic class had been thoroughly written down, justice required to turn the tables and exalt those who have been borne down by a power that once persecuted to death, and of late persecutes to ostracism. No doubt she felt that she was doing justice to a class who deserved vindication, and exposing the hollowness of a pretended piety.

That there is such a gilded baseness as she portrays, no one can doubt who recollects the numerous examples of defaulting, swindling, forging class, who have worn the mantle of piety until detected, and have been accepted as worthy members of the church, or even accepted in the pulpit, because the ideal of religion has been so debased as to demand nothing more than profession and ceremonial as an evidence of piety. It has indeed become so much more interested in appearances than in realities that to expose and describe some offences has been accounted as criminal as the offences themselves; and the terrible outrages committed upon the Indians of Alaska have been concealed by a religious society as their contemplation was not compatible with its sacred refinement.

Gold and silver have been alloyed for a currency — so has religion, and in its extreme debasement it becomes a question whether there is any of the real gold in the coin that is stamped by authority. The nations of Europe that have ever lived in war with each other and now bend all their energies to international homicide have no more just claim *as nations* to the title of Christian, than the Zulus of Africa. Individuals may cultivate a Christian character, but the church *as a church*, which sanctions and sustains war, must be adjudged a gigantic apostacy from the doctrine of the founders of Christianity. The dogmatists, whose religion consisted in fighting over definitions of the Trinity and murdering heretics, suppressed all sincerity and truth with all the power of the sword and of social persecution. Thus for much more than fifteen hundred years, truth and honesty have been crushed, and hypocrisy cultivated with all the skill and power that governments, churches, and colleges could command. In-

tolerance and hypocrisy, despotism and lying, have been inseparable twins from the beginning of humanity. They flourish together, and they will die together. They flourish still, and the fearless pursuit of truth is still a battle, as every profoundly original thinker knows too well. Truth can be enthroned only when intolerance dies, and the best work for humanity is the establishment of toleration. We must learn to tolerate and cherish every sincere effort, and be intolerant only to intolerance itself — thus reversing the habits of the ages; and a first step in that direction is to respect such works of earnest thinkers as this novel of Helen Gardener and that of Tolstoï, which a brutal official ordered out of the mails.

As true religion has been so industriously crushed, while hypocrisy was so vigorously cultivated, was it not inevitable that hypocrisy should become the chief element in the strange compound that has been called religion, and that in time the baser metal should be taken for gold, and the gold become an almost unknown material? The ideal has been lost, and men or women earnestly seeking religion are often cherishing a base alloy of which it forms the minor portion — a so-called religion which is pleased to regard relatives, friends, and society generally, as the devil's roasting pieces in the next world, and all foreign nations as food for powder in this world, for whom the powder must be kept dry, and the bayonets sharp. We need not discuss the truth, for it is too evident that mankind have belonged and do belong to the order of *carnivora*; and when Helen Gardener suggests that the military and theological professions are on the down grade to extinction, and must go together, is she not excusable in the light of history, for thinking them inseparable twins, and will not this graphic suggestion stimulate the theologian to realize that he has been and is in bad company, which he must abandon or perish, and must return to the simple and sacred law of loving our neighbors as ourselves, and the truth that the neighbor, however distant, is a brother? But let us turn from the gloomy to the hopeful aspect of destiny.

The only salvation from this corrupt condition has been in the perennial freshness of Nature, which ever struggles to maintain the normal type and refuses to transmit by heredity the acquired diseases and deformities. The forests, the flowers, and the human race defy a permanent debasement. The Divine Influx is eternal, and that limitless power with wisdom which is above and beyond all that we know and imagine, bears us onward as surely to the better future as it has in the past. The myths of antiquity are disappearing, and the brassy counterfeit of religion is becoming less and less endurable among the intelligent, and the hideous portrait of the worst specimens as sketched by Helen

Gardener may help to accelerate its departure, and thus be a benefaction to that pure religion of which perhaps, with larger experiences in the future, she may paint a pleasing portrait. With broader studies of humanity, by the methods of liberal science, she may learn that history has been enriched and our ideals of humanity elevated by innumerable lives of heroic duty, inspired by the example of the Nazarene teacher, whose wonderful life, so poorly and imperfectly transmitted by the traditional records, has ever been and will ever continue to be the inspiration of the noblest.

J. R. Buchanan.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL UNION'S OPINION.

"Is This Your Son, my Lord?" touches from a woman's point of view, a phase of the social question that has too long been ignored. The Christian world has accepted the idea that man is less culpable for the same vice than woman. What is held as supreme degradation in her is looked upon as a venial sin in him. The church has been the great exponent of morals, in accordance with the Biblical teaching that man is superior to woman, that "she, not first created, was first in sin"; that "the man is not for the woman, but the woman for the man." Genesis and Paul corroborate each other; the Old Testament and the New are alike upon this point of woman's created inferiority and original sin.

Having accepted this doctrine, it is not at all strange that we find two codes of morals extant in society, the lax for man, the strict for woman, with diverse penalties attending each for the same infringement of the moral law. But whatever the form of religion or secular teaching, the laws of nature still reign supreme, and through their violation, man himself has become more degraded than woman and is slowly beginning to recognize this fact.

The fall of Preston Mansfield through the temptation of an older man is an instance by no means confined to the pages of fiction. Nor is his father an isolated instance of a man without moral principle where his sons are concerned. The history of Preston is that of thousands of young men, who are "robbed of themselves" in the first flush of youth, and rendered depraved before they begin to know the meaning of life to themselves and to humanity. We learn such facts from history, from the daily press, from confidential disclosures of the victim himself.

One young man having read this work was asked, "Do you think this case too rare to be useful as a lesson — a type?" He replied, "I know fully fifty similar ones in my college alone. Men may deny it, but it is in *no sense rare*."

Another said, "If I had read that book ten years ago, I would have been a different person. Most of us are pushed to the devil before we know it, and then — "

Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame of it! A young boy, until he learns an evil lesson, is as pure in thought as a young girl, but he is not as readily allowed to remain so. He is taught both directly and by implication, that vice for him means much less than it does for woman; that he can have his fling while young, "sow his wild oats," and marriage will reform him into a desirable husband and father.

This remarkable work is not an attack upon either sex, but an attempt to show the result of conditions. Her pictures are chastely drawn, and some of the finest characters in her book are men. Neither does she fail to expose the petty thought of a certain class of women whose sole aim is social position; mothers whose vanity and weakness prove as destructive to sons as more gross teaching from others.

Helen Gardener is heroic in thus daring to openly attack chronic evils that church, state, and society have so long fostered; the good influence of her book must be incalculable. It was long since recognized that only when wrongs find a voice do they become righted. But woman through the ages has been trained to silence, her views not to be given, nor her opinions stated, unless asked by man, and this has but rarely been done.

This work is calculated to arouse intense opposition from older men fettered by early teaching and inherited thought. But thousands of young men will gladly receive its warning; the moral hope of the world lies with them. Let a young man become convinced of the degradation to himself through an immoral life, and he will hesitate to enter it. Let him but realize the destruction to his own health, happiness, purity and self-respect involved in such a life and he will shun it. With fuller knowledge he will no longer delude himself into a belief that while woman should bring a blameless life into the marital union, it is right for him to seek such relation while steeped in vice. He will cease to believe that woman cares but little if man is vicious; that she looks upon herself alone as dishonored through illicit relations, or that she thinks marriage with her betrayer can give her a respectability that he himself does not possess.

He will discover this theory to be entirely false; he will realize that with Minnie Lane, thousands of women believe such a marriage to be a dishonorable relation; that it is the betrayer, and not his victim, who has lost respectability. This book is a most timely and important one; she has dared to speak the truth and herein lies the vitality and power of the work.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

A REPRESENTATIVE THINKER AMONG WOMEN.

"There are questions which only those will discuss, who to some extent have raised the veil of life, who allow that no human institution is so holy, as to out-top the sacred right of human reason, to probe its foundations. We must not forget that the emancipation of woman, while placing her in a position of social responsibility will make it her duty to investigate matters, of which she is at present assumed to be ignorant.

"It may be doubted whether the identification of purity and ignorance has had wholly good effects in the past: indeed it has frequently been the false cry, with which men have sought to hide their own anti-social conduct." KARL PEARSON.

To the ordinary man no doubt, Helen Gardener's last novel, entitled, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" will seem to touch subjects of which the young better remain ignorant, but as women become more thoughtful, clear sighted, and independent, they will see that the stronghold of their slavery lies in our social customs, and concentrate their forces on that point. The unequivocal and pronounced manner in which refined, cultivated women have already from time to time, by word and deed, attacked the tangled problem of sex, and all the relations that grow out of it, prove, that when they enjoy the same freedom men have always had in expressing their opinions, they will take the lead in the pending social revolution, or they will, at least, keep abreast with those men who seek to substitute science for emotion. It is a question with many wise people, whether the best interests of society can be better served by unearthing the abominations connected with the social slavery of woman, or by concealing from the young all but the most beautiful phases of life, and in ignorance of the dangers that surround them, preserve their innocence and trust in the goodness of mankind.

I think it is safer in these matters to follow the pathway marked out by the wise and thoughtful of our own sex, than to trust those who have invariably sacrificed woman's best interests to their own pleasure and convenience. Mary Wolstoncraft, Frances Wright, George Sand, George Eliot, each in her own way lived her independent life, and uttered her highest thought on whatever subject was presented to her mind. Charlotte Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre," made her heroine attractive without the aid of wealth, beauty, or position; she lived in harmony with her own ideal, relying wholly on her own judgment amid the complications of a dependent position. All alike taught the lesson of individual conscience and judgment for woman. The authors of "John Ward, Preacher" and "Robert Elsmere" have shown themselves equally independent on questions of religion. Mona Caird in her magazine articles as well as her novels, has told the world what she thinks on social problems, so plainly as to shock

prudery and hypocrisy. And now comes Helen Gardener, who, in one small volume of 257 pages, portrays the political, religious, and social hypocrisies and corruptions of our present civilization, and probes to its foundation our false system of education, in the morals of the church, the college, and the home. The evil influences that surround the chief character at school, culminate in a vice far more common than teachers and parents would willingly admit.

In revealing these pitfalls of corruption each writer assumes the moral responsibility of her own action.

Helen Gardener thinks it is for the protection of girls and boys alike to know all the minor vices into which unhealthy passions may betray them, as well as the selfishness of which men are capable in their dealings with the youth of both sexes. This novel will prove a landmark to warn the unwary from dangerous ground, and will unquestionably have the beneficent effect the author desires. In the present antagonistic relations of the sexes, girls need to be armed at all points. It is folly to say, as many do, that there is no real antagonism between men and women, for our laws and social customs all show the contrary. So long as we have one code of morals for men, and another for women, we cannot have harmonious relations between the sexes.

The religious conscience of our sons should be trained to reverence the mothers of the race; to extend to every woman they meet the same consideration they desire from all men for their own wives and sisters. True chivalry should make every man a protector and not a betrayer of girlhood; then will real friendships between men and women be possible. This novel is written with a high moral purpose, and will teach the young many valuable lessons. Vice is not painted in attractive colors, but all its most odious features stand out in bold relief. Neither is the author pessimistic in her tendencies; for in this, as in all her sketches of real life, noble characters predominate. Maude Stone, Harvey Ball, and their parents form a charming group, representing all the cardinal virtues. Preston Mansfield, the weak, good-natured, but vicious hero, who had sufficient conscience to poison all his life and drive him to a violent death at last, but not enough to give him the necessary strength and decision to make his life what in his best moods he desired, is in some respects no uncommon character. He is a type of far too many young men of wealth, position, and education, and his father represents a large class of parents, who, to save a son from his vices, would willingly sacrifice his neighbor's daughter for that purpose. Many good people who are guided by principle in most matters have no conscience in this. Whatever a son's character may be, most parents will rejoice that some pure, lovely

girl has consented to be his wife; and if the young man has wealth and position, even the girl's own parents will rejoice in what is called an eligible match, and join with complacency in the general congratulations and wedding festivities.

"Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is distinctly a novel which has a reformatory object, and in so far it fails as a work of art; not that a reformatory object renders it impossible to draw a real picture of life, I only intend to say that the feat has never yet been performed. So far in literature the authors, with such an object, have been so absorbed by their idea, that they have quite ignored the demands of art. In the volume before us one can see the able essayist, and the clever pamphleteer, but not the born novelist.

The book is thrown into the most difficult form for a romance to take, for the story is told by one of the characters. Such a method needs the author to be eternally on the watch tower, or else inconsistencies will creep in. At times, the doctor who tells the story is quite forgotten, and one is brought back to the fact only by a violent jog of the memory. An "I" appears, seemingly without a noun, and at last in despair you fix it on the doctor. How he comes to be conversant with all the characters of the book remains to the end a mystery. He has never met Mrs. Harmon, yet he gives his readers long conversations and correspondences that this little Boston lady has with her intimate friends. By allowing the doctor to tell the story, Helen Gardener deprives herself of that usual lofty position of the novelist, an all-seeing and all-knowing providence. Another fault is throwing so much of the story into the form of letters. The letters of real people are always wanting in that touch of individuality that makes acquaintance easy, and the letters of imaginary folks are indeed intangible things. They deprive incidents of all local coloring. Mrs. Harmon, though an important personage in the book, nowhere comes near us. We do not know whether she was tall or short, thin or plump, awkward or graceful, austere or gay. We should like to have encountered the lady in close quarters, but we must content ourselves with the revelations she makes of herself in letters, which show her to be an ambitious, unprincipled woman, so perhaps the author thought the less we knew of her the better. The characters of the book are shadowy, the motive is clear cut and well defined, the humanitarian has completely swallowed up the artist. Helen Gardener has studied her ideals in real life, but her characters are not flesh and blood. In one point this book is a blessed improvement upon the ordinary modern novel: Helen Gardener recognizes that there is other love than that existing between lovers. The most living and at times touching scenes are those where Mr. Stone pours out his tender father's love upon his idolized daughter, and by his com-

passion wins her confidence, and helps her to break her engagement with an unworthy man.

Preston Mansfield seems rather an impossible character. According to the story he has lived an utterly vicious, vapid life, and yet his ideas in regard to women are of the loftiest character. Is it not a certain effect of such a course of conduct that the higher emotions become dulled, if not extinct? This is the price paid for licentiousness. Low living and high thinking are incompatible.

In Fred Harmon, Helen Gardener hits off very well American aristocracy and the requirements of good society. She might give Ward McAllister some good lessons on these points. The scene between Mr. Stone, Fred Harmon, and Maude is well drawn. Mr. Stone gives Fred Harmon his opinion of him in particular, and his set in general very plainly. Yet he fails to rouse in him any feeling of honor or shame, but when they walked past the Boston aristocrat, "Maude's soft silk drapery caught his knees," it roused him far more than all the father's stern words of reproach. Men are so emotional in all that concerns women! They use no reason, let alone justice, in their relations with Eve's daughters. In this same scene, Mr. Stone says to Harmon, "Do you know why you love Maude? Because she is beautiful." He might have added, You have no appreciation of the nobility of her nature, of her warm affections, her frankness, her sincerity, and her truthfulness.

Harvey Ball's letter on choosing a profession is very good,— in Helen Gardener's best essay style. As to the profession of the soldier, we must, however, remember what Ruskin says, "That the soldier is honored not because he is ready to *kill*, but because he is ready to *die* for his country."

Helen Gardener has given us a vivid picture of the daily sacrifice of innocent victims of her own sex. For the contemplation of a heedless world, the deeper the shadows the more impressive is the view. The unrolling of the dark panorama of woman's experiences may shock the thoughtless and apathetic, but they never can be painted in colors too sombre for the facts of life. Women know more of men's cruelty than they can ever know of each other. Silence and concealment have never been potent factors in reformation.

This book is full of subjects for thought, and could furnish an ethical preacher texts for a lifetime, and no character in the book throws out more truths than Mr. Stone. His ideas on the training of children to self-control and independence are worthy a veteran educationalist and his observation of the facts of life are shown in that short sentence, "Everything holds girls back from going wrong, and pretty nearly everything pushes boys to the devil." Young men will never place a fair estimate on

social virtue, so long as leading thinkers openly say, "There must be two codes of morals for men and women."

There is nowhere as yet in real life any true appreciation of the dignity of woman's position, nor that worshipful reverence befitting her as mother of the race.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC'S VIEW.

Near the close of a day in the early June of 1889, that was so perfect that it seemed to have dropped out of Paradise, I sat in my editorial rooms at New York, weary of work and dreaming of the shady glens, and green, willow-fringed meadows of the Mak-o-chee. From these reveries I was awakened by the musical rustle of feminine drapery, and wheeling in my chair, I saw before me a girlish face and figure, one slender and graceful, and the other not only beautiful in its delicate outlines, but so alive with expressions of sense and sensibility, that it photographed itself upon the heart through that instantaneous process Nature gave us long in advance of its coarser imitation. The dark, luminous eyes had in them thought, shadowed with pain, as if touched with the reminiscence of suffering, common to life-long invalids. There was naught else in my fair visitor indicative of ill-health. Indeed, the full ripe mouth told a story of its own, especially when parted in a smile from pearly little teeth. In a shy, yet frank way, always so winning when united in a handsome woman, she offered me her little hand.

My visitor announced herself as Helen Gardener, and she tendered me some of her work for publication in Belford.

I read her sketches, and was charmed with them. I found her a genius. There was not only freshness and originality of thought, but a felicity and a facility of expression, that appeared in a most delicate touch. There was just enough left to the reader's imagination to enhance the value of the work. This quality in fiction is what a hazy atmosphere, or even a mist, is to a landscape. "Style is thought," said the French critic. N. P. Willis was as happy when he said "peculiarity of style is disease. Like the pearl in the oyster, very beautiful, but a disease all the same."

I published Helen H. Gardener's sketches, and collected after in a book, they met with decided success.

I observed that this charming work was not altogether healthy. There was a feverish intensity, and an inclination to assertions not altogether in harmony with the otherwise graceful qualities. The grievous discovery came to me that my little friend was a furious reformer from an agnostic standpoint. That is, one who, while

confessing to the fact that he knows nothing, assumes to know all, and looks down upon a religious believer with a supercilious commiseration that is simply exasperating. Your agnostic of to-day is the infidel of yesterday, somewhat refined in manner, but not improved at all in matter. He has added nothing to our limited stock of knowledge, nor gained a particle of superior information — a state he confesses in the name assumed. He is the dude in science, and seeks to hide under an air of indifference the coarse bigotry of his predecessor, the infidel. The old style sceptic was loud in his denunciation of a believer in divine truth as a fool — your agnostic contents himself with pity for the idiot.

It is a popular delusion that a betterment of our condition on earth is to be attained in an enlargement of our intellect. Yet, why a boy taught to spell "baker" will be less liable, when half starved, to steal a loaf of bread, is a problem not yet solved. The orthography is excellent, but the hunger remains.

This holds good in the man brought up on books that contain the wisdom of ages. The evil impulses implanted in our nature are not lessened by such knowledge. On the contrary it stimulates, and renders more uncontrollable the evil, selfish nature in us, for imagination enters to make the beastly passions more attractive. Our first parents were eating of the tree of knowledge when they fell. It is on this account that the more refined a people become, the more dissolute they are, unless restrained by religion.

In no instance is the oft quoted line of "A little learning is a dangerous thing" as applicable as in this. And it is the more fatal because of our inability to have greater learning. To look at man, we may pride ourselves upon his intellect, so much above the lower animals, but as compared to the endless universe, of which he is less than an atom, pride disappears, and the humility, spoken of by our Saviour, takes possession.

We know nothing of creation about us, we know nothing about ourselves. We gaze in on that part of us that thinks, wills, and remembers, called mind by scientists and soul by theologians, and are amazed to find that we know as little of that, as of the material world about us, that we look on and study.

The thought of endless space, or of eternity, threaten insanity, and if we turn from these to more familiar things about us, even the blade of grass beneath our feet is a puzzling mystery. We have stumbled blindly upon the effects of certain laws and proudly claim to know them. And these are all material. The spiritual life that we feel, and recognize, indeed know as well as the natural, and laws of the material is in fact a sealed book. All human knowledge can be summed up in a sentence. When a thing happens once, we call it a phenomenon; when it occurs

twice we term it a coincidence; when it comes a third time we entitle it a law, and give it a name. That is all. The familiarity that breeds contempt, also breeds confidence. Thus run a man too near the phonograph but once, without a supposed explanation, that does not explain, he would go to his grave believing it to have been a supernatural event and is it not? The shrewd inventor cannot assure us through any information that he possesses, that every sound caught up and held for reproduction a century hence, is not a special manifestation of God. He will sadly shake his head and say, "I only make the instrument, I cannot tell you what it is."

The man who orders a consignment of soap and candles, through the telegraph, would consider one a crank who would stop him in his busy little life, to say, that he had witnessed in his order for soap and candles, a work of God as wonderful as the creation of a world. Yet one is as much a mystery as the other.

Hence it is that all the great inventions, that have so benefited the human family, and upon which we so pride ourselves, were made by ignorant men. Poor little creatures; we, in our brief space of existence, are as ridiculous as the monkeys Darwin told us we came from, and the most ridiculous is the old scientific ape, who solemnly seeks to measure God's universe with a pack thread. We paddle about in the shallow waters of reason, until we suddenly plunge into fathomless depths to perish.

Admitting, however, that it is well to be wise in the knowledge offered us from the garnered storage of six thousand years of little mysteries, what is there in such information to control our passions, weaken our appetites, or make us kinder to each other? These are results, that in religion you jump on so savagely, and cry, "But your religion is superstition, a dream. It has no warrant in reason, no support in history. It is puerile, childish, and ridiculous." Well, this last may be true — recognizing how absurd I am, I am prepared to believe all my belongings are of the same sort — as for the so-called reason and the dull picture of history, I do not consider them.

From whence my religion came, and how, and whether sensible or not — I only know that it is here, and that it is true. The sense of dependence, the longing for aid, the hope of something yet to come, purer and better, are born in us. The recognition of God is a part of humanity. The poor ignorant savage hears His awful voice in the thunder, as positively as does the bald-headed old ape of an agnostic who prates about "evolution" and "the survival of the most fit." But it is the Christ that is in us which is making Christianity conquer the world, and gives my church its immortality.

The learning of the world is naught in the way of advance-

ment. It will not lift one a hair's breadth from the evils of our life, but it is capable of harm. When one turns from the religion of Christ to be guided only by the so-called learning, one lets go of the only hold on a better life, and deteriorates rapidly. The book before me illustrates this painfully. I read with amazement, not to say grief, the work, in which no trace either of the delicate fancy, the magical touch and real genius that made "The Lady of the Club," the "Time-lock of our Ancestors," and other sketches by the same author, so fascinating.

It is a fierce plunge into the horrible. It has not even the redemption found in the truth. The story turns on an impossible crime. I say impossible, for admitting such a cruel wrong as that told could be done by a man, it becomes simply horribly impossible in its being done with the knowledge and almost in the presence of the son. A man may be capable of crime of the most awful sort, but bad as he is, he will shrink from making his own child a participant in the sin. Said the late Richard Merrick, of Washington, after a successful defence of John Surratt: "I know that Mrs. Surratt was innocent of any participation in the assassination of President Lincoln, for she would have known that her son was one of the assassins. No mother, however criminal, could be such in common with her son." While upon the bench I granted a divorce to every wife asking it, for her appearance in court, as a rule, proved her incapable of being a wife, and I invariably gave the custody of the children to the mother. She might be a bad wife and yet a good mother. At least she is the only mother the child can have.

Again, the story is untrue, for the author, as a reformer, attempts to show the evils of superstition, which she calls religion, and, therefore, deals with a class. Now it may be that one deacon of a church may commit a horrible crime, not because he is a deacon, but because he is a bad man; but we shrink from the assertion that all deacons are criminals, because they are deacons.

The saddest part of it all, in reading this dreadful book, is that one is impressed with the belief that it is written by a good woman. It is an earnest, pathetic appeal in behalf of the weak and innocent, against the injustice of social law and the cruel despotism of public opinion. But all indignation at wrong is lost in the horrible presentation of the wrong itself.

Women make bad reformers, because of their emotional nature and the courage of their convictions, that renders them bigots. Like all non-combatants they are full of fight, and brook no opposition. Shielded through life from man's contentions, they are bold because of inexperience. In the fierce struggle of life's arena, a man learns that blows are to be received, as well as

given, and he grows cautious, and cunning of force. Shielded in the home from the cradle to the coffin, by fathers, brothers, sons, and husbands, the would-be female reformer is of the sort told of by the poet, "He laughs at wounds who never felt a scar." These feminine hot-gospelers will not seek to please, or waste time in attempts at persuasion. In the presence of such, we have to choose between being choked to death by peppered truths being crowded down our throats, or have bayonets run through our miserable bodies.

This is written more in sorrow than in anger, and with the hope that the ill-success of this terrible book will induce the gifted Gardener to leave the deodorizing of social cesspools through literary efforts to the male Tolstoïs, and give us, as she can, sweet, pure, touching stories of human life.

DONN PIATT.

CRITICISM OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN SECULAR UNION.

The novel with a purpose and its portrayal upon the stage are the mightiest implements of advanced thought, and are destined to become the most effective methods of modern reform. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* against slavery, *Under which Lord* against ecclesiasticism, *Robert Elsmere* against orthodoxy, are now joined by *Is This Your Son, my Lord?* against false sexual ethics and the vagaries of those "who are thorough believers in religion and who do not know the meaning of morality."

The faults of this latest purposeful novel are those incident to its class, and are due to the difficulty of presenting instruction without *lugging it in* and of intensifying peculiarities without caricature. But the authoress has shown much skill in avoiding these defects; and, if some prominent features may be said to be unusual, it cannot be denied that they represent true phases of character. Such literary faults have been proved to be effective for reform, and are hallowed by the practice of Charles Dickens. The instructive conversations seldom drag; and the love episode and closing tragedy furnish a sensational coating for the didactic pill.

Those will be disappointed who desire to have the æsthetic sense entertained with minute descriptions of nature's aspects and performances, for this is not an attempt at fine writing, but the result of a tremendously earnest impulse to give to the world, by plain words and impressive facts, a denunciation of shams and oppressions. It is so well written that one does not notice the style. No modern novel surpasses it in the art of saying what it has to say without attracting attention to the way

in which it is said. It is a book in which every word means something. No pads or improvers distort the natural form of expression into fashionable literary shape.

The merit of the book, above all else, is its absolute frankness; the plain spoken declaration of what every one thinks about and nobody speaks of. It is the one honest book of the day that does not attempt to *curry favor*, offers no apologies to respectable error, advances its opinions *squarely* and takes its stand *flat-footed* for needed reforms. The sympathetic reader is so impressed by this element of heroic candor and common sense treatment of current habits of life and thought that he finds the popular terms of the day best suited to its praise.

The main facts of the story can be verified by every man who knows modern society; and its most startling incidents can be paralleled from his own observation or information. Its lessons are intelligible and cannot be gainsaid. The chief teaching is,—that morality has but one standard, irrespective of sex; that what is wrong for woman is wrong for man and that what is right for man is right for woman. It aims to show that the maintenance of a separate code of morals for woman is a survival of man's tyranny over the weaker sex, and that legal disabilities imposed upon the wife and lawful mother are tokens of slavery. A second and scarcely less prominent motive is to protest against the dishonesty of the "new theology." Recognizing the fact that modern science has disproved all the dogmas which distinguish Christianity from Natural Religion, it heaps merited scorn upon those who, by giving new meanings to old words, seek to preserve the temporal advantages of a faith wounded unto death. It rightly points out the moral injury caused by the "reconcilers" and "trimmers" who, by example, inculcate insincerity and subterfuge, and thus hinder the progress of Naturalism.

Robert C. Adams.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A DISCIPLE OF SCIENCE.

The hunger for truth; the quenchless desire to obtain knowledge, to catch and interrogate the vague phantoms of facts which float but dimly before the intellectual vision; to satisfy the deathless craving of the soul; to know the mysteries of Nature,—such are the innate longings which fill the soul and fire the brain of earth's great prophets and pioneers in science. The recluse of the Middle Ages, who abandoned the frivolity of life and withdrew into the wilderness, hoping by a life of deprivation to insure eternal bliss, was not the lofty soul he has been painted. His promptings were selfish; his course that of a coward. In bold antithesis stand the lives of two great modern disciples of science, Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace, who renounced the comforts of home life, the companionship of congenial spirits, the pleasures of social life, the acquirement of wealth, and the pursuit of popularity and contemporaneous renown, for years of privation 'neath the burning suns of the torrid zone, that they might happily demonstrate a truth which they suspected, though well they knew that its demonstration would cover them for a time with obloquy; that ridicule, misrepresentation, calumny, and social ostracism would follow them if they succeeded in proving the great theory of evolution, of which Buffon, St. Hilaire and Erasmus Darwin had caught vague glimpses, and which Lamarck had foreshadowed, but which was so foreign to the accepted views of the religious and intellectual conservatism of the age as to necessarily encounter furious opposition, and the scornful contempt or fierce anathemas of those leaders to whom the masses look for a cue. Yet fronting the severe privations and well known perils on the one hand, and expecting the common fate of truths, prophets, pioneers, and torchbearers, they went forth, led only by a great yearning to demonstrate a new truth, desiring only the supreme satisfaction of having helped the world to a broader vision by contributing to its store of scientific knowledge. Of the life of Charles Darwin, so long sneered at by the religious and fashionable world, but now justly revered by the scholarship of Christendom, it is not our purpose to write at the present time. It is well known, and gains in glory as, step by step, the intellectual world rises to the acceptation of the truths he presented. That of his friend and co-laborer, Dr. Wallace, though not so well known, because he is still with us, and because he has ever sought to hold the truth between himself and the world, is rich in interest and instruction. Born in Usk, in Monmouthshire, on the eighth of January, 1822, he early evinced a passion for everything relating to natural history. Aside from his general education, he received special education in architecture and survey-

ing, as it was deemed advisable for him to follow one of these pursuits. His soul, however, was not in his studies; as the needle to the pole, so his heart turned to Nature. Her storehouse of hidden wealth, her mysteries treasured since creation's dawn, her sphinx face cast over him an irresistible spell. At her feet he bowed. To gain from her clues and hints which might flood light on the great question of the ages, was henceforth to be his mission. In 1845, he discarded his special studies, and gave himself entirely to the investigation of natural history. In 1848, we find him patiently, tirelessly, earnestly searching for new light in the multitudinous forms of life on the banks of the Amazon and Negro rivers, an adventure abounding in great peril, and offering no inducements which to the ordinary mind would compensate for its hardships, to say nothing of its dangers. Here we find him studying the mysteries of life. The torrid sun beats upon his head. Fever threatens him. Serpents, vipers, scorpions, venomous insects, and reptiles seem omnipresent. The flora is charged with poison. Every step taken is fraught with perils. He wavers not. For four years we find this disciple of science dwelling among the Indian tribes of South America, haunting the banks of the rivers, wandering through forest and jungle, collecting specimens of vegetable and animal life which promised to throw light on the great problem he was unravelling. This rare collection was almost entirely lost at sea. In 1852, he returned to England and published his "Travels on the Amazon and Negro Rivers." This work was followed by a scientific treatise entitled "Palm Trees of the Amazon and their Uses." Not satisfied with his investigations he embarked for the Malay Archipelago, where he spent eight years of persistent toil. It was during this time that Charles Darwin was industriously pursuing the same object in foreign lands. Unknown to each other, these great workers were patiently collecting data, and making observations of inestimable value to science, and against which the missiles of their antagonists were to fall powerless. In 1858, Mr. Wallace embodied the result of his investigation with his deductions in a comprehensive essay on "The Tendency of Varieties to depart from their Original Type." This paper was forwarded to Sir Charles Lyell to be read before the Linnean Society in July, 1858. At the same meeting was read Mr. Darwin's paper on "The Tendency of Species to Form Varieties." This is one of the most remarkable coincidences in the history of scientific thought. Two thinkers patiently laboring amid the fertile and fruitful regions of the earth, widely removed from each other, arrive at the same conclusion, forward their views, which are simultaneously read at the annual meeting of a scientific society of which they are members. In the history of invention these coincidences have been very frequent. In scientific discoveries they have not been rare, but I know of no other instance so striking as the above.

On his return from the Malay Archipelago, in 1862, Mr. Wallace brought with him more than eight thousand birds, and over one hun-

dred thousand etymological specimens, the classifying and arranging of which occupied much of his attention for several years. In 1869, he published in two volumes his remarkable scientific work, "The Malay Archipelago." A year later his "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," appeared. This was followed by "Geographical Distribution of Animals," published in 1876. "Tropical Nature," 1887, "Island Life," 1880, and "Land Nationalization," in 1882. But his most recent effort entitled "Darwinism," published in 1889, is unquestionably destined to be his most popular scientific contribution, as here, in the compass of something less than five hundred pages, he outlines the theory of evolution with such force and clearness as to be readily grasped by the popular mind, and while at all times strictly scientific, it abounds in striking illustrations which add to its interest and serve to emphasize the more abstract thoughts. Unlike many scientists whose lives seem to have been absorbed in a special branch of scientific investigation, Dr. Wallace has taken a keen interest in social problems. All questions affecting the welfare of the people have challenged his earnest consideration, and though I cannot agree with many of his views as to the best measures for remedying our present social ills, I recognize in them the single desire to elevate and ennoble humanity, to increase the happiness and minify the poverty and misery of the masses, which is, of course, the aim of all true philanthropists and humanitarians. In regard to another life Dr. Wallace holds decided views. With the commendable spirit of a true scientist, he has exhaustively investigated the remarkable psychic phenomena which the past fifty years have witnessed. In this respect, his course is in bold contrast with that of Professor Huxley, whom Dr. Wallace vainly sought to deeply interest in these questions, but who chose to dismiss the whole subject as unworthy of his time, and who since has volunteered an explanation of some of the phenomena, which, to every psychic investigator, is at once as ridiculously absurd as his attitude toward psychical investigation has been unscientific. Dr. Wallace believes most profoundly in another life. To him this brief span is merely the prelude to a life of eternal progress. In a noteworthy address delivered in 1887, he describes what, in his opinion, would result in the event of materialism being universally accepted by humanity.

"If all men without exception ever come to believe that there is no life beyond this, if children are all brought up to believe that the only happiness they can ever enjoy will be upon this earth, then it seems to me that the condition of man would be altogether hopeless, because there would cease to be any adequate motive for justice, for truth, for unselfishness, and no sufficient reason could be given to the poor man, to the bad man, or to the selfish man, why he should not systematically seek his own personal welfare at the cost of others.

"The well-being of the race in the distant future, set before us by some philosophers, would not certainly influence the majority of men, more especially as the universal teaching of science is, that the entire race, with the world it inhabits, must sooner or later come to an end. The greatest good to the greatest number, that noble ideal of many philosophers, would never be admitted as a motive for action by those who are

seeking their own personal welfare. The scoffing question, What has posterity done for us ? which influences many men even now, would then be thought to justify universal self seeking, utterly regardless of what might happen to those who come afterwards. Even now, notwithstanding the hereditary influences, the religious belief, and religious training in which our characters have been molded, selfishness is far too prevalent. When these influences cease altogether, when under total incredulity, and with no influences whatever, leading men to self-development as a means of permanent happiness, the inevitable result will be that might alone would constitute right, that the weakest would always and inevitably go to the wall, and that the unbridled passions of the strongest and most selfish men would dominate the world. Such a hell upon earth as would thus be brought about, will happily never exist, because it would be founded upon a falsehood, and because there are causes now at work which forbid the disbelief in man's spiritual nature and his continued existence after death."

In "Darwinism" Dr. Wallace boldly takes issue with the materialistic thinkers among his brother evolutionists. So important is his position, and so ably are his views set forth, that I quote at length from the last chapter of the above work, from which it will be observed that he claims the assumption of the materialistic hypothesis more untenable and unworthy of acceptation by scientists, than the higher view of creation which maintains that around the physical world is a spiritual universe, ever acting on matter in conformity with the laws of life.

"The special faculties we have been discussing, clearly point to the existence in man of something which he has not derived from his animal progenitors — something which we may best refer to as being of a spiritual essence or nature, capable of progressive development under favorable conditions. On the hypothesis of this spiritual nature, superadded to the animal nature of man, we are able to understand much that is otherwise mysterious, or unintelligible, in regard to him, especially the enormous influence of ideas, principles, and beliefs, over his whole life and actions. Thus alone we can understand the constancy of the martyr, the unselfishness of the philanthropist, the devotion of the patriot, the enthusiasm of the artist, and the resolute and persevering search of the scientific worker after Nature's secrets. Thus we may perceive that the love of truth, the delight in beauty, the passion for justice, and the thrill of exultation with which we hear of any act of courageous self-sacrifice, are the workings within us of a higher nature, which has not been developed by means of the struggle for material existence.

"It will, no doubt, be urged that the admitted continuity of man's progress from the brute does not admit of the introduction of new causes, and that we have no evidence of the sudden change of nature which such introduction would bring about. The fallacy as to new causes involving any breach of continuity, or any sudden or abrupt change, in the effects, has already been shown; but we will further point out that there are at least three stages in the development of the organic world, when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action.

"The first stage is the change from the inorganic to organic, when the earliest vegetable cell, or the living protoplasm out of which it arose, first appeared. This is often imputed to a mere increase of complexity of chemical compounds; but increase of complexity with consequent instability, even if we admit that it may have produced

protoplasm as a chemical compound, could certainly not have produced *living* protoplasm — protoplasm which has the power of growth and of reproduction, and of that continuous process of development which has resulted in the marvellous variety and complex organization of the whole vegetable kingdom. There is in all this, something quite beyond and apart from chemical changes, however complex; and it has been well said that the first vegetable cell was a new thing in the world, possessing altogether new powers — that of extracting and fixing carbon from the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere, that of indefinite reproduction, and, still more marvellous, the power of variation, and of reproducing those variations till endless complications of structure and varieties of form have been the result. Here, then, we have indications of a new power at work, which we may term *vitality*, since it gives to certain forms of matter all those characters and properties which constitute life.

"The next stage is still more marvellous, still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces. It is the introduction of sensation, or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Here all idea of mere complication of structure producing the result is out of the question. We feel it to be altogether preposterous to assume that at a certain stage of complexity of atomic constitution, and as a necessary result of that complexity alone, an *ego* should start into existence, a thing that *feels*, that is conscious of its own existence. Here we have the certainty that something new has arisen, a being whose nascent consciousness has gone on increasing in power and definiteness till it has culminated in the higher animals. No verbal explanation, or attempt at explanation — such as the statement that life is the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm, or that the whole existing organic universe from the amæba up to man was latent in the fire-mist from which the solar system was developed — can afford any mental satisfaction, or help us in any way to a solution of the mystery.

"The third stage is, as we have seen, the existence in man of a number of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him farthest above the brutes, and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement. These faculties could not possibly have been developed by means of the same laws which have determined the progressive development of the organic world in general, and also of man's physical organism. These three distinct stages of progress from the inorganic world of matter and motion up to man, point clearly to an unseen universe — to a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.

"To this spiritual world we may refer the marvellously complex forces which we know as gravitation, cohesion, chemical force, radiant force, and electricity, without which the material universe could not exist for a moment in its present form, and perhaps not at all, since without these forces, and perhaps others which may be termed atomic, it is doubtful whether matter itself could have any existence. And still more surely can we refer to it, those progressive manifestations of Life in the vegetable, the animal, and man — which we may classify as unconscious, conscious, and intellectual life, and which probably depends upon different degrees of spiritual influx. I have already shown that this involves no necessary infraction of the law of continuity in physical or mental evolution ; whence it follows that any difficulty we may find in discriminating the inorganic from the organic, the lower vegetable from the lower animal organisms, or the higher animals from the lowest types of man, has no bearing at all upon the question. This is to be decided by showing that a change in essential nature [due, probably, to causes of a higher order than those of the material universe] took place at the sev-

eral stages of progress which I have indicated ; a change which may be none the less real because absolutely imperceptible at its point of origin, as is the change that takes place in the curve in which a body is moving when the application of some new force causes the curve to be slightly altered. Those who admit my interpretation of the evidence now adduced — strictly scientific evidence in its appeal to facts, which are clearly what ought *not* to be on the materialistic theory — will be able to accept the spiritual nature of man, as not in any way inconsistent with the theory of evolution, but as dependent on those fundamental laws and causes, which furnish the very materials for evolution to work with. They will also be relieved from the crushing mental burden imposed upon those who — maintaining that we, in common with the rest of Nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe, and believing also that the time must come when the sun will lose his heat, and all life on the earth necessarily cease — have to contemplate a not very distant future in which all this glorious earth which for untold millions of years has been slowly developing forms of life and beauty, to culminate at last in man, shall be as if it had never existed ; who are compelled to suppose that all the slow growths of our race struggling towards a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice, all the aspirations for virtue and the well-being of humanity, shall absolutely vanish, and, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind.'

"As contrasted with this hopeless and soul-deadening belief, we, who accept the existence of a spiritual world, can look upon the universe as a grand consistent whole, adapted in all its parts to the development of spiritual beings, capable of indefinite life and perfectibility. To us, the whole purpose, the only *raison d'être* of the world — with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man — was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body. From the fact that the spirit of man — the man himself — is so developed, we may well believe that this is the only, or at least the best way for its development ; and we may even see in what is usually termed 'evil' on the earth, one of the most efficient means of its growth. For we know that the noblest faculties of man are strengthened and perfected by struggle and effort ; it is by unceasing warfare against physical evils, and in the midst of difficulty and danger that energy, courage, self-reliance, and industry have become the common qualities of the northern races ; it is by the battle with moral evil in all its hydra-headed forms, that the still nobler qualities of justice, and mercy, and humanity, and self-sacrifice have been steadily increasing in the world. Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such noble development, are surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence ; and we may confidently believe with our greatest living poet —

> That life is not as idle ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom,
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And batter'd with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use.'

"We thus find that the Darwinian theory, even when carried out to its extreme logical conclusion, not only does not oppose, but lends a decided support, to a belief in the spiritual nature of man. It shows us how man's body may have been developed from that of a lower animal form under the law of natural selection ; but it also teaches us, that we pos-

sess intellectual and moral faculties, which could not have been so developed, but must have had another origin ; and for this origin we can only find an adequate cause in the unseen universe of Spirit."

Such is the profound conviction of one of the foremost living naturalists ; a man whose life has been devoted to the investigation, demonstration, and elucidation of truth on a strictly scientific basis. It is seldom we meet with a scientist who has thought deeply along so many channels, and what is perhaps still more remarkable, the three subjects to which he has given his profoundest thought,—evolution, psychic and spiritual research, and the social and industrial problems, are the three themes which are challenging the best thought of our age to-day.

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mes sympathies.

Camille Flammarion

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WHAT ARE PHANTASMS, AND WHY DO THEY APPEAR?

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE theories which have been suggested by the more prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research in order to explain the phenomena of phantasms or apparitions of various kinds, are all founded on telepathy, or thought-transference, the facts of which have been demonstrated by a long series of experiments. It is found that many persons are more or less sensitive to the thoughts or will-powers of others, and are able to reproduce, more or less closely, any definite mental images sought to be conveyed to them. It is urged that those who experience phantasmal sights or sounds are a kind of thought-readers, and are so powerfully affected by the thoughts of friends who are in certain excitable mental states or physical crises, especially at periods of imminent danger or when at the point of death, as to externalize those thoughts in visual or auditory hallucinations either in the waking state or as unusually vivid dreams.

This telepathic theory is held to receive strong support, and in fact to be almost proved, by the curious phenomena of the doubles, or phantasms, of living persons being seen by certain sensitive friends, when those persons strongly *will* that they shall be so seen. Such are the cases of a friend appearing to Mr. Stainton Moses at a time when this friend had fixed his thoughts upon him before going to bed; and those of Mr. B—— who several times appeared in the night to

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two ladies, on occasions when he went to sleep with the express wish and intention of appearing to them.* There are, however, difficulties in these cases. The supposed agent does not usually decide exactly how he will appear or what he will do. In one case Mr. B—— appeared, not to the ladies he was thinking of, but a married sister, hardly known to him, who happened to be occupying their room. This lady saw the phantasm in the passage, going from one room to the other, at a time when the agent wished to be in the house; and again, the same night, at a time when he wished to be in the front bedroom, and on this occasion the phantasm came to her bedside and took hold of her hair, and then of her hand, gazing intently into it. Now it is an assumption hardly warranted by the facts, that the mere wish or determination to be in a certain part of a house at a certain time could cause a phantasm to appear to a person who happened unexpectedly to be there, and cause that phantasm to perform, or appear to perform, certain acts which do not appear to have been *willed* by the supposed agent. This is certainly not telepathy in the usually accepted sense; it is not the transference of a thought to an individual, but the production of what seems to be an objective phantasm in a definite locality. It is altogether inconceivable, that a mere wish could produce such a phantasm, unless, indeed, we suppose the spirit of the sleeper to leave the body in order to go to the desired place, and that it possesses the power to render itself visible to anyone who happens to be there. Let us then see whether there are any other facts concerning doubles which may throw some light on this question.

Mr. Fryer, of Bath, England, heard his name distinctly called in the voice of a brother who had been some days absent from home. At the same moment, as near as could be ascertained, the brother missed his footing and fell on a railway platform, calling out his brother's name as he fell.† Similar in character is the case of Mrs. Severn, who, while in bed one morning, felt a violent blow on her lip so real that she put her handkerchief to it, expecting to find it bleeding. At the same time Mr. Severn, caught by a squall in a boat, received a violent blow on the same part of his mouth from the tiller. In the first case, Mr. Fryer's brother had no con-

* Phantasms of the Living, Vol. I., pp. 103-108.
† Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Vol. I., p. 134.

scious wish to be heard by him; and in the other case, Mr. Severn certainly did not wish his wife to feel the blow, but, on the contrary, was extremely anxious to conceal from her that he had had a blow at all.* In both these cases, if the supposed agents had anything to do with the actual production of the phantasmal voice and sensation, it was by some unconscious or automatic process. But the experimental evidence for telepathy shows it to be produced by the conscious and active will-power of the agent or agents, and would therefore prove, if anything, that in both these cases there was some third party who was really the agent in willing and producing the telepathic effect. This is rendered still more probable by other cases of "doubles" and of warnings, of which the following is one of the most remarkable.

Mr. Algernon Joy, an engineer employed on the Penarth Docks, at Cardiff, South Wales, was walking in a country lane near the town, absorbed in a calculation connected with the Docks, when he was attacked and knocked down by two young colliers. His thoughts were then immediately directed to the possible cause of the attack, to the possibility of identifying the men, and to informing the police. He is positive that for about half an hour previous to the attack and for an hour or two after it, there was no connection whatever, direct or indirect, between his thoughts and a friend in London. Yet at almost the precise moment of the assault, this friend recognized Mr. Joy's footstep in the street, behind him, then turned and saw Mr. Joy "as distinctly as ever he saw him in his life," saw he looked distressed, asked what was the matter, and received the answer, "Go home, old fellow, I've been hurt." All this was communicated in a letter from the friend which crossed one from Mr. Joy, giving an account of the accident.† In this case, whether the "double" was an audible and visual veridical hallucination, or an objective phantasm, it could not have been produced without some adequate cause. To assert that Mr. Joy was himself the unconscious cause cannot be looked upon as an explanation, or as in any way helping us to a comprehension of how such things can happen. We imperatively need a producing agent, some intellectual being having both the will and the power to produce such a veridical phantasm.

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Vol. VI., p. 128.
† Phantasms of the Living, Vol. II., p. 524.

The next case still more clearly demands an agent other than that of any of the parties immediately concerned. Mr. F. Morgan, of Bristol, a young man who lived with his mother, was attending a lecture in which he was much interested. On entering the lecture room he saw a friend, with whom he determined to walk home after the lecture. About the middle of the lecture he noticed a door at the side of the platform farthest from the entrance to the hall, and he suddenly, without knowing why, got up and walked half the length of the hall to see if the door would open. He turned the handle, entered, and closed the door behind him, finding himself in the dark under the platform. Noticing a glimmer of light he went towards it, got into a passage which led again into the hall, the end of which he crossed to the entrance door, without any thought of the lecture which was still going on, or of the friend with whom he had meant to return, and then walked home quietly, without any excitement or impression of any kind, and quite unconscious till long after that he had done anything unusual. When he got home, however, he found that the house next to his was on fire and his mother in great alarm. He instantly removed his mother to a place of safety, and then had two or three hours' struggle with the flames. The adjoining house was burnt down, and his own was in great danger, and was slightly damaged.

Mr. Morgan states that his character is such that had he felt any impression that there was a fire, or that his mother was in danger, he should probably have shaken it off as mere fancy and refused to obey it. His mother simply wished for his presence, but exerted no will-power towards him. What agency, then, was it that acted upon his mental organization, at first apparently through simple curiosity, in such a strange yet effectual way, bringing him home so promptly, and yet without his feeling that he was in any way being influenced or guided in his actions, which seemed to himself to be perfectly voluntary and normal? We cannot avoid seeing in this case the continuous exercise of some mental influence, guided by accurate knowledge of the character of the individual and of his special surroundings at the moment, and directed with such care and judgment as to avoid exciting in him that antagonism which would have been fatal to the object aimed at. We see then that, even confining ourselves to undoubted

phantasms of the living, or to impressions not connected with death, the facts are totally inexplicable on any theory of telepathy between living persons, but clearly point to the agency of preter-human intelligences — in other words, of spirits. The prejudice against such a conception is enormous, but the work of the Psychical Research Society has, it is to be hoped, somewhat undermined it. They have established, beyond further dispute for all who study the evidence, that veridical phantasms of the dead do exist; and the evidence itself — not ignorant or even scientific prejudice — must decide whether these phantasms which, as we have seen in my last article, are often objective, are the work of men or of spirits.

Before adducing further evidence on this point, it will be well to consider briefly, the extraordinary theory of the "second self" or "unconscious *ego*," which is appealed to by many modern writers as a substitute for spirit agency when that of the normal human being is plainly inadequate. This theory is founded on the phenomena of dreams, of clairvoyance, and of duplex personality, and has been elaborately expounded by Du Prel in two volumes 8vo, translated by Mr. C. C. Massey. As an example of the kind of facts this theory is held to explain, we may refer to the experiments of the Rev. P. H. Newnham and Mrs. Newnham with planchette. The experiments were conducted by Mrs. N —— sitting at a low table with her hand on the planchette, while Mr. H—— sat with his back towards her at another table eight feet distant. Mr. N —— wrote questions on paper, and instantly, sometimes simultaneously, the planchette under Mrs. N ——'s hand wrote the answers. Experiments were carried on for eight months, during which time three hundred and nine questions and answers were recorded. All kinds of questions were asked, and the answers were always pertinent to the questions though often evasions rather than direct answers. Great numbers of the answers did not correspond with the opinions or expectations of either Mr. or Mrs. N ——, and were sometimes beyond their knowledge. To convince an incredulous visitor, Mr. N —— went with him into the hall, where he, the visitor, wrote down the question, "What is the Christian name of my eldest sister?" Mr. N —— saw the question but did not know the name, yet on returning to the study they found that planchette had already written "Mina," the family abbreviation of Wilhelmina, which was

the correct name. Mr. N —— is a Free Mason, and asked many questions as to the Masonic ritual of which Mrs. N —— knew nothing. The answers were partly correct and partly incorrect, sometimes quite original, as when a prayer used at the advancement of a Mark Master Mason was asked for, and a very admirable prayer instantly written out, using Masonic terms, but, Mr. N —— says, quite unlike the actual prayer he was thinking of, and also unlike any prayer used by Masons or known to Mr. N ——. It was in fact, as Mr. N —— says, "a formula composed by some intelligence totally distinct from the conscious intelligence of either of the persons engaged in the experiment."

Now all this, and a great deal more equally remarkable, is imputed to the agency of Mrs. Newnham's "unconscious self," a second independent, intelligent personality of which Mrs. Newnham herself knows nothing except when it "emerges" under special conditions, such as those here described. In the same way Du Prel explains all the phenomena of clairvoyance, of premonitions, of apparent possession, and of the innumerable cases in which sensitives exhibit knowledge of facts which in their normal state they do not possess, and have had no possible means of acquiring.

But is this so-called explanation any real explanation, or anything more than a juggle of words which creates more difficulties than it solves? The conception of such a double personality in each of us, a second self which in most cases remains unknown to us all our lives, which is said to live an independent mental life, to have means of acquiring knowledge our normal self does not possess, to exhibit all the characteristics of a distinct individuality with a different character from our own is surely a conception more ponderously difficult, more truly supernatural than that of a spirit-world, composed of beings who have lived, and learned, and suffered on earth, and whose mental nature still subsists after its separation from the earthly body. We shall find, too, that this latter theory explains *all* the facts simply and directly, that it is in accordance with *all* the evidence, and that in an overwhelming majority of cases, it is the explanation given by the communicating intelligences themselves. On the "second self" theory, we have to suppose that this recondite but worser half of ourselves, while possessing some knowledge we have not, does not know that it is part of us, or if it knows, is a

persistent liar, for in most cases it adopts a distinct name, and persists in speaking of us, its better half, in the third person.

But there is yet another, and I think a more fundamental objection to this view, in the impossibility of conceiving how, or why, this second-self was developed in us under the law of survival of the fittest. The theory is upheld to avoid recourse to any "spiritual" explanation of phenomena, "spirit" being the last thing our modern men of science "will give in to."* But if so — if there is no spiritual nature in man that survives the earthly body, if man is but a highly intellectual animal developed from a lower animal form under the law of the survival of the fittest, how did this "second-self," this "unconscious *ego*," come into existence? Have the mollusk and the reptile, the dog and the ape, "unconscious *egos*"? And if so, why? And what use are they to these creatures, so that they might have been developed by means of the struggle for existence? Darwin detected no sign of such "second-selves" either in animals or men; and if they do not pertain to animals but do pertain to men, then we are involved in the same difficulty that is so often urged against spiritualists, that we require some break in the law of continuous development, and some exertion of a higher power to create and bring into the human organism this strange and useless "unconscious *ego*" — useless except to puzzle us with insoluble problems, and make our whole nature and existence seem more mysterious than ever. Of course this unconscious *ego* is supposed to die with the conscious man, for if not, we are introduced to a new and gratuitous difficulty, of the relation of these two intelligences and characters, distinct yet bound indissolubly together, in the after life.

Finding, therefore, that the theory of duplex personality creates more difficulties than it solves, while the facts it proposes to explain can be dealt with far more thoroughly on the spiritual hypothesis, let us pass on to consider the further evidence we possess for the agency of the spirits of the dead, or of some other preter-human intelligences.

We will first consider the case of Mrs. Menneer, who dreamed twice the same night, that she saw her headless brother standing at the foot of the bed with his head lying on a coffin

* This was Sir David Brewster's expression after witnessing Home's phenomena. See Home's "Incidents of my Life," Appendix, p. 245.

by his side. She did not at the time know where her brother, Mr. Wellington, was, except that he was abroad. He was, however, at Sarawak, with Sir James Brooke, and was killed during the Chinese insurrection there, in a brave attempt to defend Mrs. Middleton and her children. Being taken for the Rajah's son, his head was cut off and carried away in triumph, his body being burned with the Rajah's house. The date of the dream coincided approximately with that of the death.* Now in this case it is almost certain that the head was cut off *after* death, since these Chinese were not trained soldiers, but gold miners, who would strike, and stab, and cut with any weapons they possessed, but could certainly not kill a European on his defence by cutting off his head at a blow. The impression on the sister's brain must, therefore, have been made either by the dead brother, or by some other intelligence, probably the latter, as it was clearly a symbolic picture, the head resting on the coffin showing that the head alone was recovered and buried. In a published letter of Sir James Brooke's he says — "Poor Wellington's remains were likewise consumed, his head borne off in triumph, *alone attesting* his previous murder."

Another case recorded in the same volume, is still more clear against the theory of telepathy between living persons. Mrs. Storie, of Edinburgh, living at the time in Hobart Town, Tasmania, one night dreamed a strange, confused dream, like a series of dissolving views. She saw her twin brother sitting in the open air, in the moonlight, sideways, on a raised place. Then he lifted his arm saying, "*The train, the train!*" Something struck him, he fell down fainting, a large dark object came by with a *swish*. Then she saw a railway compartment, in which sat a gentleman she knew, Rev. Mr. Johnstone. Then she saw her brother again. He put his right hand over his face as if in grief. Then a voice, not his voice, telling her he was going away. The same night her brother was killed by a train, having sat down to rest on the side of the track and fallen asleep. The details in the dream, of which the above is a bare abstract, were almost exactly as in the event, and the Mr. Johnstone of the dream was in the train that killed her brother. Now this last mentioned fact could not have been known to the dead man during life, and the

* Phantasms of the Living, Vol. I., p. 365.

dream-picture of the event must, therefore, have been due to the telepathic power of the dead man, or of some spirit-friend acquainted with the facts, and wishing to give a proof of spirit-life.

Take next the case of the Glasgow manufacturer settled in London, who dreams that one of his workmen in Glasgow, whom he had befriended as a lad, but with whom he had not had any direct relations for many years, comes to speak to him, begging him not to believe what he is accused of doing. On being asked what it is, he repeats three times, emphatically, "Ye'll sune ken." The dreamer also notices that the man has a remarkable appearance, bluish pale with great drops of sweat on his face. On awaking, his wife brings him a letter from his manager in Glasgow, telling him that this man, Robert Mackenzie, has committed suicide by drinking *aqua fortis*. The symptoms of poisoning by *aqua fortis* are those observed in the dream figure.* Here the man had died two days before the dream, which was just in time to correct the false impression of suicide that would have been produced by the letter. The whole of the features and details of the dream are such as could hardly have been due to any other agent than the dead workman himself, who was anxious that a master who had been kind to him when a lad, should not be led to credit the false accusation against him.

Dreams giving the details of funerals at a distance are not uncommon. As an example we have one in which Mr. Stainton Moses was invited to the funeral of a friend in Lincolnshire, but could not go. About the time of the funeral, however, he fell into a trance, and appeared to be at the ceremony, and on again becoming conscious, wrote down all the details, describing the clergyman, who was not the one who had been expected to officiate, the churchyard, which was at a distance in Northamptonshire, with a particular tree near the grave. He then sent this description to a friend who had been present, and who wrote back in astonishment as to how he could have obtained the details. † This may be said to be mere clairvoyance; but clairvoyance is a term that explains nothing, and is quite as mysterious and unintelligible if supposed to occur without the intervention of disembodied intelligences as if with their help. These cases

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Pt. VIII. pp. 95-98.
† Harrison's "Spirits before our Eyes," p. 148.

also merge into others which are of a symbolical nature, and which clairvoyance of actual scenes at a distance cannot explain. A well-attested case of this kind is the following:

Philip Weld, a student at a Catholic College, was drowned in the river at Ware, Hertfordshire, in the year 1846. About the same hour as the accident, the young man's father and sister, while walking on the turnpike road near Southampton, saw him standing on the causeway with another young man in a black robe. The sister said, "Look, papa, there is Philip." Mr. Weld replied, "It is Philip indeed, but he has the look of an angel." They went on to embrace him, but before reaching him a laboring man seemed to walk through the figures, and then with a smile both figures vanished. The President of the College, Dr. Cox, went immediately to Southampton, to break the sad news to the father, but before he could speak, Mr. Weld told him what he had seen, and said he knew his son was dead. A few weeks afterwards, Mr. Weld visited the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst in Lancashire, and in the guest-room saw a picture of the very same young man he had seen with his son, similarly dressed, and in the same attitude, and beneath the picture was inscribed "St. Stanislaus Kotska," a saint of the Jesuit order who had been chosen by Philip for his patron saint at his confirmation. *

Now, here is a case in which phantasms of the son and of another person appear to two relatives, and the presence of the unknown person was eminently calculated, when his identity was discovered, to relieve the father's mind of all fear for his son's future happiness. It is hardly possible to have a clearer case of a true phantasm of the dead, not necessarily produced either *by* the dead son or the Jesuit saint, but most probably by them, or by some other spirit friend who had the power to produce such phantasms, and so relieve the anxiety of both father and sister. It is not conceivable that any living person's telepathic action could have produced such phantasms in two percipients, the only possible agent being the President of the College, who did not recognize by Mr. Weld's description, the dark-robed young man who appeared with his son.

This introduces a feature rather common in phantasms of

* Harrison's "Spirits before our Eyes," p. 116, extracted from "Glimpses of the Supernatural," by the Rev. F. G. Lee.

the dead some indication of happiness, something to take away any feeling of gloom or sorrow. Thus, a young man is drowned by the foundering of the La Plata telegraphic ship in December, 1874; and, just before the news arrived, his brother in London dreamed that he was at a magnificent fête, in a spacious garden with illuminated fountains and groups of gentlemen and ladies, when he met his brother in evening dress, and "the very image of buoyant health." He was surprised, and said: "Hallo! D ——, how are you here?" His brother shook hands with him and said: "Did you not know I have been wrecked again?" The next morning the news of the loss of the ship was in the papers.* Here, whether the phantasm was caused by the dead man himself, or by some other being, it was apparently intended to show that the deceased was as cheerful and well off after death as during life.

So, when the voice of Miss Gambier Parry was heard twelve hours after her death by her former governess, Sister Bertha, at the House of Mercy, Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, it said, "in the brightest and most cheerful tone, 'I am here with you.'" And on being asked, "Who are you?" the voice replied, "You mustn't know yet." †

And again, when a gentleman going to the dining-room for an evening smoke, sees his sister-in-law, he says: "Maggie suddenly appeared, dressed in white, with a most heavenly expression on her face. She fixed her eyes on me, walked round the room, and disappeared through the door that leads into the garden." ‡ This was the day after her death. Yet one more instance: Mr. J. G. Kenlemaus, when in Paris, was awoke one morning by the voice of a favorite little son of five years old, whom he had left quite well in London. He also saw his face in the centre of a bright opaque white mass, his eyes bright, his mouth smiling. The voice heard was that of extreme delight, such as only a happy child can utter. Yet the child had then just died. § Whose telepathic influence caused this phantasm of this happy, smiling child to appear to the father? Surely no living person, but rather some spirit friend or guardian wishing to show that the

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Part XIV., p. 456.
† Phantasms of the Living, Vol. I., p. 522.
‡ Phantasms of the Living, Vol. II., p. 702.
§ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Vol. I., p. 126.

joyousness of life still remained with the child, though its earthly body was cold and still.

Another characteristic feature of many of these dreams or waking phantasms is that they often occur, not at the moment of death but just before the news of the death reaches the percipient, or there is some other characteristic feature that seems especially calculated to cause a deep impression, and give a lasting conviction of spiritual existence. Several cases of this kind are given or referred to in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (Pt. XV., pp. 30, 31). A most extraordinary example is that of Mr. F. G., of Boston, then of St. Louis, Mo., who, when in St. Joseph, Mo., fully occupied with business, saw a phantasm of his only sister, who had been dead nine years. It was at noonday while he was writing, and she appeared close to him and perfectly life-like, so that for a moment he thought it was really herself, and called her by her name. He saw every detail of her dress and appearance, and particularly noticed a bright red line or scratch on the right hand side of her face. The vision so impressed him that he took the next train home, and told what he had seen to his father and mother. His father was inclined to ridicule him for his belief in its being anything supernatural, but when he mentioned the scratch on the face his mother nearly fainted, and told them with tears in her eyes, that she had herself made that scratch accidentally, after her daughter's death, but had carefully hidden it with powder, and that no living person but herself knew of it. A few weeks after, the mother died happy in her belief that she would rejoin her daughter in a better world.* Here we can clearly see an important purpose in the appearance of the phantasm, to give comfort to a mother about to die, in the assurance that her beloved daughter, though mourned as dead, was still alive.

A case which illustrates both of the characteristics just alluded to, is that of the Rev. C. C. Wambey of Salisbury, England, who, one Sunday evening, was walking on the downs, engaged in composing a congratulatory letter to a very dear friend so that he might have it on his birthday, when he heard a voice saying, "What, write to a dead man; write to a dead man!" No one was near him, and he tried to

* I. Proc. Soc., Ps. Res., Part xv. p. 17, 18.

think it was an illusion, and went on with his composition, when again he heard the voice saying more loudly than before, "What, write to a dead man; write to a *dead* man!" He now understood the meaning of the voice, but, nevertheless, sent the letter, and in reply received the expected intelligence that his friend was dead. Surely, in this case no living agent could have produced this auditory phantasm, which was strikingly calculated to impress the recipient with the idea that his friend was, though dead as regards the earthly life, in reality very much alive, while the spice of banter in the words would tend to show that death was by no means a melancholy event to the subject of it.

In view of the examples now given of phantasms appearing for a very definite purpose, and being in most cases perfectly adapted to produce the desired effect — examples which could be very largely increased from the rich storehouse of the publications of the Society for Psychical Research — the theory put forth by Mr. Myers, that phantasms of the dead are so vague and purposeless as to suggest mere "dead men's dreams" telepathically communicated to the living, seems to me a most extraordinary one. No doubt the range of these phenomena is very great, and in some cases there may be no purpose in the appearance so far as the percipient is concerned. But these are certainly not typical or by any means the best attested or the most numerous; and it seems to me to be a proof of the weakness of the telepathic theory that almost all the cases I have adduced, and many more of like import, have been passed by almost or quite unnoticed by those who support that view.

We have one more class of evidence to notice, — that of premonitions. These are of all kinds from those announcing very trivial events, to such as foretell accidents or death. They are not so frequent as other phantasms, but some of them are thoroughly well attested, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they are realities, and that they are due, generally speaking, to the same agencies as objective veridical phantasms. One or two examples may be given.

A striking case is that of Mrs. Morrison, who was living in the Province of Wellesley, Malay Peninsula, in 1878, and one morning, when awake, heard a voice distinctly say, "If there is darkness at the eleventh hour, there will be death." On starting up in bed the same words were slowly and delib-

erately repeated. A week afterwards her little girl was taken seriously ill, and some days later, after a week of cloudless weather, a storm came on one morning, a few minutes before eleven, and the sky became black with clouds. At one o'clock the same day the child died.* The unusual character of the warning renders this case a very remarkable one.

In another case, Miss R. F. Curtis, of London, dreams that she sees a lady in black who passes her, and is then seen lying on the road, with a crowd of people round her. Some think she is dead, some that she is not dead; and on asking her name, the dreamer is told she is Mrs. C——, a friend living on Clapham Common, who had not been heard of for some time. In the morning Miss Curtis tells her sister of her dream; and about a week afterwards, they hear that the day after the dream, Mrs. C—— had stumbled over a high curb-stone, and had fallen on the road very much hurt.

Still more extraordinary is the case of the Yorkshire vicar, who, when a young man of nineteen, was at Invercargill, in New Zealand, and there met a man he knew as a sailor on the ship he had come out in, and agreed to go with him and several others on an excursion to the island of Ruapuke, to stay a day or two for fishing and shooting. They were to start at four the next morning, in order to cross the bar with the high tide, and they agreed to call the vicar in time. He went to bed early with the fullest intention to go with them, and with no doubt or hesitation in his mind. The thing was settled. On his way upstairs to bed he seemed to hear a voice saying, "*Don't go with those men.*" There was no one near, but he asked, "Why not?" The voice, which seemed inside him, said with emphasis, "You are *not* to go"; and on further question these words were repeated. Then he asked, "How can I help it? They will call me up." And, most distinctly and emphatically, the same voice said, "*You must bolt your door.*" When he got to the room, he found there was a strong bolt to the door, which he had not remembered. At first he determined he would go, as he was accustomed to take his own way at all hazards. But he felt staggered, and had a feeling of mysterious peril, and after much hesitation finally bolted the door, and went to sleep. In the morning about three he was called, the door violently shaken and

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Part XIII., p. 305.

kicked but though awake he did not speak, and finally the men went away cursing and shouting. About nine o'clock he went down to breakfast, and was at once asked if he had heard what had happened, and was then told that the boat with the party for Ruapuke had been upset on the bar, and *every one of them drowned*. Some of the bodies were washed up on the beach that day, and the others a day or two later, and he adds: "If I had been with them, I must have perished beyond a doubt."

Now what are we to say of this determined, warning voice that insisted on being heard and attended to? Who and what was the being that foresaw the catastrophe that was to happen, and saved the one that it could save? Du Prel would say that it was the second self, the unconscious *ego*, that produced this inner voice; but, as we have shown, this purely hypothetical explanation is both unintelligible and inconceivable, and explains nothing, since the suggested cause has not been proved to exist, nor can it be shown how the knowledge exhibited had been acquired. But phantasms of the dead, manifesting themselves in a way to prove their identity, or exhibiting knowledge which neither the percipient nor any conceivable living agent possesses, afford strong proof that the so-called dead still live, and are able in various ways to influence their friends in earth-life. We will, therefore, briefly summarize the evidence now adduced, and see how the spiritualistic theory gives a consistent and intelligible explanation of it.

It is evident that any general theory of phantasms must deal also with the various cases of "doubles," or undoubted phantasms of the living. The few examples of apparent voluntary production of these by a living person have been supposed to prove the actual production by them, or by their unconscious *egos*; but the difficulties in the way of this view have been already pointed out. In many cases there is no exercise of will, sometimes not even a thought directed to the place or person where, or to whom, the phantasm appears; and it is altogether irrational to ascribe the production of so marvellous an effect as, for example, a perfectly life-like phantasm of two persons, a carriage, and a horse, visible to three persons at different points of its progress through space (as described in my first article), to an agent who is totally unconscious of any agency in the matter. What is termed the agent, that

is the person whose "double" is produced, may be a *condition* towards the production of the phantasm without being the *cause*. I write a telegram to a friend a thousand miles away, and that friend receives my message in an hour or two. But the possibility of sending the message does not reside in me, but in a whole series of contributory agencies from the earliest inventors of the telegraph, down to the clerks who transmit and receive the message.

The clue to a true explanation of these very puzzling "doubles," as of all the other varied phenomena of phantasms and hauntings is, I believe, afforded by the following passage by one of the most thoughtful and experienced of modern spiritualists, Dr. Eugene Crowell: —

"I have frequently consulted my spirit friends upon this question, and have invariably been told by them that a spirit while in mortal form cannot for an instant leave it; were it to do so, death would at once ensue; and, that the appearance of one's self at another place from that in which the body at the moment is, is simply a personation by another spirit, who thus often accomplishes a purpose desired by his mortal friend, or some other useful purpose is accomplished by the personation. I am informed, and believe, that in cases of trance, where the subjects have supposed that their spirits have left their bodies, and visited the spheres, their minds have been psychologically impressed with views representing spiritual scenes, objects, and sounds, and many times these impressions are so apparently real and truthful that the reality itself barely exceeds these representations of it, but these are all subjective impressions, not actual experiences." *

Accepting, then, as proved by the various classes of phantasms and the information conveyed by them, that the spirits of the so-called dead still live, and that some of them can, under special conditions, and in various ways, make their existence known to us, or influence us unconsciously to ourselves, let us see what reasonable explanation we can give of the cause and purpose of these phenomena.

In every case that passes beyond simple transference of a thought from one living person to another, it seems probable that other intelligences co-operate. There is much evidence to show that the continued association of spirits with mortals

* Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, Vol. II, p. 109.

is in many cases beneficial or pleasurable to the former, and if we remember the number of very commonplace people who are daily and yearly dying around us, we shall have a sufficient explanation of those trivial and commonplace yet veridical dreams and impressions which at first sight seem so unintelligible. The production of these dreams, impressions, and phantasms, may be a pleasurable exercise of the lower spiritual faculties, as agreeable to some spirits as billiards, chemical experiments, or practical jokes are to some mortals.

Many hauntings, on the other hand, seem to show one mode of the inevitable punishment of crime in the spirit world. The criminal is drawn by remorse or by some indefinable attraction, to haunt the place of his crime, and to continually reproduce or act over some incidents connected with it. It is true that the victim appears in haunted houses, as often as the criminal, but it does not at all follow that the victim is always there, unless he or she was a participator in the crime, or continued to indulge feelings of revenge against the actual criminal.

Again, if there be a spiritual world, if those whose existence on earth has come to an end still live, what is more natural than that many spirits should be distressed at the disbelief, or doubt, or misconception, that so widely prevail, with respect to a future life, and should use whatever power they possess to convince us of our error. What more natural than that they should wish, whenever possible, to give some message to their friends, if only to assure them that death is not the end, that they still live, and are not unhappy. Many facts seem to show us that the beautiful idea of guardian spirits is not a mere dream, but a frequent, perhaps universal reality. Thus will be explained the demon of Socrates, which always warned him against danger, and the various forms of advice, information, or premonition which so many persons receive. The numerous cases in which messages are given from those recently dead, in order to do some trivial act of justice or of kindness, are surely what we should expect; while the fact that although indications are frequently given of a crime having been committed, it is but rarely that the criminal is denounced, indicates, either that the feeling of revenge does not long persist, or that earthly modes of punishment are not approved of by the denizens of the spirit world.

The powers of communication of spirits with us, and ours of

receiving their communications, vary greatly. Some of us can only be influenced by ideas or impressions, which we think are altogether the product of our own minds. Others can be so strongly acted on that they feel an inexplicable emotion, leading to action beneficial to themselves or to others. In some cases, warning or information can be given through dreams, in others by waking vision. Some spirits have the power of producing visual, others audible hallucinations to certain persons. More rarely, and needing more special conditions, they can produce phantasms, which are audible or visible to all who may be present — real entities which give off light or sound waves, and thus act upon our senses like living beings or material objects. Still more rarely these phantasms are tangible as well as visual — real though temporary living forms, capable of acting like human beings, and of exerting considerable force on ordinary matter.

If we look upon these phenomena not as anything supernatural, but as the perfectly natural and orderly exercise of the faculties and powers of spiritual beings for the purpose of communicating with those still in the physical body, we shall find every objection answered, and every difficulty disappear. Nothing is more common than objections to the triviality or the partiality of the communications alleged to be from spirits. But the most trivial message or act, if such that no living person could have given or performed it, may give proof of the existence of other intelligences around us. And the partiality often displayed, one person being warned and saved, while others are left to die, is but an indication of the limited power of spirits to act upon us, combined with the limited receptivity of spirit influence on our part. In conclusion, I submit, that the brief review now given of the various classes of phantasms of the living and of the dead, demonstrates the inadequacy of all the explanations in which telepathy between living persons, or the agency of the unconscious *ego* are exclusively concerned, since these explanations are only capable of dealing with a small proportion of the cases that actually occur. Furthermore, I urge, that nothing less fundamental and far-reaching than the agency of disembodied intelligences acting in co-operation with our own powers of thought-transference and spiritual insight, can afford a rational and intelligible explanation of the whole range of the phenomena.

MAPPEMONDE GÉOGRAPHIQUE DE LA PLANÈTE MARS.

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NEW DISCOVERIES ON THE PLANET MARS.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

However great the interest pertaining to things terrestrial, it is not unpleasant to rise from time to time a little higher, and live for a moment in contemplation of the immense perspective of infinity. The starry firmament, which surrounds us on all sides, is unceasingly observed by astronomers, and not unfrequently some new discovery causes us to advance one step further towards the solution of grand mysteries.

The childish notion that the planet on which we dwell is the only world inhabited — among the billions of globes which now exist, have heretofore existed, or may yet exist in the eternal immensity — is no longer held in our day, save by a few belated minds, who obstinately shut their eyes to the light of the sun. Our mediocre habitation has received from nature no special privileges; and every new investigation through the telescope shows that the other planets are, like our own, the seat of perpetual activity, in which all the physical forces are at work, giving birth to incessant and varied changes.

During the last few months * astronomers have been specially interested in discussions relating to observations recently made in regard to the planet Mars, which has this year come within reach of our observation,— only 44,552,229 miles (or 71,700,000 kilometers) away. Our attention has been fixed upon this planet the more, because, during several consecutive years, certain extraordinary meteorological and climatological events (extraordinary to us!) have been noticeable upon its surface. What we see there resembles what we see on earth; but one feels that it is an entirely different land, with different elements, different forces, different inhabitants. We see continents illuminated by the sun,— the very same sun which sustains our lives also, — and these continents reflect towards us his light. There are darker seas, which absorb that light, and seem, from our

* This article was written October 22, 1890.

standpoint, like gray spots, more or less broken up; snows, which in winter accumulate around the pole, and melt gradually away in the spring and summer, in proportion as the solar heat rises higher; fogs, which extend over the plains and mask them from our view; fleeting clouds, carried away by the wind; sunny mornings; noons resplendent with light; vaporous evenings, falling asleep in the glories of twilight. All these pictures, observable in Mars, remind us of our earth, and suggest to us some sort of kinship between that world and ours; but if we look farther, the resemblance is presently transformed, and is even almost obliterated, by certain strange metamorphoses.

This essay is to be devoted to a summary of the investigations upon this subject,— a summary as complete, however, as the limits will permit,— a subject eminently interesting from a double point of view, scientific and philosophic; and we shall dwell principally upon observations made during the current year.

I.

Assuredly we have all been greatly surprised, within the last few years, to see that the straight lines which cross the Martian continents, and bring all the seas into mutual communication, divide themselves into two parts at certain seasons. What are those rectilinear lines? Are they canals? This is the general belief; yet how can we explain the crossing of these watery currents by one another? There is an immense network of straight lines, more or less deep-colored. Can they be crevasses? They change in size. Are they vegetation? If so, it must be very rectilinear. Are they mists, or thick fogs? The explanation is difficult, at best; but it becomes still more so, when we see these enigmatical lines dividing themselves into two parts at certain seasons. No terrestrial phenomena can put us on the track of interpretation.

This year, moreover, not only have the canals been seen separating themselves into two parts, but lakes and seas have done the same. Take the following example.

The Lake of the Sun (Sol, or Soliel) is a small interior sea. It is very noticeable, and is situated at the intersection of the eighty-eighth longitudinal degree, with the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude. It measures seventeen degrees in length and fourteen in width, that is, 634 miles by 522

(1,020 by 840 kilometers). This means that its area is a little larger than that of France. Its form is almost circular, though often elongated from west to east. Well, this lake has been this year clearly seen divided into two distinct parts, as if by a sandbank or by a gigantic bridge.

One might think, for a moment, that a cloud had shadowed it; but this hypothesis cannot be maintained, inasmuch as so rectilinear, immovable, and durable a cloud would be a phenomenon in itself. Furthermore, exactly on each side of the separation can be seen, this year, a sort of elongation of the lake; and the canal, which empties into that basin, is likewise divided. The same is true of a little neighboring lake, which has been named Tithonius.

Besides, this great Lake of the Sun often shows itself united with another neighboring sea, and its surrounding waters, by three confluents, of which the two on the left have received the names of Ambrosia and of Nectar. Well, this year neither of these confluents has been visible except the one on the right; though four others have been discerned. This indeed changes the whole configuration of that great territory.

In order that our readers may obtain a correct idea of the changes observed, we will describe first the map of these regions, according to the best observations,— those of Signor Schiaparelli, Director of the Milan Observatory.

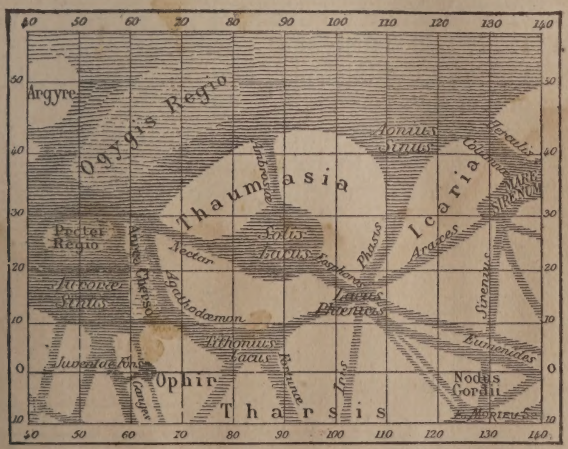

FIG. I.—HABITUAL ASPECT OF THE LAKE OF THE SUN, OR TERBY SEA.

In 1877 the lake was circular. A confluent bound it on the right to the small lake called Phœnix. A second confluent, larger but paler, connected it above to the Austral Sea. The author examined this region with special care, because its appearance differed sensibly from the drawings made by Dawes, Lockyer, and Kaiser, in 1862 and 1864. The lake was then oval, elongated from east to west. In 1877, on the contrary, it was "perfectly circular, with the shore slightly undulating," though sometimes it seemed rather elongated in the vertical direction, from north to south. Moreover, in 1862 and 1864, a *large* confluent could be seen on the left, binding the lake to the neighboring ocean; whereas the Milan observer saw this place open, and discovered, in 1877, the little circle inscribed under the name of Fountain of Youth (Fons Juventæ).

Mars returns towards the earth in 1879, and is again observed. Evident changes are noted. The confluent of which we have spoken, and which was altogether invisible in 1877, is now perceptible, although very thin, and receives the name of Nectar Canal. The Aurea Cherso is enlarged. The Chrysorrhoas has changed its place; and instead of descending vertically along the eighty-sixth degree, it starts from the seventy-eighth to reunite at the seventy-second. The lake is slightly elongated towards Nectar Canal, which gives it the form of a pear, whose stem rises from fifteen to twenty degrees. The superior confluent is incomparably narrower than in 1877, and receives the name of Ambrosia. Lake Phœnix is greatly diminished. One searches in vain for the Fountain of Youth.

There are new studies and new transformations in 1881. The lake shows itself to be decidedly longer from east to west, and is concentric with the outline of Thammaria. Phœnix Lake has become the centre of numerous confluents. The Agathadæmon gives birth to a lake already indicated in 1877, but now so greatly developed that it receives the name of Lake Tithonius. This view agrees with those of 1862 and 1864. The Fountain of Youth, which had disappeared in 1879, has now returned. *Che il Lago del Sole cambi di forma e di grandezza*, writes the eminent observer, *è cosa indubitabile*. ("It is an undeniable fact that the Lake of the Sun changes from time to time in form and size.") Its coloration is very dull; and it is darker when the rotation

brings it to the edge of the disk, than when it passes the central meridian. This is doubtless due, as in many other cases, to the fact that the surrounding regions then become whiter.

A sort of river, the Araxes, running directly from the Sirenum Sea to Lake Phœnix, is seen to be straight, and no longer serpentine as in 1877.

Behold a lake, or something resembling a lake, which was oval in 1862 and 1881, and round in 1877! and all its surroundings have changed correspondingly.

The following observations have been made this year, 1890. The Lake of the Sun is split into two parts. Little Lake Tithonius is also divided. The great confluent of the lake, which we have already likened to the stem of a pear, projects from the northeast, instead of from the southeast. The Ambrosia inclines to the right of the meridian, instead of the left. The Chrysorrhoas Canal is double as far as the Lake of the Moon (Luna), and beyond, as far as the Acidalium Sea. Two new confluents, heretofore unknown, flow from the Lake of the Sun.

FIG. II.—THE LAKE OF THE SUN IN 1890. (SPLIT IN TWO.)

Such is the state of things; and it cannot be doubted that real, incontestable, and important changes are taking place on the surface of this neighboring world. We certainly do not think these events will deprive any one of sleep. Everybody might remain entirely indifferent to them. We might ignore them altogether. Even astronomers might not trouble themselves about these changes, or assume that it is too early to attempt any explanation thereof. It is always premature

to make any effort towards the solution or a problem; and it is far easier to play cards or take a walk.

The question, however, is not lacking in interest. It is indeed remarkable, that from our earth we can see what is going on in Mars; but it is not less curious to observe that this neighboring planet — though much resembling our own, by its general constitution, its atmosphere, its waters, its snows, its continents, its climates, its seasons — yet differs from it, in the most singular way, by its geographical configuration, its divided canals, and especially by its power of superficial transformation, and of changing divisions in lakes themselves — of lakes as large as the whole of France.

How can these variations be explained? The most simple hypothesis would be to imagine that the surface of Mars is flat and sandy; that its lakes and canals have no beds, so to speak, but are very shallow, having a thin layer of water, which may easily contract, expand, overflow, or even change its location, according to atmospheric circumstances, rains, and perhaps tides. The atmosphere may be light, and the evaporation and condensation of the waters correspondingly easy. We should thus behold, from this distance, inundations more or less vast and prolonged The division this year of the Lake of the Sun, for example, would be due to a reduction or a displacement of the waters of that lake; and the separating line, in this case, might be regarded as an uncovered shoal.

More than one objection arises to this hypothesis. The first is, that it does not seem as if there could be less water in the lake, when the confluents are more numerous, and the one on the left is as large as an arm of the sea.

Is there displacement of water from the tides? This would ensure periodical changes, lasting only a few hours, and would not mark entire seasons, as is now the case.

Must we admit that the sandbank has risen above the level of the sea, and that the displacement of water is generally due to upheavals of the earthy bed? It is equally difficult to accept this interpretation: on the one hand, because such instability of the soil would be extraordinary; and on the other hand, because the upheavals of the soil would of necessity be usually rectilinear; and, finally, because the selfsame aspects are repeated, after intervals of several years. Besides, this hypothesis would not explain a capital

fact (one might say the *characteristic* fact) of the changes observable in Mars,— namely, the tendency to division into halves.

Let us proceed to the examination of other observations. A strait running from the triangular Hourglass (Sablier) Sea, and extending to Meridian Bay, is generally seen to be winding, and of a uniform gray color. This year the topographical aspect is entirely changed. Instead of being serpentine, the shore line is now straight, but double; and it is divided by a white longitudinal furrow. Meridian Bay, as usual, is also doubled; and so is a little, inferior lake.

It is this duplicating tendency which it specially behooves us to explain. If these duplicate canals are the two sides of a strip of water,— as one might be led to think, by the comparative aspect of this strait, which has many a time been seen more clearly in the central line than along the shores,— it remains for us to explain how this transformation takes place. The assumption that a sandbank rises thus seems rather bold; and, moreover, such an upheaval would cause the water on both sides to overflow, without necessarily giving rise to rectilinear shores.

II.

Let us, therefore, admit that it is extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to account for these transformations in Mars, by reference to the natural forces known to us. Let us also remember that we are not acquainted with all the natural forces, and that the nearest things often remain unknown.

Inhabitants of the tropical regions, who visit Paris for the first time in winter, and who have never before seen leafless trees, or snow, are amazed at our climate. It is an entirely new experience for them to take into their hands solidified water of such dazzling transparency; and they hesitate, for a moment, to believe that these black skeletons of trees will, a few months later, be clothed with luxuriant foliage.

Let us imagine the case of an inhabitant of Venus, who has never seen any snow. Would he be able, in telescopically observing our earth, to understand the meaning of the white spots covering our poles? Certainly not. We, in-

habitants of the earth, can comprehend the significance of the snows in Mars; but we cannot explain these variations of the water-line, these displacements of water, these rectilinear canals, and their curious divisions, because we have nothing similar on our own planet.

It may be admitted that inundations are the cause of the widening of the shores, such as have been observed along Hourglass Sea, and on the Lybia, below the Flammarion Sea. As much may be admitted about the regions which from time to time become a little darker; but the displacements and transformations seem of a different order.

The straight lines do not seem natural to us inhabitants of the earth. Besides, they bisect one another at all sorts of angles. Never have earth's rivers been seen crossing each other in this way. Shall we admit that the soil is perfectly level, that these waters have therefore no proper course or inclination, and that this watery network is somehow connected with irrigating canals? All these watercourses vary so strangely, both in aspect and size, that we remain confounded; and although the tint of the courses is often as dark as that of the seas, though reddish, rather than bluish or greenish, the notion of these being real currents of water gradually loses all semblance to reality.

For example, in 1877 Hourglass Sea was very narrow, and none of the canals were duplicated. One, in particular, was observed, to which the name of Pison was given. In 1879 a larger sea, the Nile, seems to have changed its course, and two canals are seen, where there was only one. In 1882 there were new changes in the course of the Nile, with division and duplication. The two canals of 1879 showed themselves likewise as divided and duplicated; and five others were discovered. In 1888 there were more changes. The Euphrates, the Pison, the Nile (now called Protonilus) showed themselves duplicated, as in 1882; and new separations were seen, in Astaboras and another canal. In 1890 the Euphrates and the Pison show themselves divided. A portion of the Protonilus is also divided, but not the Astaboras. A canal has disappeared; and, as we have already said, the superior strait is divided in the direction of its length.

It is very difficult to admit that these straight, yet variable lines are really water. It is true that they all, without

exception, have, at their two extremities, a sea, a lake, or a canal, and that consequently water cannot be foreign to them. Can they have originated in geometrical ravines, due to some natural process in the formation of Mars? Perhaps so; but crevasses alone, even when filled with water, would not account for the variations observed, concerning which we must give a few more details.

The canals are at times completely hidden from our sight, even under the best conditions for observation. This seems to happen especially towards the southern solstice of the planet.

They differ greatly in size. For instance, the Nilosyrtis measures sometimes five degrees, or 186 1-2 miles (300 kilometers); while at other times it measures less than one degree, or 37 1-4 miles (60 kilometers).

The length of some canals is immense, measuring more than one-fourth of the meridian, — that is, more than 3,355 1-2 miles (5,400 kilometers).

All these canals change in size. All, or nearly all, divide into two parts. This process of duplication is most wonderful. In two days, in twenty-four hours, and even in less time, the transformation occurs simultaneously throughout the whole length of the canal. When the transformation is to take place, the canal, until then single and clear, like a black line, becomes nebulous and grows wider. This nebulosity is then transformed into two straight parallel lines, like a multitude of scattered soldiers, ranging themselves suddenly into two columns at a given signal. The distance between the two parallel canals, resulting from this new distribution and arrangement, averages six degrees, or 223 3-4 miles (360 kilometers).

It is sometimes only of three degrees, or 111 3-4 miles (180 kilometers), for small and very narrow canals. Sometimes, on the contrary, the intervening distance rises to ten or twenty degrees, and even more; that is to say, to 372 3-4, or 435 miles (600 or 700 kilometers), or even more, for the longest and widest canals.

When a double canal is crossed transversely by another canal, and one of the streams is larger and more intense on one side of the intersection, the other band will appear so likewise.

If one stream is very meagre, and hardly visible on one

side of the intersection, it will be the same with the other. Thus it happens, at times, that one of the two streams is not seen at all, and the canal then appears to be double on one side, and single on the other. The transverse canal consequently acts on the former.

Sometimes the two lines are regular, and their axes perfectly parallel, but the whole canal is surrounded by a sort of penumbra. Commonly, however, the two lines are marked with absolute regularity and geometric clearness. Moreover, the doubling of a canal causes any irregularities to disappear, which might have existed while the canal was single; and other canals, though slightly curved, divide into perfectly straight branches, as happened to the Jamuna, in 1882, and to the Boreasyptis, in 1888.

The aspect of an offshoot often changes, according to certain epochs. In 1882, for instance, two bands of the Euphrates showed a slight convergence towards the north; while, in 1888, the same two bands were equidistant at all points. The interval between the two bands varies with their width, according to years. At the points of intersection, where single or double canals meet, is often seen a black spot, resembling a lake. The aspect of these knots changes in a manner similar to the variation of the canal. When all the canals ending in a knot are obscure, the knot also is obscure; or, rather, it appears like a light and diffused shadow. The appearance of canals, single or double, produces a confused spot, which sometimes doubles in the direction of the strongest canal. For example, in 1881 the Protonilus Canal, which is bisected by the Euphrates, was double and thick, and the intersecting lake took the same form.

III.

If we admit the accuracy of these observations,— and it seems difficult to do otherwise,— we must conclude that they indicate great variability. The productive cause of these offshoots operates not only along the canals, but also upon watery patches of various forms, provided they are not too vast.

This cause seems to extend its power even to the permanent seas. Of this we have had a new proof this year, in the strait called Herschel Second. The tendency to bisect dark spaces with yellow bands manifests itself also in the

production of regular isthmuses, which form in certain parts of the northern hemisphere of the planet.

These variations are connected with the seasons. As an example, let us proceed to the consideration of those observed by Signor Schiaparelli along the large canal, Hydraotes-Nilus.

The following is the history of the duplication process in this large canal. In 1879 the vernal equinox took place in Mars on January 22. A month before, on December 21, the Lake of the Moon became darker and larger. Two days after this, on December 23, it took the form of a trapeze, composed of four black bands, in the midst of which was the island, well defined, and of an ordinary yellow color. Meanwhile the Nile remained single; but on December 26 that also became double, the two lines being perfectly equal, but not so wide and dark as the two strips of the Lake of the Moon.

The observations relative to this process of duplication were resumed on the return of the planet to our neighborhood in 1881. That year the vernal equinox took place on December 9. The divisions of the Lake of the Moon and the Ganges were well defined, while the Nile was single. On January 11 the Nile also became double; and on January 13 the same division was perceptible in the Ganges. On January 19 the Lake of the Moon again assumed the trapezoid form, with the yellow island in the centre. On February 23 one part of Hydraotes was double, while the other part remained single.

These curious observations were again pursued in 1886. On March 29 Hydraotes and Nile were clearly seen to be double, each strip being very large,—about four degrees, or 149 1-8 miles (240 kilometers), and were reddish in color, darker than the surrounding yellow background. The interval between them was from nine to ten degrees. The northern solstice occurred on March 31. These variations evinced a regularity in sequence. They were, moreover, certain and incontrovertible.

Such are the facts recently observed in the planet Mars,—facts concerning which our readers are now precisely informed. These are not imaginary conceptions, but come from trustworthy observations. Our explanations may seem rather technical, and devoid of ornamentation; but they will be, for that very reason, more intrinsically valuable.

Let us now admit that it is easier to describe the phenom-

ena than to explain them; for we have nothing similar upon our globe.

Water, the movable element *par excellence*, must play an important role in these changes. Water certainly exists in Mars, for this is proved by the analysis in the solar spectrum; and we can see it in the form of clouds.

Moreover, photography has this year detected in Mars a snowstorm, which in twenty-four hours covered a territory larger than the United States. Mr. Pickering has, among other things, taken fourteen Martian photographs, from Mount Wilson, California. Seven of them were taken on April 9, between 22 h. 56 m. and 23 h. 41 m., average Greenwich time, and the other seven were taken on the following night, between 23 h. 20 m., and 23 h. 32 m. It is, therefore, the same face of the planet which is pictured in these two cases. On each proof can be seen perfectly distinct geographical configurations; but the white polar spot, which marks the southern pole, is a great deal vaster in the second night's pictures than in the first night's. We have long been aware that these polar spots vary with the Martian seasons, diminishing in summer and increasing in winter; but this is the first time that the precise date of any considerable extension of these snows has been registered. The southern border of the planet was at eighty-five degrees latitude. The snow extended, on one side, as far as the terminus, which was at seventy degrees longitude, and along the thirtieth parallel of latitude it extended as far as the one hundred and tenth degree of longitude; and then, from the one hundred and forty-fifth degree of longitude, and the forty-fifth degree of latitude, as far as the border of the planet. It must likewise have covered part of the other hemisphere, invisible to us. "The visible extent of these snows," writes Mr. Pickering, "was really immense, since it covered an area almost as large as the United States."

During the forenoon of April 9 these polar snows were feebly marked, as if they were veiled by mist, or by small and separate bodies, too feeble to be reproduced individually by the photograph; but on April 10 the whole region was illuminated, the scene equalling in splendor the snows of our North Pole. The date of this event corresponds with the end of the winter season of the southern hemisphere of Mars, which corresponds to the middle of our February.

The explanation of these changes is easily furnished by terrestrial analogies. We have witnessed an immense snowfall in the southern hemisphere of Mars. These aspects are so evident upon each of the fourteen photographs, that the mere sight thereof enables us to indorse each with its proper date.

We might perhaps imagine that water exists in Mars in a fifth state, intermediate between mist and fluid. On our world water presents itself to us in four greatly differing conditions, — the solid states of ice and snow, which also differ from each other; the liquid state common in the average temperature and atmospheric pressure; the vesicular state of mist and clouds; and the invisible state of transparent vapor. We can imagine a fifth form, the viscous, which would account for these variable Martian formations, whose duration may last for several months.

But why these straight lines, and why these duplications? We have not yet ascertained, but we are not forbidden to continue the search. The science of physical astronomy has, for the last few years, made such rapid progress, that things now appear real which, less than a quarter of a century ago, were considered merely as so many dreams. On the one hand, optical instruments have been considerably improved. We do not mean merely that certain gigantic glasses have far surpassed their predecessors, but that middle-sized instruments have gained both in clearness and definitive power.

On the other hand, observers have entered the field of minute investigation, with an energetic patience and untiring perseverance which have led them to the discovery of secrets of Nature heretofore unknown. Among these studies, that of the constitution of the worlds composing our planetary system has been the goal of the happiest researches; and, among the different worlds of our solar archipelago, the planet Mars has allowed the terrestrial eye to intimately penetrate its organization, and to detect some of the movements taking place on its surface.

We have wished, in this paper, to present to those of our readers who interest themselves in the wonders of the heavens, an exposé of certain unforeseen facts which have lately come to our knowledge. In transporting ourselves for an instant to a neighboring world, we enter into a more direct relation with Nature, in whose bosom all worlds and beings move, and

we gain a better knowledge of the universe of which we are an integral part.

IV.

Let us recall, in closing, the special conditions of Mars, in regard to habitability.

Our readers are aware that Mars circles next beyond the earth, in the order of planetary distance from the sun. Our earth is placed at a distance of 91,962,760 miles (148,000,000 kilometers) from the sun, about which it effects a revolution once in 365 1-4 days, with the rapidity of 1,598,163 3-4 miles (2,572,000 kilometers) per day. Mars revolves at a distance of 139,808,250 miles (225,000,000 kilometers); and his years are longer than ours, measuring 687 days each, while he swings along at a velocity of 1,287,478 3-4 miles, (2,072,000 kilometers) per day. The average distance, therefore, between these two orbits, of Mars and our world, is 47,845, 490 miles (77,000,000 kilometers). This is the distance at which the planet passes, when it reaches the vicinity of our own planet. Their orbits not being exactly circular, but elliptic, the minimum distance between them varies. It may go down to 34,175,350 miles (55,000,000 kilometers), or it may rise to 62,137,000 miles (100,000,000 kilometers). Even in its closest proximity, the planet still appears to be sixty-three times smaller than the moon. Therefore, a telescope, with a magnifying power of sixty-three diameters, makes Mars appear to us as if he enjoyed the same dimensions the moon presents to the naked human eye. A magnifying power of six hundred and thirty shows Mars to us as if he were ten times larger in diameter than our satellite appears, when seen with the naked eye.

Mars is smaller than the planet we inhabit. If we represent the diameter of the earth as one hundred, that of Mars must be represented by fifty-three, or a little more than half the diameter of the earth; and this diameter is 4,256 1-2 miles (6,850 kilometers). The circumference of Mars is 13,359 1-2 miles (21,500 kilometers). This is about twice the circumference of the moon, whose diameter can be expressed, according to the preceding proportion, as twenty-seven, and is 2,159 1-4 miles (3,475 kilometers).

Mars turns on its axis once in twenty-four hours, thirty-

seven minutes, and twenty-three seconds, and numbers. in consequence of this rotation, 668 days in one of its years.

Its seasons are like ours in temperature, the inclination of the planet's axis being almost the same as ours. (24° 52′), but each season is about twice as long as ours. Spring lasts about 191 days; summer, 181; autumn, 149; and winter, 147. Its atmosphere appears to be similar to that we breathe. Clouds, rain, snow, ice, mist, fine days and foul, succeed one another very much as they do here.

Mars, however, is a great deal lighter than the earth. If we represent the weight of the earth by one hundred, that of Mars would be eleven. That is to say, Mars is about one-tenth as heavy as our globe. The average density of the materials whereof Mars is composed is seventy-one, according to the proportion above adopted, the density of our world's materials being represented by one hundred. The weight of substances on the surface of Mars is correspondingly less than the weight of substances on the earth, and is expressed by 37.6. That is to say, one kilogram here would weigh only 376 grams there; and a man weighing 70 kilograms (140 pounds) on the earth would weigh only 26 kilograms (52 pounds) in Mars.

Let us add, in order to complete this general survey, that Mars wanders in space attended by two smaller satellites, whose diameters do not seem greater than the breadth of the city of Paris, from six to eight miles. These satellites revolve very rapidly around their planet, the one nearest in seven hours, thirty-nine minutes, fifteen seconds; and the other in thirty hours, seventeen minutes, and fifty-four seconds. To the eyes of the inhabitants of Mars, their first moon rises in the west and sets in the east.

According to the totality of investigations into the physical constitution of Mars, that planet actually appears to be, like our own, the seat of great activity. Mars resembles our world in many respects, though differing from it in others. Mars is older than our world, yet is smaller and less important in bulk. It must have passed through its stages of development more rapidly than our globe, and is doubtless farther advanced in its progressive vitality. Its waters appear to be already partially absorbed. Its mountains have perhaps been destroyed, razed by cyclic

periods of disintegration, through the influence of rain, frost, wind, and tempest. Yet the unceasing activity which it betrays, seems to establish a sort of planetary kinship between that world and ours; and the studiously minute attention, bestowed upon everything discoverable on its surface, will be, for the astronomer and thinker, an inexhaustible source of satisfaction and emotion, and probably of surprise. Optical instruments will rise from perfection unto perfection, and the perseverance of astronomical observers will be rewarded by unexpected discoveries. Who can forecast the progress which the future of science holds in reserve for the conquest of the sidereal universe?

[The author of this valuable paper adds the following personal paragraphs.— Ed.]

Postscript: I have continued my observations on Mars up to the moment of mailing this article, October 22. This planet, which, on June 5, swept by us at a distance of only 44,552,229 miles (71,700,000 kilometers), is now 105,011,530 miles (169,000,000 kilometers) away from the earth,— that is to say, more than twice as far off, and its disk appears less than half as great in diameter. Nevertheless, I have been able to observe, on almost every clear day, the snow at the two Martian poles. The snow at the south pole is more extensive than at the north. The north pole has, however, already entered its winter season, having passed its autumnal equinox on July 3. The south pole has entered its summer season, but its snows are far from melting.

In passing, let us say that we know much more about the poles of Mars than we do of the earth's. Our poles, no man has ever seen.

The best time to observe Mars is in the half-hour preceding sunset,— that is, while there is yet daylight. One can then distinguish very clearly the wondrous Martian waters, and that distant world turning slowly before his very eyes. At one longitudinal degree in Mars, it is high noon. Over another degree, on the left, the sun is already setting; while over still another, at the right, the sun is just rising. One is irresistibly compelled to ask himself, What can be going on over there?

"THE FARMER, THE INVESTOR, AND THE RAILWAY."

BY C. WOOD DAVIS.

AGRICULTURE having been the first industry of settled life, we may assume that the farmer has pursued his calling since the dawn of civilization; yet, necessary as have been such labors, he has borne many burdens from which his brothers have been exempt, doubtless owing to the difficulty experienced in forming combinations with his fellows for concerted action, while those representing aggregates of capital, being comparatively few in numbers, easily effect such combinations. This is especially true of the present era, and of those controlling the great mass of capital represented by the railways of the country, nominally amounting to $9,369,000,000, and appearing to equal 60 per cent. while being not over 30 per cent. of the capital invested in farms, yet, the influence exerted upon economic and other questions by railway owners and farmers is in an inverse ratio to their respective numbers and the magnitude of their investments.

One is a compact force, disciplined, alert, living in the midst of the greatest activities; the other exceedingly more numerous, undisciplined, leading isolated lives and with few incentives to quickening thought.

Those familiar with the history of the last sixty years will not question the great benefits resulting from the construction of railways, or grudge the men who have carried forward these great undertakings a rich reward.

By the aid of the railway the wilderness has been made productive, countless farms brought within reach of the great markets, mines opened, mills, factories, and forges built, villages, towns, and cities brought into existence, and populous States carried to a higher development than would have been possible in centuries without such aids. Such are but a part of the beneficent results flowing from the construction of the railway.

While the builders of the railway have been exploiting a continent and piling up the greatest fortunes ever known, the farmer has taken an unproductive wilderness and literally hewn his way through the great forests which clothed seaboard and central region to the open prairie, there developing the most productive of States, continued his toilsome march up the arid slopes, scaled the mountains and planted orchard, vineyard, and farm by the shores of the Western Ocean.

His labors have enabled the nation to flood the markets with a plethora of bread, meat, and fibre, to meet the enormous expenditure of a devastating war, to repair the losses and havoc of those bloody days, and then to turn the balance of trade in our favor.

Willingly has the farmer performed this labor, expecting to share in the prosperity of the country, yet not always content with his part of the rewards, and coming to believe that those controlling the carriage of his products were exacting as toll more than a just proportion thereof. He has seen the carrier yearly adding to his property, building new lines from the tolls collected on the old, increasing his wealth and power, and leaving a constantly lessening proportion of the proceeds arising from the sale of farm products, to the grower. As population has increased, railway property has grown in relative value, as has the power of those controlling it, and this increase has been very largely made from revenues derived from tolls levied to pay interest and dividends on the water in the bonds and shares, hence made at the expense of railway users, a large part of whom are farmers.

All are fairly prosperous except such as are engaged in the basic industry of civilization, and the one cloud in the industrial horizon is the unsatisfactory condition of a large part of an agricultural population numbering some 25,000,000, and the railway is chargeable with so much of this as results from the exaction of unjust tolls, and this inquiry is instituted for the purpose of ascertaining if the complaints, as to the unreasonableness of such charges, are well grounded.

The highest tribunals hold that railway companies are public trusts, and can exercise the power to enter upon and take private property solely in their public character; and that the exercise of such exceptional power can be defended only upon the ground that the good of the public can best be subserved by a corporation under obligation to

treat all justly in rendering services which each citizen cannot perform for himself; that the State could perform the functions delegated to railway corporations, which are trusts organized for the service of the public and charged with remuneration for the private capital employed; that the corporations thus endowed must provide all needed facilities for conducting speedily the business for which they were created; and that the charge for the services rendered shall be no more than just and reasonable; and the Federal courts have not hesitated to determine what was a just and reasonable charge.

The Courts hold that rates fixed by the State are *prima facie* reasonable, and while railway companies cannot be barred from showing the unremunerative character of such rates, they can only do so by disclosing—in addition to the cost of maintenance and operation — the exact cost of the plant employed, and that in arriving at such cost account can be taken only of monies actually expended in construction and equipment. Railway companies have evinced no desire to make disclosures of this character, although it would be easy in this way to show that the schedule of rates established by the State was unremunerative, if such was the case.

The cost of maintaining and operating any given railway is readily ascertainable, and it should be equally easy to determine its cost, but such a procedure is surrounded with grave difficulties,—difficulties growing out of syndicates and construction companies, the manufacture of securities, of bond and stock waterings, the purchase and construction of branch lines at low cost, and unloading upon the stockholders at high cost. Stock and scrip dividends, bonus * of stock to purchaser of bonds, bonds sold to pay unearned dividends that much stock may be unloaded at high prices à la Wabash, the building of branch lines at low cost, capitalizing at high cost, and covering resulting profits into the treasury of the parent company to be distributed as dividends, and forever taxing the railway user to pay interest and dividends on the profits thus enjoyed, as well as by a thousand and one other shady devices by which water is added to the basic power of levying tolls and increasing the amount upon which the public is expected to furnish the means of paying interest and dividends.

*The Santa Fe and other companies have given as a bonus as much as ten shares of stock with each $1,000 bond sold.

The cost of the railway is known only to its managers, and rarely to them, as the constructors but seldom retain the management, and railway accounts are manipulated in numberless peculiar ways for the sophistication of investors. For instance, on page 184 of the 1889 report, of the Kansas R. R. Commissioners, there is appended to the statement of bonded indebtedness, made by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, this note: "The early records of the Company are very incomplete, and it is impossible to tell, with any accuracy, the amount realized from the issue of these bonds," *i. e.*, $14,061,500 of first mortgage, land grant, and consolidated bonds. Another typical case is that of a railway company in whose service was the writer, and which built a costly line of passenger steamers for lake service; but, by reason of the building of railways north and south of the lake, the operation of the line became unprofitable, the steamers were dismantled, engines sold, and the great sum they represented, dropped from the annual report of the company, without a word of explanation.

Managers dealing thus with stockholders, are not likely to be more frank with the public. Indeed the cost of the railway, and the manipulations of such cost, are of the professional secrets which are employed to defraud railway users and investors, and a case or two in point may not be uninteresting, as showing some of the processes adopted in the manufacture and marketing of stocks and bonds, which are so frequently but evidences of corporate fraud, rather than ownership.

An illustration of the ease with which investor and user are alike plundered, is found in the case of a corporation controlling a valuable dividend-paying property, which a second company parallel with expectation of profits only from construction, and by forcing a sale,—eventually effected,—to the older company, the result being the trebling of railway capital, without an increase of traffic.

Another form of corporate fraud is the payment of unearned dividends from the proceeds of bonds sold, thus adding to the capitalization, and necessitating the collection of unjust tolls to pay interest. These fraudulent payments are often made to enable the management to foist upon the public immense issues of worthless shares, such dividends being continued as long as bonds can be sold, and a market

found for the stock, and when one of these bubbles is about to burst, the manipulators make further vast profits, by selling "short," and then having disclosures made of the hopeless condition of the corporate finances.

Yet another form of corporate fraud is the purchase or construction of cheap branch lines, and selling them at two, three, or four times their cost to the Company of whose interests the profiting parties are the trustees. Sometimes these lines are consolidated with that of the parent company and new issues of securities made to cover the added mileage, while in other cases the old Company enables the schemers to sell immense issues of the shares and bonds of the auxiliary line at high prices by guaranteeing the bonds of the latter and leasing its road at an exorbitant rental. Loaded down in this way the old Company frequently ceases to pay dividends.

Again the parent Company resolves itself into a construction Company and covers into its treasury the profits arising from the construction of cheap branches. For instance, it is shown on page 391 of the 1889 report of the Kansas R. R. Commissioners that the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company derived a profit of $67,871 from the construction of ten and one half miles of road that should not have cost over $10,000 per mile, but which, with this profit added and stock issued for a nominal consideration, is capitalized for $28,845 per mile. This Company has built many hundred miles in recent years, and construction profits have aided in the payment of dividends on preferred stock, while providing a basis for levying, for all time, tolls to pay interest and dividends on the bonds and stock representing the profits divided. Thus, the greater the profits from construction, the greater the sums which can hereafter be extorted from the user of the railway.

* Poor's Manual shows that to make contemplated extensions the stock of the Missouri Pacific was, during 1886–87, increased $15,000,000, and the funded debt $14,376,000, and while the capitalization of the parent company was thus increased $29,379,000, † the lines built or purchased were capitalized from $8,000 to $52,000 per mile, the result of such multiple capitalization being to add an immense amount

*"Poor's Manual" is a compendium of such financial and traffic statements as the railway companies prepare for publication.

† August, 1890—It is now stated that the Missouri Pacific has added $20,000,000 to its capitalization.

of water to old as well as new issues. There are some very instructive phases of the construction of this new mileage. For instance the 310 miles of the auxiliary Fort Scott, Wichita & Western is shown by Mr. Poor to have cost $4,666,000; the funded debt is shown by Kansas R. R. Commission to be $5,666,000, and Mr. Poor shows that $4,666,000 of such bonds are deposited with the Union Trust Company to secure $4,666,000 of Missouri Pacific trust mortgage bonds issued to provide the $4,666,000, which the road is said to have cost. Has the user of this railway a right to ask what became of the other $1,000,000 of mortgage bonds and the $7,000,000 of capital stock upon which rates are based, and which make up a capitalization of $8,000,000 in excess of cost, and what was the consideration therefore?

In the case of the 411 miles of the Missouri Pacific's Den ver, M. & A. line, Mr. Poor shows the cost to have been $4,920,000, and Kansas report shows bonded debt to be $6,-561,000, the first mortgage bonds exceeding the cost by $1,641,000, and the entire capitalization being $8,202,000 in excess of cost, a large part of which cost was borne by the municipalities along the line. Like conditions obtain with all Missouri Pacific lines built of late years except two short ones not yet mortgaged.

Another mode of collecting excessive tolls and defrauding the public, is that practised by the subsidized Pacific lines in paying $900,000 per annum to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to forego competition, and then charging the public two or three times this sum to recoup themselves for such illegal diversion of corporate funds.

A unique case is that of an Ohio corporation, where the men who afterwards became the directors and managers gave their notes to certain bankers for money borrowed for the purpose of buying the shares which were to give them control of the corporation, and, having by this means secured control, applied — in whole or in part — to the payment of such notes, the first mortgage bonds of the company to the amount of $8,000,000, although such bonds had, in compliance with the requirements of the statutes of Ohio, been issued for the express purpose of equipments, double tracks, and other betterments.*

*See the seventh annual report of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company.

Many auxiliary lines have been built at costs ranging from $8,000 to $15,000 per mile, and capitalized at two, three, four, and even five times their cost, as in the case of the 107 miles of the Kansas Midland, costing, including a small equipment, but $10,200 per mile, of which 30 per cent. was furnished by the municipalities along its line, yet with construction profits and other devices this road shows a capitalization of $53,000 per mile.

Or take the 1055 miles in Kansas of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska built by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific in much the same way and capitalized for $38,000 per mile. Kansas municipalities aided to the extent of $2,500 per mile in building this road, receiving the stock of the company in exchange for municipal bonds; now, however, foreclosure proceedings are pending in the interest of and at the procurement of the parent company (which owns, practically, all the bonds and stock of the auxiliary line except the stock issued to the municipalities), whereby the municipalities are to be despoiled of this $2,500,000.

This is no uncommon device for plundering the farmer and other tax-payers; and railway presidents, directors, and managers, who would scorn to put their hands in the pocket of the farmer and abstract a (single) silver dollar, rarely hesitate when, by the devices described, they can take from the same farmer and his congeners a lump sum of $2,500,000, and the successful workers of such schemes, by one and the same act, acquire vast sums and a reputation for great financial ability.

Another type is found in the Marion and McPherson line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé,* built largely from old and much worn material, and originally capitalized for $28,000 per mile, being more than three times its cost. Under the recent re-organization of the Santa Fé, each mile represents a much larger sum; but how much larger I am unable to ascertain from the accounting officers of that company, to whom application was made for definite information.

Other Santa Fé lines show peculiar phases of railway administration. For instance, the Santa Fé, jointly with the St. Louis & San Francisco, built the Wichita & Western, extending 125 miles through a sparsely settled district and

* Known as the "Atchison" in New England and as the "Santa Fe" in the West.

not paying operating expenses, yet the Santa Fé, although having another and parallel line — the Southern Kansas — less than twenty-four miles south of the Wichita & Western, doubly paralleled itself by building a third line between the two, this third line, for one hundred miles, being eight to fourteen miles from the Wichita & Western on the north, and, for seventy miles, but ten to sixteen from the Southern Kansas on the south.

In this way has money been wasted in construction, the farmer unnecessarily burdened, the parent company loaded with an immense unproductive mileage, and rendered unable to pay fixed charges, and thousands of those investing in its securities reduced to sore straits, the reason for all of which is probably to be found in the profits — private or corporate — growing out of construction.

Perhaps the Santa Fé affords as fair an illustration as can be found of the ease with which twelve men, sitting in directors' chairs, can issue an edict for the creation of an hundred million or more of fiat property, the only evidence of the existence of which is found in reams of paper, and affording additional evidence of the great and growing utility of printers' ink as an instrument of advanced civilization. By this simple process and without any addition to the property of the corporation, the liabilities of the Santa Fé have been increased more than $100,000,000, and while rates of interest may have been scaled down, the total of interest and principal have been scaled up. When an individual or firm fails, creditors usually accept large reductions of principal in adjustment; but when a railway company like the Santa Fé fails, they insist on doubling the principal and increasing the total of interest.

Although the earnings of the Santa Fé, in 1888, amounted to $2,944,529 less than operating expenses and fixed charges, the managers paid an unearned dividend of $2,625,000, which, with other enormous additions to the liabilities, are to be an endless burden upon railway users and the warrant for the exaction of unjust tolls.

The Santa Fé's recently acquired control of the St. Louis & San Francisco lines,—which are to be operated as a distinct property—is a remarkable instance of the fiat process of multiplying securities without the addition of one dollar's worth to the world's stock of property.

The St. Louis & San Francisco controlled 1329* miles of railway, capitalized for the enormous sum of $70,402,800, being $52,200 per mile. The Santa Fé acquired control of this property by issuing $26,285,175 of new Santa Fé stock, not to retire the stock of the "Frisco" but to buy it and place it in the treasury of the Santa Fé and apply† such dividends as may accrue to the payment of current Santa Fé liabilities.

The result to the railway user will be that, whereas the "Frisco" property has been represented by $70,402,800 of "Frisco" and auxiliary stocks and bonds, it is now represented by that sum plus $26,285,175 of Santa Fé stock, which is an addition of fictitious capital upon which the user is expected to furnish revenue, and the owners of Santa Fé shares have that amount of water injected into their holdings.

‡ The Santa Fé holds 741,129½ shares, of the par value of $74,112,950, of stock of auxiliary lines built wholly from land grants, municipal aid, and proceeds of bonds sold, and for this immense number of shares the only consideration—as shown by the Santa Fé ledger—was $4,029, or a fraction over half of one cent a share. For 663,306½ of these shares, of the par value of $66,330,650, the only consideration shown is $15.00, being at the rate of $44\frac{22}{100}$ shares of the par value of $4,422.00 for one cent. Such is the stuff which passes current as railway securities and on which the railway user is taxed to pay dividends!

The Santa Fé affords a most instructive example of what may be accomplished in the way of multiplying securities by the hoodooing§ of accounts, by reckless construction, the payment of stock dividends ($18,000,000), the giving of vast quantities of stock to the purchasers of bonds, the payment of unearned dividends and the creation of $100,000,000 and more of fiat securities at one or two sittings.

The seventy miles of the Columbus and Cincinnati Midland, built at a cost of about $17,000 per mile—of which some $1,500 per mile was donated by the people along its line—is capitalized at $57,000 per mile and earns nearly twelve per cent. on the money furnished by its builders, yet

*Include such lines as the Kansas Midland, etc., built at costs ranging from $10,000 to $15,000 per mile.
†Financial chronicle of May 31, 1890.
‡Poor's Manual, 1889, page 723.
§Ante, page 5.

appears to earn but three per cent., while in its immense fictitious capital the foundation is laid for further exactions.

The enormous profits accruing from the operation of the construction company, and the unjust tax thereby forever imposed upon the public, is exemplified in the case of the "Credit Mobilier" and other construction devices connected with the building of the various Pacific lines, out of which grew no little corruption of legislators, the ruin, politically, of promising statesmen, and the amassing of so many great fortunes, typified in the case of the four men who built the Central Pacific and whose united worldly possessions in 1860 are said to have been but $120,000. Now, however, their estates are estimated at more than $120,000,000.

Mr. Poor states that "the cost per mile of the roads making returns (1888) as measured by the amount of their stocks and indebtedness equalled nearly $60,732 as against $58,603 for 1887," being an increase of $2,129 per mile, and at the price recently prevailing, it would require 135,000,000 bushels of the farmers' corn annually to pay 5 per cent. on the water absorbed by railway securities in one year, and by such waterings yearly it will take but fourteen years to absorb the entire corn crop to provide revenue on the added fluid. How long shall this process be permitted to continue?

Mr. Poor also states that, in the eleven central farming States, railway earnings have in eighteen years increased 175 per cent. and the bushels of wheat and corn grow 160 per cent.; yet he forgets to tell us that such has been the shrinkage in the prices of farm products that the value of the wheat and corn crops in these States increased but 57 per cent., showing conclusively that the railways are taking a constantly increasing proportion of the proceeds arising from the sale of the products of the farm.

This is still more clearly shown on the same page in the statement that in these States railway revenue in 1870 was $12 for each unit of the population as against $18 in 1888. Thus the *per capita* transportation tax is shown to have increased 50 per cent.

Mr. Poor says, "With these facts before us, it is difficult to understand the extraordinary antipathy to railroad corporations in the West."

If such antipathy exists, possibly Mr. Poor could understand it if he would but look at these facts, and others herein

stated, in all their nakedness, keeping in view their true bearing upon the greatest of the nation's industries.

That no such antipathy exists is shown by the fact that, while the railways of Illinois are capitalized for $42,450 per mile, they are assessed for purposes of taxation at $7,863 per mile, those of Iowa are capitalized at $38,069, and assessed at $5,189, those of Nebraska are capitalized at $40,172, and assessed at $5,829, and those of Kansas are capitalized at $52,155, and assessed at $6,595 per mile.

We have seen some of the processes by which the investor is shorn, and an enormous fictitious capitalization piled up to aid in taxing the farmer and others. Is it any wonder that when his wares are selling at starvation prices, the farmer becomes restive under the burdens thus imposed and seeks to replace present ownership by that of the nation?

According to Mr. Poor, there existed 156,082 miles of railway at the close of 1888, showing a capitalization — including floating debts — of $9,369,398,954, to pay interest and dividends on which a toll is levied on all the industries of the country.

How much of this vast capitalization is real, and how much the fictitious outgrowth of the practices described?

Owing to the practices illustrated, it is impossible for railway companies to show the cost of their properties, and we are compelled to reach an approximation by estimating such cost, and thus determining the sum upon which revenue should accrue.

ESTIMATED COST PER MILE OF EXISTING RAILWAYS.

Grubbing and clearing	$100
Right of way and land damage	2,500
Earthwork and rock cuttings	4,500
Bridges, culverts and masonry	3,000
Ties — 3000	2,000
Rails, splices, bolts and spikes	4,000
Switches, side-tracks, cattle-guards, road croppings and fences	1,100
Track laying, surfacing and ballasting	2,300
Depots, water-tanks, stockyards, shops and terminals	3,500
Equipment	4,500
Engineering, rents, interest, taxes, and contingencies	2,500
Total cost per mile	$30,000

* That this estimate is more than ample is assured by the statement (in substance) of Mr. H. V. Poor that the capitalization of the roads built from 1880 to 1883 is double the actual investment and, could the fictitious capital be eliminated, railways, as investments, would have no parallel; and in the statement that within five years ending in 1883, "about 40,000 miles of line were constructed at a cash cost of at least $1,100,000," being $27,500 per mile; and that "in 1884 only about 4,000 miles of new line were constructed, the cost of which did not exceed $20,000 per mile and perhaps not over $15,000 per mile."

For each mile of railway costing more than $30,000 per mile, ten can be found that have cost from $8,000 to $20,000. The eastern two hundred miles of the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific, built in the era of high prices, cost less than $20,000, although now bearing a capitalization of $105,000 per mile, but a well known manipulator — who made restitution of millions to the Erie — supervised its reorganization, which may account for the generous volume of water incorporated in the securities.

The Missouri Pacific line from Eldorado to McPherson, Kansas, a comparatively expensive prairie road, being located across the line of drainage, cost much less than $10,000 per mile, as have thousands of miles of other prairie lines.

Possibly $30,000 per mile is less than it would cost to duplicate the railways, east of Ohio, but the most of the mileage being west of that region where the cost, outside of a few mountain roads, is at a minimum, the estimate, if erroneous, certainly errs in placing the cost too high. Moreover, we have a factor of safety in the fact that the nation, to aid in building railways, has granted 197,000,000 acres of land, a large part of which has passed into the possession of the railway companies, and from which they have realized vast sums, probably more than $300,000,000, to which should be added State and municipal aid and individual donations to the amount of $150,000,000 to $250,000,000.

Taking no account of the sums loaned the Pacific railways, the people have contributed at least $2,000 per mile towards the cost of existing railways, hence we are warranted in as-

* See Poor's Manual for 1884 and 1885.

suming that $30,000 per mile is the maximum sum on which the user should furnish revenue, less such revenue as the corporations derive from rents, interests, and dividends, from lands, buildings, railways, mines, stocks, or bonds bought or brought into existence by an expenditure of any part of such $30,000 per mile or the earnings therefrom, such revenue, aside from traffic earnings, being now about $90,000,000 per annum.

It is claimed that in determining the amount of capital on which the rates of toll shall be based, the people are entitled to no voice, but, as the compensation is to be reasonable and the measure of such compensation being the cost of maintaining and operating the railway plus a fair return for the capital actually employed, the people are unquestionably entitled to a voice in determining what such compensation shall be and how it shall be arrived at, and their representatives will find the railways have cost not to exceed an average of $30,000 per mile, and could be duplicated for enough less to more than offset the enhancement in the value of right of way, depot grounds and terminals.

Railways well located and mortgaged for 80 per cent. or less of actual cost can dispose of three and one half to four and one half per cent. bonds at par, but badly located or poorly managed roads often failing to pay interest, we may call five per cent. a fair rate, and on this basis the annual net revenue of roads existing at the close of 1888, from traffic, rents, interest, dividends, and all other sources, should not exceed $234,123,000, being $67,408,000 less than the net traffic earnings reported by Poor, and taking the net earnings ($405,220,000) as shown by the Inter-State Commission, the excess is $171,097,000 wrongfully extorted from the agricultural and other industries in one year.

This difference in the amount of net earnings arises from the fact that, in Poor's Manual, only traffic earnings are tabulated,* no account being taken of the immense sums railway companies derive from rents of lands, buildings, track, and terminals, as well as in the form of dividends on stocks and bonds owned, and the profits from the sale of such securities, all amounting to vast sums and yearly increasing as the railways become consolidated and absorb more and

* Page 4 of the Introduction of Manual of 1889.

more of existing property; hence Mr. Poor's figures are incomplete and misleading, inasmuch as they fail to convey a correct idea of the total of railway earnings or the amount annually extorted from the user.

Of the $234,123,000 resulting from a five per cent. revenue on $30,000 per mile, a very large part, as will hereafter be shown, belongs to the user rather than the investor, while many parallel roads, built for construction profits, are needless, and others so badly located that the traffic will be wholly insufficient to provide revenue, and the owners must, like the owners of badly located buildings, suffer the loss entailed by lack of business sagacity. Favorably located roads can collect more than five per cent.; should they be permitted to do so? Each railway company is a distinct organization, each road a separate instrument and specially conditioned, and it is questionable if the compensation for the capital employed should, in any case, be permitted to exceed the rates fixed upon, from time to time, as a just return. As interest rates fall, so should returns from railway investments.

Justice and reason appear to have little part in determining railway rates, the environment being all potent, as in the States where efficient granger laws * have been reinforced by a strong and active commission, rates are much the lowest and highest where either the laws or the commission are inefficient; yet enough has been accomplished to show the beneficent possibilities of governmental control in suppressing some of the multifarious evil practices of railway companies, and while these practices continue they are much less common and not so flagrant as in the past, when the manager of an Inter-State railway, in order to destroy the value of the property of a coal company having no other outlet for its product, could, without a minute's notice, advance the rates on coal shipped by such company 133 per cent. above the rates charged another coal company in which such railway company and its officers were stockholders; nor with the Inter-State law in force are railway officials likely to repeat the indiscretion of such manager in writing the president of a coal company (of whose property he desired to force a sale) the subjoined letter.

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* "Granger laws" are the laws enacted in the Agricultural States of the Mississippi Valley for the control of railway rates and methods.

ST. LOUIS & SAN FRANCISCO RAILWAY COMPANY,
OFFICE OF THE SECOND VICE-PRES'T AND GEN'L MANAGER,
ST. LOUIS, MO., February 9th, 1882.

President Pittsburg Coal Company, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I will pass through Pittsburg about 12 o'clock on Monday next, and would be glad to have you join me at Pittsburg, and go to Girard, and back to Pittsburg.

If we can buy your coal at a low price, I think we can possibly make a deal on that basis.

As long as you continue shipping coal, it has a demoralizing effect on the trade, *and renders the coal business unprofitable, to a certain extent, to the* "ROGERS COAL COMPANY."

Respectfully, C. W. ROGERS,
Second Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

Discriminations and other fraudulent practices, whereby the few are enriched at the expense of the public, doubtless continue, and will until railway managers, thus betraying their trusts, are sent to keep company with the men who plundered the Ocean, Fidelity, and Sixth Avenue banks; but there is, as compared with the time preceding the enactment of Inter-State and State laws, but little of the work of discrimination in progress; and great as is this evil, it is trivial as compared with those growing out of a capitalization excessive by more than one half, and which is the warrant for annually levying an immense sum in unjust tolls, by which producer and consumer are alike despoiled of a large part of their earnings.

If the courts are right in holding that the carrier is entitled to but a reasonable compensation, and that the reasonableness of the charge rests upon the cost of maintenance, operation, and the amount actually invested in the plant, then the exaction of existing rates of toll is wholly indefensible. As a bar to the rendering of justice to the user, the plea is made that should rates be reduced to what would afford but a fair return for the actual cost of the plant, it would work great hardship to the present holders of railway securities, who are assumed to have bought them in good faith, and many of whom are widows, orphans, trustees, and institutions in which the poor have deposited their scanty savings. Has this plea against justice any basis except one of sentiment? If sentiment and a charitable regard for the poor and helpless shall govern, are there not twelve times as many widows, orphans, and poor among the 60,000,000 of railway users?

From the fact that there are 10,000 holders of New York

Central stock, Mr. Poor estimates that there are 1,000,000 investors in railway securities, who, with their dependents, constitute a body of 5,000,000, and it is proposed that rather than this one thirteenth shall surrender, once for all, so much of their power to tax others as is the direct product of fraud, that they shall continue such unjust taxation.

This is not simply a proposition that one thirteenth of the population shall unjustly tax all others this year, next year, or even the third or fourth year, but that such burden, yearly increasing by the addition of more water, shall be carried by the twelve thirteenths to their graves, that when death relieves them, their children and children's children, for countless generations, shall each in its turn take up the grievous burden and carry it until they also drop into the grave, and so long as these railways exist, this one thirteenth shall possess the power to thus levy an iniquitous impost upon the entire industry of the country. Could anything be more unjust?

Shall 60,000,000 people and their descendants suffer a great and growing wrong rather than that 5,000,000 shall surrender a power to which they have no right?

The railway is public rather than private property, and while the stockholder is entitled to the usufruct and its limited control, yet such control is a trust for a specific purpose, such purpose being the service of the public for which the compensation shall be just and reasonable, but the law never contemplated that one party in interest should alone be in possession of the knowledge necessary to a determination of the amount of capital employed, and the reasonableness of the charges made, and so long as such knowledge is withheld, shareholders must expect discontent on the part of the public, and efforts to secure such control as will ensure justice; and it is this discontent which has been one of the most potent factors in bringing into existence the "Farmers' Alliance" and kindred organizations, in which millions of farmers — for the first time in history — are united for a common object.

The endowment of the railway company with the exceptional power to enter upon and take private property, and the equally exceptional limitation of the stockholders' liability to the cost of the shares held, implies special duties and obligations to the public; and the people, whose lands have been taken, who furnish the traffic, and provide the revenue,

have a right to a voice in determining the justness of the rates charged.

Another plea is that the cost of transportation is less in the United States than elsewhere, hence there can be no cause of complaint. If rates are higher in Republican France or Imperial Germany, where railways exist, primarily, for military purposes, it is neither our duty to emulate them in such matters, nor to copy their costly modes of railway administration; yet we may well profit by their example in providing for stringent control of railways and the rates for carriage.

The farmer, understanding that rates are unjust by reason of an enormous fictitious capitalization, and that such rates reduce the value of his land and its products, appeals to legislation for relief, which States have sought to furnish by laws, regulating rates and methods of administration, which are denounced as acts of robbery by the men who have perpetrated the frauds of which such laws are the resultant.

The men loudest in denunciation of every attempt at control by law are those most active in the manufacture of securities, in operating the construction company, in paying unearned dividends, in selling or capitalizing cheap lines at many times their cost. These are the special champions of the widow, the orphan, and the savings bank, whom they have despoiled by the most unblushing frauds. These are the innocent, chivalrous men, high in the esteem of the street and the exchange, who wish the way left open for more nickelplating, more Wabashing, more Credit Mobiliers, and more stock and bond watering.

There is abundant evidence that where the laws have been such as to secure the greatest control,— Illinois and Iowa,— well located and judiciously managed railways are exceedingly prosperous. Many great lines derive the major part of their traffic from the granger States, yet the laws, which railway managers and investors denounce as acts of confiscation, have not prevented the payment of good dividends. Mr. Poor shows that, for twenty-five years the Chicago & Alton dividends have averaged 8.7 per cent., that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has paid regular cash dividends ranging from 8 to 10 per cent. per annum, and stock dividends aggregating $6,701,990. The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific has done about as well in the way of dividends, although its traffic has been so largely drawn from Illinois

and Iowa. Until certain bond and stock operations, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul paid 7 per cent. dividends, and the Chicago & Northwestern has swelled its capital account by the payment of stock dividends, while paying regular cash dividends of 6 to 8 per cent., and the Illinois Central has, for twenty-six years, paid dividends ranging from 4 to 10 per cent. per annum, and aggregating $56,989,847.

Notwithstanding these laws and that nearly or quite all these roads carry an undue amount of water, that crops have failed, and panics have prostrated the industries of the country, they have prospered, new lines been added from the tolls collected on the old, the investor received ample returns, and some of the managers enabled, by some occult process, to amass enormous fortunes, all going to show that the granger laws have not been oppressive, and that when railways fail to make fair returns it is due to faulty location, unreasonable rate wars, speculative or incompetent management, or an extraordinary excess of water in capitalization.

Possibly a flood of light may be thrown on this subject by the experience of the writer when general freight and passenger agent of a new railway. Imbued with the idea that the prosperity of the road would be subserved by encouraging immigration and fostering business, the writer formulated tariffs calculated to further such ends. Imagine his astonishment when told by the general manager they would not answer, and to be informed that the road was not being built to make money out of its operation but out of its construction, and what was required of the traffic department was the greatest present revenue possible and to make the passenger rates just low enough to take the traffic from the stages and the freight rates no lower than necessary to drive the ox teams out of the freight business.

The policy then outlined was pursued until the railway passed through the reorganization thereby made inevitable, and this cheaply-built prairie line, with free right of way and land grant and subsidy equal to its entire cost, is now capitalized for $105,000 per mile.

On most railways the basic principle underlying tariff and schedule is "All the traffic will bear," and it is to hold in check these "Chevaliers of the road" that granger laws are formulated.

It may be safely assumed that $30,000 per mile is the out-

side cost of existing railways, and that the aggregate, at the close of 1888, on which tolls should be based, was $4,682,246,000; but here the question arises: How much of this sum has the railway builder furnished, and what part has been extorted from the railway user in the form of excessive tolls?

Available data does not admit of going back of 1874 when 69,273 miles were in operation, the cost of which, at $30,000 per mile, being credited to the builders; and adopting the net (traffic) earnings as shown by Poor we find that, in 1874, crediting each $30,000 with its proportion of such earnings, *pro rata*,—and adopting the capitalists' theory that the water in the capital is entitled to the same revenue as the money part thereof—the earnings of the water in the capitalization of that year amounted to $91,957,829, being equal to the cost of 3,065 miles of railway. Continuing such computations for fourteen years and crediting the railway users with the income of so much of the railway mileage as was, from year to year, built from the tolls collected on the capitalization in excess of $30,000 per mile, it appears that the users have, within fifteen years, been mulcted, in the shape of tolls based wholly on water, in the sum of *$2,422,588,455, from which those in possession have constructed 80,752 miles of new railway, leaving but 2,901 miles, costing $87,030,000, to have been built, in the same period, from funds supplied by those claiming to own all the railways. For details of these computations, see Table I.

Should it be claimed that instead of dividing the earnings *pro rata* between the real and fictitious capital, that the real is entitled to full compensation before anything is assigned to the fictitious, we will, without admitting that the preceding computations are not correctly based, proceed to first give compensation, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, for all the capital actually employed (except that furnished by the users in the form of tolls in excess of such six per cent.), and again assuming that the capital to build all the roads existing in 1874 had been furnished by the putative owners, and we find the results as set forth in Table II.

Table II. shows that from traffic earnings alone the holders of shares and bonds have received six per cent. per annum

* This is from traffic earnings alone, to which should be added a vast sum from miscellaneous sources.

TABLE I.

Year.	Miles of railway in operation.	Capitalization per mile.	Net traffic earnings. *Per Poor.*	Net traffic earnings per mile.	Mileage on which investors are entitled to revenue.	Proportion of earnings per mile on road built by investors at cost of $30,000 per mile.	Proportion of earnings per mile on fictitious capital.	Earnings of fictitious capital and miles of road built therefrom.			
								Earnings each year on fictitious capital.	Earnings of road built subsequent to 1874 from revenue on fictitious capital.	Total earnings from fictitious capital and from capital furnished by railway users and road built therefrom.	Miles of railway built in each year from tolls of fictitious capital and from tolls or mileage built in preceding years from excessive tolls.
1874	69,273	$58,256	$189,570,958	$2,736.57	69,273	$1,409.10	$1,327.47	$91,957,829	. . . .	$91,957,829	3,065
1875	71,759	61,652	185,506,438	2,585.13	68,694	1,258.00	1,327.13	91,165,867	$ 7,923,423	99,089,290	3,303
1876	73,508	58,562	186,452,752	2,536.50	67,140	1,299.50	1,237.00	82,196,298	16,152,432	98,348,730	3,278
1877	74,112	60,678	170,976,697	2,307.00	64,466	1,142.00	1,165.00	75,074,930	22,308,690	97,383,620	3,246
1878	78,960	59,163	187,575,167	2,375.57	66,068	1,204.41	1,171.16	77,344,577	30,689,989	108,034,566	3,601
1879	79,009	57,730	216,544,999	2,740.76	62,516	1,424.10	1,316.66	82,276,766	45,277,355	127,554,121	4,251
1880	82,146	58,624	255,557,555	3,111.01	61,402	1,591.91	1,519.10	93,234,752	64,617,581	157,852,333	5,262
1881	92,971	60,445	272,406,787	2,930.02	66,965	1,455.02	1,475.00	98,733,550	76,277,210	175,010,760	5,834
1882	104,971	61,303	280,316,696	2,670.42	73,131	1,306.90	1,363.52	99,678,766	85,098,274	184,777,040	6,159
1883	110,414	62,030	293,367,285	2,656.07	72,415	1,285.54	1,370.53	99,209,926	100,999,717	200,209,643	6,674
1884	115,672	61,366	268,064,496	2,318.32	70,999	1,133.66	1,184.66	84,077,689	103,628,904	187,706,593	6,257
1885	123,320	61,398	269,493,931	2,185.32	72,390	1,067.75	1,117.57	80,870,718	111,357,351	192,228,069	6,408
1886	125,185	61,098	300,603,564	2,401.27	67,847	1,179.02	1,222.25	82,903,995	137,748,854	220,652,849	7,355
1887	137,028	58,603	334,989,119	2,444.67	72,335	1,251.67	1,193.00	86,263,444	158,219,042	244,482,486	8,149
1888	145,387	60,731	301,631,051	2,074.61	72,545	1,024.86	1,049.75	86,125,770	151,174,756	237,300,526	7,910
. .	. . .	. . .	. . . .	. . .	. .	. . .	. . .	$1,311,114,877	$1,111,473,578	$2,422,588,455	80,752

The above computations are based on a cost of $30,000 per mile, and the unwarranted assumption that investors furnished the money to build all the roads existing in 1874.

TABLE II. Showing revenue of investors at six per cent. on cost of $30,000 per mile and mileage built from earnings in excess of six per cent.

Years.	Miles of Railway in operation.	Mileage on which investor's revenue is computed.	Capital furnished by investors on the basis of cost being $30,000 per mile.	Revenue of investors on basis of six per cent. on cost of $30,000 per mile.	Revenue of railways from traffic earnings. *Per Poor.*	Earnings in excess of six per cent. on $30,000 per mile, hence belonging to the railway user, but employed in building new roads.	Miles of railway built from tolls in excess of six per cent. on $30,000 per mile, and to the revenue from which investor has no right.
1874	69,273	69,273	$2,078,190,000	$124,961,400	$189,570,958	$ 64,879,558	2,163
1875	71,759	69,596	2,087,880,000	125,272,800	185,506,438	60,233,638	2,008
1876	73,508	69,337	2,080,110,000	124,806,600	186,452,752	62,646,152	2,088
1877	74,112	67,853	2,035,590,000	122,135,400	170,976,697	48,841,297	1,628
1878	78,960	71,073	2,132,190,000	127,931,400	187,575,167	59,643,767	1,988
1879	79,009	69,134	2,074,020,000	124,441,200	216,544,999	92,103,779	3,070
1880	82,146	69,201	2,076,030,000	124,561,800	255,557,555	130,995,755	4,366
1881	92,971	75,660	2,269,800,000	136,188,000	272,406,787	136,218,787	4,541
1882	104,971	83,119	2,493,570,000	149,614,200	280,316,696	130,702,496	4,357
1883	110,414	84,205	2,526,150,000	151,569,000	293,367,285	141,798,285	4,726
1884	115,672	84,737	2,542,110,000	152,526,600	268,064,496	115,537,896	3,851
1885	123,320	88,524	2,655,720,000	159,343,200	269,493,931	110,150,731	3,672
1886	125,185	86,727	2,601,810,000	156,108,600	300,603,564	144,494,960	4,816
1887	137,028	93,754	2,812,620,000	168,757,200	334,989,119	166,231,919	5,542
1888	145,387	96,572	2,897,160,000	173,829,600	301,631,051	127,801,451	4,260
—	—	—	—	—	—	$1,592,280,471	53,076

for every dollar invested and have, within fifteen years, been enabled, by the watery fiction, to extort from railway users the enormous sum of $1,592,280,471 (to which should be added about half as much more from miscellaneous earnings), with which has been built 53,076 miles of railway, for the use of which it is proposed to forever tax those who have furnished all the money employed in its construction.

Is it possible that no remedy can be found for such evils? In the National Bank the law has created another form of public trust, but one whose relations to the people are infinitely less intimate and with the services of which the public could dispense without serious results.

The railway and the bank each perform functions that the State might; yet the bank alone is held to the most rigid discharge of its duties, a maximum fixed for its rates of toll, the amount it shall loan any one party, and the kind of security determined as well as the amount of its reserve fund, its books and assets at all times subject to inspection without notice, no share issued until paid for in full, the payment of unearned dividends made a penal offence, and breaches of trust punished in an exemplary manner.

Can there be any sufficient reason why the railway corporation, with infinitely greater power and privileges, performing functions a thousand times more important, and directly affecting a hundred persons for one affected by bank administration, should not be subjected to control quite as stringent and quite as far-reaching?

Shares and bonds being the basis of tolls, should a railway company be permitted to issue share or bond until its par value in actual money has been covered into the corporate treasury?

Should the basis of tolls be laid until it has been shown that a proposed line is necessary to public convenience and will make fair returns on its cost?

Should a railway company be permitted to collect tolls until it has shown the exact cost of the instrument of transportation?

Should it not be a penal offence for a railway official to pay an unearned dividend?

Should not railway accounts, stock and bond ledgers, and assets be subjected to like inspection as those of national banks?

Would not rate wars cease, were railways once having reduced rates, debarred from ever again advancing them without governmental permission?

Should not railway companies be taxed on their capitalization as shown in issues of bonds and shares?

Should not railways be appraised at present cash value, and earnings, from all sources, be limited to what would afford a given or maximum return on such appraisal?

Or should the nation assume the ownership and operate the railways through a non-partisan commission, as the Province of Victoria, Australia, has shown to be both practical and economical?

There is no longer any question as to the power of the nation to control these great arteries of trade, nor is there outside a limited circle, any question as to the necessity of such control, and it but remains for the lawgivers to formulate such statutes as will protect user and investor, both of whom are at the mercy of a small body of men who can and do make and mar the fortunes of individuals, cities, and States, without let or hindrance.

CONSUMPTION CURES AND MICROBICIDES: DR. KOCH AND DR. STILLING.

BY PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

THE universal interest in reference to a disease which is foremost in its mortality has attracted great attention to the claims of Dr. Koch, who occupies so eminent a position in professional and imperial favor that anything he may say is sure of world-wide attention, independent of the fact that he is a man of real ability and learning. But a sudden clamor in the ranks of the profession and the pages of medical journals is not very strong evidence of the value of any supposed discovery. Real discoveries in the humbler ranks of professional life have very hard work to win proper attention. The simple cure of scurvy had to wait one hundred and seventy years before it was officially adopted in the British Navy, although ships were often paralyzed by the condition of their scurvy-scourged crews. A Hartford dentist and a Georgia doctor had made known widely the power of anæsthesia, when it was scornfully denounced by a medical society at Philadelphia; but the ridiculous proposition to cure consumption by injecting sulphuretted hydrogen into the bowels, found immediate favor and rapid distribution of the apparatus. Nothing has been brought out in the professional battle with consumption with anything like half the *éclat* that belongs to Dr. Koch's germicidal method which, to a master of the subject, offers no promise to justify its intemperate laudation, which raises hopes that are sure to be disappointed.

The supposed discovery that consumption is a disease due entirely to a bacillus, would attract less attention but for the superficial mode of thought which, in its eagerness to find an embodied material cause, ignores the etiology of the disease and the history of its therapeutics. To faithful students and successful practitioners, the causes of consumption have long been well known — its preventives have been well understood, and its most efficient curatives have been

extensively studied and used in practice. But it is a cheap and easy thing to those who know no better, to ignore all this and reduce all etiological and therapeutic research to the simple process of guarding against microbes and trying to kill them.

Are not microbes the causes of all diseases, and has not one doctor found the microbe of old age? And have not several found the microbe for pneumonia, and are we not on the road to finding the microbes of insanity, theft, and murder? Does not the courageous Texas gardener propose to abolish all diseases by killing all the microbes with a fluid, which a chemist pronounces to be sulphuric and muriatic acids, which really have some anti-microbean power? And is not Radam following illustrious professional examples?

Seriously, we might as well seek for the microbe of concussion of the brain, as hunt for a microbe of pneumonia in the sense of causation. Microbes are continually generated in the destruction of tissues, and no doubt are noxious like other pathological products, which are effects of disease. Concussion of the brain is not more certainly the effect of mechanical violence than pneumonia is an effect of cold, which we can produce with mathematical certainty.

But the microbe theory is the rage just now, and an animalcular cause must be found for everything. Heat and cold, bad food, malaria, and mental prostration need not be considered, for the microbe is as omnipotent in pathology as "mortal mind" in Mrs. Eddy's theories. The appearance of these microscopic animalculæ as revealed by the microscope is shown in the annexed engraving with some diseases in which they are found.

Something of this sort has always been fashionable in medicine. The multitude rush in pursuit of the last bubble. Humoralism, solidism, Brunonianism, Brousaisism, Listerism, Microbism, are specimens of the fads that have flourished,

each containing truth enough for shallow thinkers, but not enough for those well grounded in medical philosophy.

It is half a century since those able investigators, Andral and Majendie, laid a foundation for the Institutes of Medicine by their investigation of the blood, showing that consumption was a disease incompatible with normally developed blood. But there was too much of the solid methods of unquestionable science in their labors to stimulate the fancy — too much of substantial progress to enlist the sympathy of the impulsive class who overlook the elaborate investigations upon which medical philosophy is based, and seldom look into the "*Clinique Medicale*" of Andral, or the physiological lectures of Majendie, which are by no means superseded by the more recent labors of Claude Bernard. These two authors (especially Andral, the most philosophic of French physicians) established that when digestion and respiration under proper nervous or vital influences had developed the blood to its normal condition, with its red globulous elements, amounting to 12 1-2 per cent. neither consumption or any other disease of debility could arise, but when the red element had diminished twenty, thirty, or forty per cent., a state of declining vitality existed, in which diseases of debility necessarily arose, and under the proper circumstances tuberculous consumption was inevitable. In the experiments on rabbits, consumption was regularly produced by situations in which they were placed, depressing to vitality, and as regularly prevented by using the proper medicine under the same depressing circumstances, but medicine which had no germicidal character.

Whether in such experiments the tuberculized structures generated bacilli or not was merely a question of microscopical anatomy of no practical importance. The consumption was produced by the exposure, as evidently as rheumatism might be produced, and there was nothing in the exposure suggestive of bacilli in one case more than in the other.

Myriads of animalcular life surround us at all times in the atmosphere, and penetrate the human body, which is never free from millions of such tenants, which prove to be as harmless in the normal body, as the water, or air. A famous English surgeon, Tait, expressed his contempt for the bacterial theories by saying that he used, in his surgical operations, the water in common use, although it was sup-

posed to contain twenty or thirty different species of little beasts. The existence of minute, independent, living, moving bodies in the human constitution is not morbid, but natural, proper, and healthy. We drink them in daily by millions, draw them in with every breath, and some of them are an integral part of the blood. The white globules of the blood correspond to the amœbæ, and move about with their own independent volition. Animalculæ are ineradicable, but those which are generated in morbid conditions, are like other products of disease, calculated to diffuse the morbid condition, and their removal is useful, like other acts of purification and excretion; but the efficient mode of removal is the removal of the disease which is the cause or the liability, and avoidance of external impurities.

Notwithstanding the wild extravagance of theorists, bacteriological researches and fluid injections are commendable researches of great promise, when rationally conducted; and while Professor Koch has been raising false hopes, Drs. Behring, of Berlin, and Katosata, of Tokio, have quietly performed far better work, by careful experiments, in showing that the blood of animals can be so changed, by the injection of prepared serum (no bacteria), as to resist the poison of both *tetanus* and *diphtheria*, even when the poison is injected. This is true science, not sensationalism. We may yet and probably will discover antidotes against all poisons and contagions by hypodermic injection. Dr. Mueller, of Australia, has found strychnine the true antidote for snakebites of the most venomous character, and Professor Polli, of Italy, demonstrated, long ago, that bisulphites of soda and of lime were perfect antidotes to pyæmia, but President Garfield was not allowed the benefit of this discovery.

Hypodermic injections will play an important part in future medical experiments. I think it highly probable that an injection of cimicifuga will prove a more efficient antidote to small-pox than the much debated lymph now used for vaccination, and if Dr. Brown-Séquard's famous stimulating injection were placed on trial in comparison with Koch's feverish lymph in the same class of cases, I should have more faith in the success of the Frenchman than the German. An old and powerful remedy, GOLD, which is as potent in therapeutics as in finance, has been successfully used in New York in hypodermic injections of its salts in cases of con-

sumption. It is one of the most perfect tonics that we have, in the veins as well as in the pocket.

The contagious nature of consumption and philosophy of its treatment being well established, it was not very important to learn whether the expectorated substances accessory to contagion contained the bacillus or not, for all pathological exudations and excreta convey contagion, although medical scepticism has not yet ceased to deny it, and a brave French physician lost his life in trying to prove that yellow fever was not contagious. But there is a great medical truth of more practical importance than bacterial doctrines,— the truth that *contagion does not depend on absorption*, — which I have been demonstrating to my pupils more than forty years by experiments on themselves, — that absorption is unnecessary, and that contact alone is entirely sufficient for the transmission of any disease, and I am ready to repeat the practical demonstration whenever it is desired. This abolishes the mechanical theory that a microscopic bacillus must *necessarily* be absorbed in contagion, or in the original production of the disease, which can be produced by proper exposure and diet, irrespective of bacterial theories.

In the fashionable bacterial craze it is most illogically *assumed* that because a certain bacterial substance generated in disease, will reproduce that disease like other morbid products, *therefore* it must have been the original cause of the disease. The same reasoning might be applied to any other morbid product. It seems to be forgotten that causes and effects are very different things. If summer always brings swallows, it does not follow that swallows are needed to bring summer — it has other causes. The morbid products of a disease may reproduce it, but diseases are not *the effects* of the substances they develop, and Providence has not filled the world with malignant bacilli to produce consumption. Such a malignant Providence would be more offensive to the moral sense than Calvin's gloomiest ideas.

When Professor Koch shall find his microbes of consumption floating by millions in the atmosphere *where consumption has not produced them*, ready to attack the feeble, and show that they do this, the bacilli theory of its origin will have a sound basis, but at present it seems to have none. According to this wild theory, whenever the medical Don Quixote has killed all the *bacilli tuberculosis* consumption will be anni-

hilated forever; but the mass of the medical profession are not sufficiently credulous for that.

The microbe theory has but little to do with preventive measures and the curative measures now in use, and suggests no other precautions than what we should use if no such theory were in existence. Nor does it diminish the absolute necessity of each of the preventive and curative measures which have been successfully used, under which consumption has sometimes been cured, after ulceration has left cavities in the lungs, of which Andral gave examples long before our best measures had been discovered.

Even when the destruction of microbes hinders the progress of the disease, it cannot amount to a restoration of health, for that depends upon the restoration of the blood to its normal condition by nourishment, exercise, and respiration, with which the microbe-killing business is not connected. Physiology and pathology therefore affirm that the microbic treatment can play but a small part in the treatment of the disease, however successful the germicides may be, and the wild enthusiasm about the discovery of Doctor Koch simply demonstrates the large amount of ignorance or indifference as to medical philosophy, prevalent in the profession, and the low condition of certain fashionable therapeutics grasping at straws because it has so little confidence in its own resources. The mass of practical men, however, will not be caught in this momentary impulse. They know that it is not the first crop of tubercles that kills, but their continual production as long as the tuberculous diathesis exists — the change of which is indispensable to a real cure.

Those who are so carried away by the microbe theory as to ignore the well-known etiology of diseases must have forgotten, if they ever knew, the researches of Andral and the prominent fact in etiology that consumption depends largely or mainly upon altitude for its presence or absence.

The healthy development of the lungs and nervous system depends on the conditions that obtain in high altitudes — in other words, upon the moderation of the atmospheric pressure. "Consumption (says Prof. F. Donaldson) is most prevalent at the level of the sea, and seems to decrease with increase of elevation, according to Fuch, Von Tschudi, and Mackey. At Marseilles on the seaboard, the mortality from that cause was twenty-five per cent.; at Hamburg, forty-eight

feet above the sea, it is twenty-three per cent.; while at Eschwege, 496 feet above the sea, it is only twelve per cent.; at Brotterdale, 1,800 feet above the sea, the mortality is reduced to nine tenths per cent. Doctor Glutsman has published a number of interesting facts in regard to the immunity from consumption in very high localities, such as in the Andes of Peru, tablelands of the Rocky Mountains, in the towns of Santa Fé de Bogota, at an elevation of 8,100 feet, Potosi about 12,000, and the Puna region of the Andes, at 11,000, in Europe, many places on the Alps, as in Styria, Carniola, and the western section of the Pyrenees. In Africa, immunity is said to exist on the plateaus of Abyssinia. In Mexico, at 8,000 feet above the sea it is but rarely met with, and in Asia, on the high plateaus of Armenia and Persia." Colorado is a famous resort for consumptives, and Davos in the Swiss Alps, a mile above the ocean level, has been their refuge for twenty years.

The atmospheric pressure at the sea level is more favorable to the lower elements of animal life — to digestion and muscularity than to the lungs and brain, and when this pressure is doubled, as in a diving bell, it becomes dangerous. The caissons used for work under the water in bridge building are frequently a cause of paralysis in the workmen.

No possible amount of bacilli in the atmosphere can make consumption prevail in elevated localities, and no possible purification of the atmosphere can prevent consumption from prevailing near the ocean level.

When the causes of consumption are thus well known, and the preventive and curative measures well understood, there is very little room left for germicidal theorists, even if they could establish the necessary and invariable presence of the bacillus in the consumptive, which is but a result of the disease, like the expectorated pus. Nor would the establishment of its existence be a fact of the highest importance in its results. The discovery of a cholera bacillus has had no effect upon the cure of the disease, and the bacillus tuberculosis is evidently of no greater practical importance. Health and disease depend upon obedience or disobedience to hygienic laws, not upon a mysterious Providence or wicked little devils as microbes.

We know many curative measures which are not germicidal. Nearly all that is done at present by successful

practitioners has no bearing whatever upon the invisible bacilli. If their destruction can add anything material to our success, or give the patients any additional relief, it must, from the nature of the case, be but a limited matter, hardly comparable in value to any one of the twenty or more measures upon which we rely at present. It cannot, for practical value, be placed in comparison with Churchill's phosphates, or animal food as used by Salisbury, cod liver oil, hydroleine, milk punch, the preparations of Fellows and McArthur, a variety of inhalations, oxygenated, hot, and medicated, a number of ingeniously compounded syrups, electricity, animal magnetism, and the copious resources of homœopathy, etc.

A great variety of inhalations of unquestionable value are within our reach, and a Detroit physician is already gaining success in that way, the value of which was shown by Sir Chas. Scudamore half a century ago, in inhalations of iodine and conium.

We thus perceive the comparatively limited *role* of Koch's supposed remedy, and the almost incredible report by telegraph that two thousand foreign doctors had arrived at Berlin to become acquainted with Dr. Koch's treatment, seems like a satire upon the present condition of the profession, but somewhat mitigated in the same telegram by the statement of the philosophical objections of Dr. Damius, who insists upon the supremacy of the nervous system and vital conditions over local derangements — a doctrine which the writer has been endeavoring to enforce for half a century.

After reducing microbicide treatment to its proper subordinate and limited position in the treatment of this disease, we come to the practical question, has Dr. Koch invented or discovered anything that will even prove satisfactory as a microbicide? to which I would answer emphatically, No. His process is not hygienic, it does not fulfil the purposes of a rational treatment, but claimed a microbicidal action, and how much this action will assist in conquering the disease, remains to be proved.

The first requisite of a microbicide, of course, must be that it is not injurious to the patient — does not produce as much disease as it relieves. Dr. Koch's method does not stand this test. It follows the old and vicious heroic method and disturbs the patient, intensifies disease, producing effects

that in a delicate case might be fatal. If such a remedy is to be used, it is evident that Dr. Koch's will not be the favorite, because it is dangerous and thus far it has been carefully concealed, because as the telegraph informs us "Professor Koch says if it were placed without reserve in the hands of all practitioners *more deaths would result from its use than ever were caused by consumption.*" The despatches of the same date mentioned five deaths of patients under the Koch treatment, and dispatches of Dec. 17 say that Professor Koch is weary and nervous, and "acknowledges it is a fact that the young man Simos, of Elberfeld, died through the effects of the inoculation to which he was subjected by Professor Libberitz and himself. Another friend of Professor Koch, Herr Winter, the head Burgomaster of Danzig, has received ten injections without experiencing any signs of improvement, and beside this, the fever which follows the inoculation has affected his eyes to such an extent, that it is feared he will lose his sight. It is also stated on the best authority that Professor Koch is very greatly agitated because the wholesale manufacture of the lymph has proved a failure."

The report of Dec. 18 from Berlin says: —

"The reaction against the Koch treatment has increased in violence. Eight patients have died soon after the injection of the lymph, and this, combined with the fact that there has been no verified cure, has intensified the public feeling against the experiments.

A number of hospital patients here and in Lyons, who have been undergoing the Koch treatment, have refused to submit to further trials.

Owing to the public furor, the Commission headed by Professor Hallopean, which is testing the remedy, has decided to maintain absolute silence as to the results until the tests have been completed."

Very prudent, indeed, when twelve deaths had been reported.

Dr. S. G. Dickson, who went to Berlin as the representative of the Jefferson Medical College, is said to have stated on his return, that the lymph of Dr. Koch "was one of the most powerful poisons known, and its effect on many people would be fatal, owing to the violent reaction it sets up, which is illustrated by the death of two patients in a St. Petersburg hospital with "intense suffering" from three

injections amounting to five milligrams, or less than the thirteenth of a grain.

Surely such facts are enough to condemn these pathogenic injections of poison, for we need no microbicides more dangerous than those we already possess. Dr. Damius says (Nov. 25) that Professor Koch has as yet attained no real results, but he promises to do so in the future, and in this he deceives himself, neglecting, as he does, the real root and emanations of the source of sickness. He forgets the nervous system

We have at present many microbicides that are powerful — phenols, chlorides, iodides, mercurial compounds, thymol, carbolic acid, creosote, and peroxide hydrogen,—all of which, except the last, have objectionable properties, but none of which have the dangerous septic tendencies of Dr. Koch's preparation of an animal poison which speedily develops a feverish condition in the subject, reaching the alarming temperature of from 103 to 106, and the dispatches say (November 13) that "Dr. Koch yesterday inoculated himself with some lymph, and afterward took a bath. While out he was seized with vomitings, accompanied by fever, which are the symptoms that always follow the inoculation of consumptive patients, and he had to return home in a cab." In all cases the seat of the disease is irritated, and the cough developed or increased.

But the furor goes on without a single cure to justify it, and dangerous experiments cause more enthusiasm than would a thousand speedy cures by other means apart from the prevalent medical mania. Money is pouring in, doctors are flocking, an American newspaper speaks of it as a discovery ranking higher than any ever made in medicine, patients are wild with hope, and old professors lose their heads. Professor Nothnagel, of Vienna, says: "Professor Koch has brought us face to face with one of the greatest intellectual achievements in the province of medicine for centuries past," before he has made a single cure, and the famous Billroth says, "an immense perspective opens out before our eyes," but the next news was that (Dec. 10) "Professor Billroth has stopped using Koch's lymph, one of his patients suffering from lupus and two from tuberculosis having become fearful for their lives on account of the recent deaths after inoculation," which by the way were not reported

by our papers. But the craze goes on like the famous tulip mania in Holland. Dec. 18, the despatches say: —

"Berlin has gone wild over Dr. Koch, and Dr. Libbertz, who superintends the distribution of the lymph, has 6,000 applications on hand from hospitals. English physicians are begging for the privilege of purchasing a drop of the lymph for $100 for private experiments, and they do not often get it, although to those on the inside the price of a vial of lymph is $6. . . . One man in Berlin offered in vain $5,000 for a small quantity."

This is far from telling the whole story of the European craze, the echo of which in America produced in a leading daily the rhetorical expression, "the announcement of his cure for consumption, the king of terrors, against whose onslaught *medical men have ever been powerless*, at once centred upon this German professor the eyes of millions." "Could it be possible? Was there to be an end to the dread power of consumption?" yet medical men are not powerless, and the cure has not been discovered.

All this in spite of the cold water thrown on the blaze by many discreet physicians. Professor Semmola, of Naples, expresses the belief that Koch himself does not believe in the absolute efficacy of the lymph and that he ought to have "prevented thousands of phthisical patients from going to Berlin and making all sorts of sacrifices in order to meet with only complete disenchantment." Bearing in mind that the Koch method as first proposed was simply a dangerous pathological injection, why does it create this furor, when better bactericides are familiar. Simply because of the bacteriological zeal of the profession, the audacity of the inventor, and his professional and imperial patronage. As a germicide and therapeutic agent it is far inferior to the peroxide of hydrogen, which has never received professional justice, because it has not had the Barnumizing of Koch's lymph.

But after all it seems there is no germicidal action. We were first led to suppose that Dr. Koch had found the fatal bacillus and was going to exterminate it, as the only possible way of conquering consumption; but later news informs us that Koch was mistaken and the bacilli are not disturbed, but left to carry on their business of killing the patient if the bacterial theory is true, and that no impression is made on the tubercles, the essential feature of the disease, but some kind

of deadening "necrotic" action is produced on the morbid tissues around the tubercle, which sets the patient to coughing — this is the *theory* — but what a lame and impotent conclusion. Consumption is not due to bacillus tuberculosis and Dr. Koch cannot destroy the bacillus! and does not attack the tubercles. But we know that consumption is due to the tubercle and tubercles have often been absorbed and removed by alkalies and iodine.

Perhaps this necrotic action, which is all that is now claimed, may be very serviceable in lupus, a disease of a rather cancerous nature, in which success is claimed, but I think no pathologist would seriously affirm that this deadening the tissue, which simply adds a little more dead matter to the dead tubercle, would make a cure of consumption. But as Dr. Koch is a man of ability, he may keep on until he finds something really valuable.

It is not yet apparent that he has found anything as good or as safe as carbolic acid, which has been used successfully by injection in lupus and epithelioma, and in the early stages of consumption, and as his lymph is mixed with a half per cent. solution of carbolic acid which is known to produce such results as he claims, we can credit the lymph only with the dangerous toxic properties and the half comatose condition following the injections, the best effects of which are just such as carbolic acid has produced.

This is a thoroughly safe remedy in the hands of a physician, and we are profoundly indebted to Dr. Dêclat of Paris for its introduction in the best form, to which he has given his attention for twenty-two years. His "syrup of phenic acid" (or carbolic) which, I am sure, is fully equal to quinine and free from its objectionable qualities, and is of great value in pulmonary affections, has not been adequately recognized in America. Though I am not writing for a medical journal, I must refer to the meritorious things which are obscured by a temporary craze.

In refreshing contrast to this Koch mania, sustained by imperial patronage, let us refer to something altogether different and altogether better — a true and tested discovery, brought out by a German physician after testing it well, in an honorable, quiet, and modest manner, without the blare of trumpets over dangerous experiments and unproven pretensions, — not claiming that bacteria are the sole

sources of disease, but showing that it is *easy to destroy them.*

I refer to Dr. STILLING'S discovery of PYOKTANIN, the most perfect and harmless germicide ever revealed. If the destruction of bacteria is of such immense importance in consumption as newspaper scribblers would have us believe, Stilling's discovery is beyond all comparison with Koch's, as he has revealed an absolute germicide, a beautiful purple liquid or powder, which is also a perfect antiseptic, and therefore an antagonist of disease in general (for life is antiseptic, and disease is septic), instead of being a poison generating fever immediately as fevers are generated by the injection of putrescent fluids.

Stilling's PYOKTANIN is singularly harmless and wholesome, having been used upon rabbits until their interior tissues were pervaded with its blue color without any injurious results.

The experiments reported show that a solution of one part to two thousand prevented the putrefaction of meat,— even one thirty-thousandth resisted the development of putrefactive bacteria, and a sixty-four thousandth destroyed pathogenic bacteria, and varieties of pyococci. There is no other germicide possessing such therapeutic antiseptic power, combined with such wholesome innocence, and I may add such efficiency in disease, *controlling the severest inflammation*,— of which an example was given in a patient, in whom one eye was extirpated for disease, and the other hopelessly blind. The blind eye was relieved from all inflammation, and vision restored by pyoktanin. But this was not a dangerous sensational experiment; it was simply an honest and speedy cure, and somehow *cures do not excite the same enthusiasm* as dangerous experiments, which produce a baseball and horse-race excitement in the spectators. From my own investigation of pyoktanin, I believe it has a very wide range of value, and may rank as the great germicidal antidote of the future, for many morbid conditions of fever and inflammation, in which it has not yet been tested, and for which the inventor makes no claims. He does not claim its full merit, for I believe it will come nearer to the impossible panacea, than any recent addition to the *materia medica.* The rapidity with which, a few days ago, in the hands of one of my late pupils, it relieved, in a few hours, a troublesome case of tonsilitis, sur-

passed anything I have known. In myself, it promptly arrested a commencing influenza, with sneezing, running nose and eyes. In the hands of Dr. Stilling, an able ophthalmologist, it produced better and speedier results in all diseases of the eyes, than anything yet known. Other eminent physicians report great success in cases of crushed or bruised limbs, fresh cuts and contusions, old wounds, severe ulcerations (even syphilitic), and dangerous dermatitis. In all cases of suppuration, it controls and changes the condition. I take pleasure in urging its claims, as they have been so modestly presented by the inventor. I believe that its spray would be of extraordinary value in pneumonia and other inflammatory conditions of the lungs, in diphtheria and other affections of the throat. One of my medical pupils had a commencing cold and cough for which I recommended the inhalation of Pyoktanin spray, and in ten minutes he reported relief; another with cold and catarrh beginning used it with glycerine in the nostrils, and was surprised at his speedy cure.

Professor Koch may maintain his rank as an eminent scientist, with the discredit, however, of having been misled by bacterial enthusiasm into the expectation of curing a fully developed disease by a pathogenic injection. Pasteur would not pretend to cure fully developed hydrophobia, nor would any one pretend to cure smallpox by vaccination. Active poisons may be counteracted when first received, but fully developed constitutional conditions, matured through months or years, cannot be changed to health by any such sudden measures. Hence the Koch mania cannot last very long. It reminds us of the still more bacterial theory of Professor Cantani, who, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, attacked the bacillus tuberculosis with the bacteria of putrefaction — the *bacterium termo*. The bacillus tuberculosis, being of a more refined nature, soon disappeared when the vulgar *bacterium termo* was thrust into his company, and, if we can trust the *Centralblatt per die Medicinischen Wissenschaften*, of July 18, 1885, the effects upon the consumptive patients were better than anything yet reported from Koch. But Cantani is already forgotten, and the Koch cure for consumption, as first presented, must meet its fate also. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

And *mirabile dictu!* there is even a more amusing aspect

of this matter. Can there be any occult relation between Professor Koch, the adored hero of the hour, and Hahnemann, the founder of Homœopathy, the abhorred of the Universities? Can it be that, in accepting Koch and Pasteur, the faculty are swallowing the tail of the homœopathic serpent with a possibility of ultimately swallowing the whole?

The grand climax of homœopathy was quite beyond Hahnemann and his friends — though he was its efficient cause — it was ISOPATHY — triturated smallpox matter to cure smallpox — triturated matter from every disease to cure that disease. These triturations are still prepared and sold under scientific names in America and Europe. In using matter from rabies for hydrophobia, and matter from consumption (as supposed) to treat consumption, these famous gentlemen are walking in the penumbra of homœopathy. But to use a hunter's gun you must handle it like a hunter — and to practice Isopathically you should follow the Isopaths, who invariably *attenuate*, and do not, like Koch and Pasteur, use aggravating and dangerous doses. But to be brief, these learned gentlemen are experimental philosophers, and they will help the world onward toward that medical millennium in which all knowledge will be welcomed by all men, and truths stubbornly neglected to-day will have their honored place, while the delusions will be kindly forgotten, for lo! their number is illimitable. But it would require a powerful telescope to see the time when theologians and doctors shall all cease to be *sectarians*, and become amiable, harmonious, well-bred gentlemen.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

BY HON. JOHN WELCH, LL.D., LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO.

Rev. Minot J. Savage contends, and I think successfully, that orthodox theology and ecclesiasticism rest entirely and exclusively upon a belief in the Bible account of the *creation and fall of Adam*. He also claims that no well informed and free minded person now believes the story. The latter claim, I think, is too broad. There are thousands of such persons who still believe it. They believe it, not from its intrinsic evidences of verity, so much as from the fact that it has been believed so long, and by so many wise and good people, and that it is claimed to have done so much good. What I propose to show is that no one *ought* to believe it; that on its face it is absurd, contradictory, and impossible. The Jews did not believe it, and had no such theory of man's fall and redemption, or of rewards and punishments after death. They were not orthodox Calvinists by any means. It is quite evident to me that the story is of Babylonian origin; that it was first learned by the Jewish captives during their captivity, and was then, or afterwards, added to the Bible history of the Jews, in order to piece it out and connect it with creation. The evidence of this supposition is unanswerable. The story of the creation and of Adam's fall — and, indeed, the whole antediluvian story, and of the tower of Babel — is found only in the first eleven chapters of Genesis. No mention or hint of any such thing is to be found in any subsequent parts of the Bible, at least down to the date of the last captivity. Other *miracles and marvels* of much less note are referred to again and again in almost every book of the Bible. The creation of the universe and of man, the deluge, and God's defeat of an attempt to scale heaven by a tower are of much more wonderful significance than the promise made to Abraham, the plagues of Egypt, the crossing of the Red Sea, the wonders of Mount Sinai, or the wars with heathen nations. Yet, while these inferior events are referred to again and

again, and even have festivals and set observances in commemoration and remembrance of them, not a syllable, not a hint, is to be found of those primeval and greater wonders which preceded them. Not a word is to be found of Adam's creation, of his transgression, or of its effects upon his posterity. No mention is made of the Garden of Eden, of Adam or Eve, of the serpent, or of the forbidden fruit. If the Jewish people, from the time of Abraham to the second Babylonian captivity believed, or had ever heard of, such a story, the fact that it, or some parts of it, do not appear in the subsequent parts of the Bible is a *miracle* equal to any of those recorded in that book. How could the author, or authors, of one hundred and fifty psalms, how could the prophets fail to draw upon or allude to this wonderful and fruitful subject? How could the priests, how could Moses, Aaron, Samuel, David, and Solomon fail to allude to it, or some part of it? The answer is, that it was unknown and unheard of by the whole Jewish nation. If Moses had such a revelation, how could he fail to allude to it in other parts of the Pentateuch, and particularly in *Deuteronomy*, where he rehearses almost everything else?

It is proved by discovery of uniform inscriptions that the Babylonians had a somewhat similar myth of these alleged primeval wonders. The Jewish Bible proper begins with the call of Abraham, and ends with the return of Jews from Babylon. How easy for Ezra, or some other scribe, to attach this eastern myth, perhaps in an enlarged and modified form, to the Jewish Bible. In order to make it appear authentic the author should have interspersed the subsequent parts of the Bible with a thousand references to the story. The Bible myth need not necessarily exactly tally with the Babylonian. It may have been held and told in different forms by the Babylonians, or imperfectly understood by the Jewish captives. Their languages were different, but enough was undoubtedly learned to make it the foundation of the Bible story. The object was to make the book more interesting and acceptable, by showing the wisdom and power of the God of the Jews, and that He was not only the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but also the God of Adam and Eve. This view, of itself, ought to be held conclusive of the fact that the story is a myth. But it is by no means the only evidence. On its *face* the story is utterly incredible. What is the story?

There are evidently parts of *two stories*, blended as one. They differ but slightly — the one making the creation of the beasts *before* that of Adam, and the other placing their creation *after* Adam was put in the garden, and differing as to the *time* and *manner* of Eve's creation. But let us read the tale as a single account of the transaction. In plain and literal language the story is the following:—

About six thousand years ago, God, having finished the other works of creation, "created," or *made* Adam out of "dust," or *clay*. He was made in the "image" and "likeness" of God. God planted a garden, and put Adam into it, to *dress* it and to *keep* it. In the Garden were many trees, and among them the tree of *life* and the tree of the *knowledge of good and evil*. Adam was forbidden to eat of the latter named tree, under pain of immediate death, but was allowed to eat of *every other tree*, including the *tree of life*. And God said it was not good for Adam to be alone, and that He would make a helpmate. So God caused all the beasts which He had made, or, rather, which He then made, to be brought before Adam, but could find no suitable "helpmeet" for him among them. God then *made* a helpmeet for Adam out of one of his ribs, while he was asleep, But no commands were given to the helpmeet, Eve, and she was not forbidden to eat of any tree in the Garden. Among other beasts God made a *snake*, endowed it with extra *cunning*, and sent it, or allowed it to go, into the Garden, to deceive the poor ignorant woman, who, like the brutes, did not know good from evil, and who had received no commands from God. The snake went in, and told Eve, what! He told her the truth, namely, that if they eat of the forbidden fruit they should not immediately die, but should acquire a *moral* nature, knowing good from evil. They eat of the fruit; and instead of being immediately put to death, as had been promised, they were banished from the Garden, not for their disobedience, but for fear they would eat of a *non-forbidden* tree, the tree of life, and become gods, and live forever. Penalties were inflicted on the three offenders. The snake was condemned to *crawl* on his belly, which he could not be a snake without doing, and to have his head crushed by Adam's heel; Mother Eve was to have the pain of child-bearing, without which she could not be *mother* Eve; and Adam was to *labor* for his living (which he had already

been doing in the Garden), and to be bitten on the heel by snakes.

This plain and literal rendition of the text is not given as a caricature upon the story, but as the meaning it must have conveyed to the minds of primitive and ignorant people. If it had a secondary, hidden or mystical meaning, then it was not a *revelation*, but a *riddle*, and a deception.

Science and history long ago compelled orthodoxy to abandon the plain and literal reading of the story of the Garden of Eden, and to substitute in its place *secondary* and *imaginary* meanings to almost every word of the text. The alternative was, either to do so or to condemn the passage as a childish fable.

Take, for example, the statement that Adam was made in the "image" of God. To avoid the primitive belief that God had a man-like physical form, orthodoxy holds that the imagery was not *personal*, but *moral and spiritual*. Now the word "image" never had, and never can have any such meaning. It necessarily relates to something physical, visible, and tangible. Besides, to give the word the substituted meaning is to assign to the Almighty a very low place. If Adam was in God's *moral* and *spiritual* image, then God did not "know good from evil," and was liable to be deceived by Satan. To hold that a man who is almost fitted to be a companion for a female beast is in the moral, intellectual, or spiritual image of God, is little short of blasphemy. Either God was in the personal form of a man, or else He did not know good from evil. There is no alternative. Some of the *substituted* meanings of the text are the following: —

The snake, or "serpent," means the Devil, or Satan. The threatened death of Adam means his fall from a *holy state* of beastly ignorance to a *criminal* state of knowledge; and the penalty falls not only on him and Eve, but also on the one hundred and twenty generations (120,000,000,000) of their posterity, and on all brutes. The biting of Adam's heel by the snake means the temptations of Adam and his posterity by Satan, and his dominion over them, and his subjecting them to everlasting punishment. Could anything be farther fetched, or more fanciful?

The bruising of the serpent's head by Adam's heel means God's sacrificing His own innocent son, to redeem and save one out of a thousand of the human race, on condition that they repent of the *sin of Adam*, and believe this strange

story of Adam's fall and Christ's redemption. The beasts are not to be redeemed, but are to suffer on.

All this was known and foreordained from the beginning by a merciful, all-wise, and almighty Being; and He thus, by this story of the Garden of Eden, reveals His plan, and by inspiration enables the select few to give the revelation this strained construction. Could anything be more unworthy of rational belief? Can any rational person believe that God punished His own innocent son for Adam's transgression, and call that "justice"?

This account of God's turning Adam and Eve out of Paradise, for fear they would eat of the tree of life, and thus become gods, is of like character with the story of the destruction of the Tower of Babel, to prevent its builders from getting into heaven; and they both prove what is so often asserted in the Bible, — that "God is a jealous God."

Almost all nations have, or have had, some such primitive and puerile theory of the origin of the human race; and many of them, like the one in question, have been subsequently, when the race became more intelligent, but still unwilling to part with a long established superstition, altered by a strained mythical construction. Scores of instances of this nature might be cited.

It ought to be said, however, in favor of the orthodox Christianity that, notwithstanding its theological errors, it has done much good in the world. It might have done much more. Orthodox Christians have been at all times my best neighbors and kindest friends. They practice most of the humanitarian virtues, although not to be found in their creeds; but they predicate the *obligation* of these virtues, not upon their own *inherent* goodness and worth, but upon miraculous divine *commands*. But for these commands, they say, there would be no such thing as virtue or goodness, right or wrong; and one action would be as meritorious as another. Time and evolution are doing much to lessen and eliminate these relics of man's ignorance. But the virus of these myths is still in the church. Thousands on thousands of young men and women, as well as the old, are daily going back to these flesh pots of Egypt. A Methodist minister, in my neighborhood, in a sermon against the modern doctrine of evolution, said that he "*thanked God for an old-fashioned Hell*," and many of the congregation responded—"Amen!"

MORALS AND FIG-LEAVES.

BY HELEN LONDON.

In the Hebraic tradition of the origin of mankind, we are told that the Edenic pair, from whose loins have proceeded the innumerable generations of beings we call the human race, were innocent of that emotion we name "shame" until the wily serpent inducted Mother Eve into the pleasures of apple-eating. Weak man, as ever since, succumbed to her blandishments and partook with her of the feast, with the result that for the first time they perceived their nakedness and made for themselves garments, or, as one famous rendering has it, "breeches" of fig-leaves.

To the student of the development of moral ideas, this little incident in the traditional record presents a problem of great interest. The fig-leaf of Adamic days, in its variety of counterparts at the present day as well as in ages past, is the symbol of an idea that has no assured stability of form, nor ever has had; and to the student it is a perplexing, a baffling pursuit — this of endeavoring to grasp the substance of the idea which shadows itself as modesty or shame. From the Puritan maiden who swathes herself from chin to sole, to the Circassian slave-girl who will permit her body to be stripped before she will let her face be seen unveiled; from the Indian maiden of the North Pacific who goes ungirt while mistress of herself, to the same maiden when she becomes a man's property and girds her loins; from the many times enwrapped Boston girl in her boudoir, to the same girl upon the bathing-beach, — the chase of the idea is an interesting and not wholly satisfying one.

That there is something of actual import in the problem is evidenced by the frequent homilies upon different phases through the pulpit and public press. Dancing, theatre-going, *décolleté* dress, the nude in Art, each comes in for its share of a denunciation which is seldom discriminating, and always evades an assertion of fundamental principles and their reasons.

Recent expressions of opinion upon these phases, through the press, pulpit, and action of governing bodies of art-galleries, etc., seem almost wholly in the line of upholding a conventionality which it cannot be wholly unjust to term unreasoning, since it gives no reasons. The moral importance of the problem makes it permissible to ask whether these expressions of opinion have a warrant in good sense; whether they are based on real "delicacy." Too often the epigrams wrought with this word are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But when the searcher for truth turns to the fields of Nature, where truth can still be run to its lair, there comes ever the irrefutable proof that Nature, in her natural places and processes, is the essence of delicacy, as she is of strength. To approach these problems with this thoroughly accepted, is to have a clearer light on the way.

A study of the ideas and customs of the nations of the past as well as of the present, brings a heavy weight of evidence to show that notions of modesty, even more than of morality, are mainly acquired variations of, or inventions based upon, a very few fundamental principles, these in themselves having little or no relation to modesty or morality in the abstract. Why else their great diversity and discordance from age to age, from year to year, even in nations of the same day? Is it not that we invent our notions from time to time, teaching them as absolute truths to the younger generation, rather than anything which we learn from Nature? If our modern morals are too *décolleté*, surely we alone are responsible for the paucity of fig-leaves.

It can be justly asked "Is not the true state of affairs this — that not our dresses, but our morals are cut too low?" In an affirmative answer there is more than a grain of truth. If we would cut our morals so that they would fit our bodies more nearly, there would be less necessity for clothes to cover the balance. Would it not, then, be the higher and wiser policy to adopt a less *décolleté* style for our morals and avoid the occasion for indelicacy in dress? But we preach and we practise a contemning of the body, we vilify and degrade the physical member of our human trinity, so that in sheer self-defence against ourselves we must wear some form of the primeval fig-leaf. Does this seem an exaggeration, a vagary? Among the earliest ideas we inculcate in our child is an unreasoning, unreasoned contempt, a despis-

ing of certain portions and functions of the body. Year by year, we educate him faithfully in these notions, without logical reason assigned. If the child be a girl, we gradually increase the extent of the despicable portion, making the foundation of a "double standard of morality," which leads to some of the most wretched features of modern social life.

At puberty, when Nature rarely fails to impress new questionings over a wider range of thought, when the difference of sex and the origin of life and its functions become matters of inquiry — at the very time when Nature prompts a search for knowledge, we increase our efforts at repression, we withdraw (as we think) all knowledge that is sought; and, by a negative, if not an affirmative education, we inculcate a vicious, *quasi* knowledge of shame and evil which did not exist before. We do worse than that — we create the very shame and evil, till then non-existent. Our child is surrounded by other children and by servants more viciously wise than himself, from whom he adds to his degrading learning; and thus, well-equipped to see harm, he fails not to find it. Unfortunately, not even here does our work end — we have repressed his natural tendencies, we have kept from him all wise counsel, we have turned his impulses into unnatural, secret, vicious channels, and we have set in train fresh proof of that maxim of human perversity, that "stolen waters taste sweet."

Right here lies a most certain truth — that we ourselves educate our children in evil. It is plain that if we taught them that a woman's bosom was a part of her body entitled to the highest honor and respect, without evil in itself and without reason for evil, no one would find shame in the sight of it. If we taught that a woman's leg was as honorable a portion of her as a man's is of him, and with no more evil in it, none would be found. We teach that they are full of evil and should be hidden from view — is it any wonder, then, that men want to see them? Is it strange that our young men — and old — crowd the spectacular drama, and find too often only a lustful pleasure in beholding the most beautiful outlines earth can show — the outlines of woman's form? It is our fault that they see aught but the beauty — it is our fault that aught but the beauty is to be seen.

Nature gives no reason why a woman's form is less worthy to be viewed than a man's. Nature makes man's body the model of human strength,— woman's, of human beauty. Why should not both alike be viewed? In the days when woman's body was reverenced most in its beauty and in its use by the ancient Greeks, its form and flesh were least concealed from view; and then, if we are to believe the national historians, was Greek modesty and purity the greatest. If the wondrously beautiful conceptions of their sculptors, the objects of their adoration and of hundreds of later generations, must now be passed with averted eye, may not one ask, "Whose the shame,— theirs or ours?" If *then* a woman as she approached that most sacred of her states, maternity, was an object of increased reverence, to be passed on the street by men with uncovered head and respectful bow, friend and stranger alike,— and *now* the pregnant woman upon the street is the object of rude gaze, of jesting or disapproving remark, of imputation of immodesty, from man and woman alike — is it captious to ask wherein our modesty excels the half-barbaric Greek? Would that here we might have an atavism!

Conceding that our daughters are contaminated by viewing the ballet, whence but from us did they get the idea of contamination? If the *danseuse* exerts indecent endeavors to allure our sons, who but ourselves make our sons respond to her allurements? But one may question whether the ballet and spectacle need be so immodest to the looker-on. I remember one night at one of Kiralfy's most beautiful and imposing spectacles, I watched with interest a young man who had never seen such a performance. Of a really religious training, remarkably pure in thought as in life, he had reluctantly joined a party of friends at the theatre. When the curtain went down at the close of the first act, shutting out the hundreds of lovely female forms in the scenery and garb of Fairyland, he turned to me and said: "Is it not beautiful? Is it not exquisite? And they told me this was indecent and immoral! How I wish that I could bring my sister to see it!" I was satisfied with the effect on him. I was satisfied upon another point — that as there are ballets and ballets, so there are spectators and spectators.

The stage needs no defence here. Those who know it

well, know that there is far less immorality in what it puts forth than is charged by those who never enter a theatre; that the immorality of the *danseuse* is more a matter of assertion than a proof; that the lewdness of her performances is very largely a question of the state of mind of the observer. Misused and condemned as it has been, there is no saying truer in essence than "To the pure all things are pure." *Honi soit qui mal y pense* applies with not less force to the theatre-goer than to the mediæval courtier. The pure mind cannot receive impurity, if it is *wisely* pure; and our ability to withstand what is not pure depends mainly on whether we were taught to receive it. That there is much of vileness in thought and situation on the stage, no one questions. But let us ask ourselves two questions: How much vileness do we see that is such only because it is in our minds? How much of it is due to the demand for it, fostered by us?

To our customary notions of modesty and to our methods of imparting them, is due the great popularity of "erotic fiction." Is it not strange that by far the majority of readers of the impure books of the day are women—especially young women and girls? That it is so, book-venders and librarians everywhere know. Let it be known that a book in a library is slightly improper and it is at once sought after by our innocent maidens. They "want to know, you know"—what? A more or less vague, indefinite something, which they know exists; unnamed, mysterious emotions which they feel impelled to taste,—a feast to which they go prepared by their mothers to receive only a ruinous excitement.

No one of discernment, who has had much to do with children in their bodily life, but knows that the majority are victims of most disastrous vices, over which their mothers throw fig-leaves, to hide them from their sight! Physicians combat these and their resulting evils with little zeal or success, knowing as they so well do, that their efforts are mainly thrown away, while the present notions of modesty continue to be accepted as the highest type of virtue. Rare is it now, and ever has been, that a woman "goes to her husband as unmarred as an ideal in a dream." When she does —in the sense in which the words quoted were used—the physician knows the chances are at least equal that there

will be one more victim, willing or unwilling, to the vices which threaten to bankrupt the marriage and home relations —vices toward remedying which much could easily be done, were it not that the hands of physicians and sociologists are tied by those who believe we should follow "the strict rule of reserve in speech" — a tacit, however unintentional, upholding of the hidden practice, howsoever hideous it may be.

No greater mistake has the world ever made than its conventional accepting of innocence for virtue. Ignorance may be purity, it can never be virtue. No soul in, as we say, "virgin purity" can ever have the worth of matronly virtue. Nothing is so easy to sully as innocence, nor so difficult as virtue. In this realm, ignorance is not bliss: it is the path to a very tormenting hell.

We fail always when we try to raise our children in innocence. We would be fortunate if we did nothing worse than fail. But in our serene ignorance of, or blind opposition to, the ways of Nature, we force them into a seeking and finding of a vicious knowledge, which arms them with the weapons that turn against virtue. What wonder then that they so often fall in the fight, are made prisoners by the powers of evil? The fig-leaves we have put on them are not coats of mail — they simply serve to indicate to the enemy the vulnerable points. We teach them not the things to be guarded against, either in themselves or in others; and if our sweet daughter is tainted by the pressure of the *roué's* arm in the waltz, I fear it is because we have not taught her to recognize and shun the *roué*, nor to repel contagion when it is present. And if it is our son who is the *roué*, as he may likely be with some other mother's daughter, I fear that there, too, we must bear the blame. For did not our conventional ideas of modesty prevent our rightly instructing him?

We do need to educate in morals, but we need fewer fig-leaves. We do not need, as was recently thought necessary in one of our large cities, to put trousers on the Apollo Belvidere, nor a gown on the Venus of Milo. We can learn that lust is not for things permitted, but for things forbidden. We can teach our sons and daughters to see no harm where none exists. We can teach them the inherent nobility and decency of the human form. We can educate

them in the essence of delicacy, which is to think no indelicacy.

. . . . . .

To those who fear to have rotten timbers taken away, lest harm come to the edifice, it will be an easy task to find in the foregoing a plea for the abolition of all modesty. For such and for those who form judgments from "a casual glance," this article was not written.

THE FROTH AND THE DREGS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

On entering one of our largest bookstores, a short time since, my eye rested on two immense tiers of books, placed side by side on one of the most prominent counters. Both were meeting with immense sales. One of the volumes was bound in black, very plain. The delicate binding of the other was protected by white-glazed paper covers, printed in gold. The sight of these two books, placed in juxtaposition, produced in me a distinct mental shock,—a strange thrill, such as I remember experiencing a few months since, when, glancing over one of the New York dailies, I noticed an extended description of a magnificent ball given by the Vanderbilts at Newport, while in another column, I saw a wonderfully pathetic pen-picture of the terrible want then being experienced in the little cottages and hovels of the poor strikers on the Vanderbilt road. It almost seemed, as I beheld in bold antithesis those graphic scenes of gilded splendor and grim squalor, that triumphant capital sought to exasperate vanquished labor beyond the bounds of human forbearance; and I felt a shock akin to the experience one undergoes when first reading the pictures of the giddy, voluptuous, and selfish life at the Louvre, immediately preceding the French Revolution, while the multitudes of Paris saw the world through fierce eyes sunken far into their sockets by hunger long endured. Something of the same sensation, I experienced on seeing these two books side by side: one, "Society as I Have Found It," by Ward McAllister; the other might have been termed, "Society as I Have Found It," by General Booth. One being an elaborate description of the froth on the surface of social life to-day, the other a picture of the dregs of civilization; vivid glimpses of the upper and lower strata of our modern life. The world of indolent frivolity, and the world of crime, degradation, and poverty. The denizens of the one, —idlers who eat, drink, dance, and are consumed in a butterfly existence; the other filled with gaunt, hungry, hol-

low-eyed millions to whom life is an awful curse. The one basking in the sunshine of wealth, floating on the surface, held up by the great current beneath; the other doomed to dwell in perpetual night, having settled or been forced to the bottom where the pressure is greatest, and hope dies.

These pen pictures of two phases of our civilization are written by persons who may be justly termed experts in the fields they discuss; and though, from a purely literary point of view, their work is vulnerable, there is no reason to believe that either has given other than a truthful narration, for each is in perfect *rapport* with his theme: each knows the ground over which he journeys, as thoroughly as a trapper knows the mountain trail.

* The first of these works, as I have indicated, treats of what may be termed the froth of society, that is, the wealth-laden idlers who live chiefly for themselves, for the petty triumphs in fashion's hollow life, those who enjoy the superficial and arti-

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* I am aware that several critics have assailed Mr. McAllister as rendering a false picture of the gay world of fashion in New York. The fact remains, however, that this same giddy world of wealth and pleasure have not repudiated their leader. No renunciation of him has come from this charmed circle; on the contrary, the following extract from the New York *Herald* of Dec. 9, gives an idea of the position held by Mr. McAllister at the present time. This, together with the fact that for years he has been the idol of the "four hundred," is sufficient to refute the claim that the picture he presents of the froth of society is misleading.

Delmonico's white and gold ball room was ablaze with light last night.

This is the eighteenth year of the Patriarchs' ball, and the occasion just celebrated was the largest and most brilliant of any ever given.

As it was opera night, none of the guests came until eleven o'clock.

They entered the blue room, and then the second salon, where the Hungarian band from Buda-Pesth played all the evening.

There were fully three hundred and seventy-five people present, just twenty-five less than the famous four hundred.

William C. Whitney, W. Watts Sherman, and John Alsop Griswold are the newly elected Patriarchs.

Supper was announced at half past twelve.

THE LEADERS.

Mr. McAllister led with Mrs. Astor, followed by the Duchess of Marlborough with Mr. W. C. Whitney, the Duke of Marlborough with Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt with Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew with Mrs. Paran Stevens.

The cotillion began at half-past one, and was danced in English fashion continually until half-past two, Mr. Harry Le Grand Cannon leading with Miss Anne Cameron, who is the first debutante to have led.

Mr. McAllister danced with Mrs. Michael Herbert, and on his right and left were Mrs. Burke-Roche, Miss Wetmore, Miss Amy Bend, Mrs. Yznaga, Miss Randolph, Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Sallie Hargous, Mrs. W. A. Duer, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Miss Angelica Gerry and Miss Chapman.

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The Patriarchs danced until a late hour, and when they began their departure, clad in greatcoats and wrapped in sables and seals, they presented a picture (with the snow and the street lamps and Madison Square Garden as a setting) that would have delighted the heart of Gérome.

ficial life of what is known as society, when millions of their fellowmen are being forced to the depths of want and often into crime. Millions of their brothers and sisters are starving, or stealing that they may not starve, who might be saved, who would be redeemed if a small part of this wealth-laden circle in every metropolis would work in concert, and intelligently expend a liberal portion of the immense riches that they annually waste, and which few if any of them have created with their own hands, or by personal exertion outside of speculation. It is this world of idlers which Mr. McAllister describes and extols. Some of them owe their prestige largely to the fact that their ancestors were early settlers of Manhattan Island; others have inherited vast fortunes, while a third class are the children or representatives of the commercial brigands of to-day,—men who spend months converting into cash a portion of their vast resources, who then withdraw their deposits from the metropolitan banks in such a manner as to send a thrill of uncertainty through the complex fabric of commercial life; who follow this with gloomy rumors and predictions of impending business failures through the press; who watch an opportune moment, when with tiger spring they convulse the speculative world, crushing banks, bankrupting hosts of individuals, causing many deaths and more misery, but at length they emerge from the chaos they have caused with millions of ill-gotten gains—millions of dollars, not a cent of which has been earned, millions of dollars won by gamblers who have money enough to take away all risks on their part and who understand how to utilize for their purses a system of legal gambling which is daily sapping the moral force of the nation and paralyzing legitimate trade. It is from one of these three classes that we find the majority of fashion's votaries in our great metropolis. And how do they live in this charmed circle? They winter in New York and summer at Newport, or some other resort of wealth and fashion. Winter and summer alike they feast, drink, and dance. In summer they drive in state. In winter they attend the opera. This, of course, does not command all their time, but it represents the great absorbing thoughts that fire and control life. This round of gayety is to this element what invention is to Edison, what evolution was to Darwin, what conquest was to Alexander, what the redemption of humanity was to Jesus,—the motive power that most

sways life; the over-mastering impulse of existence; the thought or desire, before which all else becomes subordinate. Let us examine a few etchings from Mr. McAllister's gallery that we may acquire a better idea of the essential spirit of this life. Here we have a picture of a typical picnic at Newport:

"We would meet at Narragansett Avenue at 1 P. M., and all drive out together. On reaching the picnic grounds, I had an army of skirmishers, in the way of servants, thrown out, to take from each carriage its contribution to the country dinner. The band would strike up, and off the whole party would fly in the waltz, while I was directing the icing of the champagne, and arranging the tables; all done with marvellous celerity. Then came my hour of triumph, when, without giving the slightest signal (fearing some one might forestall me, and take off the prize), I would dash in among the dancers, secure our society queen, and lead with her the way to the banquet. Now began the fun in good earnest. The clever men of the party would assert their claims to the best dishes, proud of the efforts of their cook, loud in their praise of their own game pie, which most probably was brought out by some third party, too modest to assert and push his claim. Beauty was there to look upon, and wit to enliven the feast. The wittiest of men was then in his element, and I only wish I dared quote here his brilliant sallies. The beauty of the land was also there, and all feeling that they were on a frolic, they threw hauteur, ceremonial, and grand company manners aside, and, in place, assumed a spirit of simple enjoyment. Toasts were given and drunk, then a stroll in pairs, for a little interchange of sentiment, and then the whole party made for the dancing platform, and a cotillion of one hour and a half was danced till sunset. As at a "Meet," the arrivals and departures were a feature of the day. Four-in-hands, tandems, and the swellest of Newport turn-outs rolled by you. At these entertainments you formed life-time intimacies with the most cultivated and charming men and women of this country.

These little parties were then, and are now, the stepping-stones to our best New York society. People who have been for years in mourning and thus lost sight of, or who, having passed their lives abroad and were forgotten, were again seen, admired, and liked, and at once brought into society's fold. Now, do not for a moment imagine that all were indiscriminately asked to these little fetes. On the contrary, if you were not of the inner circle, and were a newcomer, it took the combined efforts of all your friends' backing and pushing to procure an invitation for you. For years, whole families sat on the stool of probation, awaiting trial and acceptance, and many were then rejected, but once received, you were put on an intimate footing with all."

From Newport we turn to New York and view a banquet for seventy-two persons, given by a member of this exclusive class. The cost of this banquet was to be ten thousand dollars. Again we quote Mr. McAllister: —

"Accordingly, he (the gentleman giving the banquet) went to Charles Delmonico, who in turn went to his *cuisine classique* to see how they could possibly spend this sum on this feast. Success crowned their efforts. The sum in such skilful hands soon melted away, and a banquet was given of such beauty and magnificence, that even New Yorkers, accustomed as they were to every species of novel expenditure, were aston-

ished at its lavishness, its luxury. The banquet was given at Delmonico's, in Fourteenth Street.

There were seventy-two guests in the large ball-room, looking on Fifth Avenue. Every inch of the long extended oval table was covered with flowers, excepting a space in the centre, left for a lake, and a border around the table for the plates. This lake was indeed a work of art; it was an oval pond, thirty feet in length, by nearly the width of the table, inclosed by a delicate golden wire network, reaching from table to ceiling, making the whole one grand cage; four superb swans, brought from Prospect Park, swam in it, surrounded by high banks of flowers of every species and variety, which prevented them from splashing the water on the table. There were hills and dales; the modest little violet carpeting the valleys, and other bolder sorts climbing up and covering the tops of those miniature mountains. Then, all around the inclosure, and in fact above the entire table, hung little golden cages, with fine songsters, who filled the room with their melody, occasionally interrupted by the splashing of the waters of the lake by the swans, and the cooing of these noble birds, and at one time by a fierce combat between these stately, graceful, gliding white creatures. The surface of the whole table, by clever art, was one unbroken series of undulations, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, but all clothed and carpeted with every form of blossom. It seemed like the abode of fairies; and when surrounding this fairyland with lovely young American womanhood, you had indeed an unequalled scene of enchantment. But this was not to be alone a feast for the eye; all that art could do, all that the cleverest men could devise to spread before the guests such a feast as the gods should enjoy, was done, and so well done that all present felt, in the way of feasting, that man could do no more! The wines were perfect. Blue seal Johannisberg flowed like water. Incomparable '48 claret, superb Burgundies, and amber-colored Madeira, all were there to add to the intoxicating delight of the scene. Then, soft music stole over one's senses; lovely women's eyes sparkled with delight at the beauty of their surroundings, and I felt that the fair being who sat next to me would have graced Alexander's feast."

After reading the above it is well to call to mind the awful facts, that out of 39,679 deaths in New York City in 1889, 7,059 died in the hospitals, insane asylums, and workhouses; more than one person in every six who died in New York, died in public institutions, and 3,819 of those who died were thrown into the Potter's field, too poor for decent burial. In the presence of such frightful facts the heartless selfishness which characterizes the reckless extravagance of the society of which Mr. McAllister writes, assumes criminal proportions. But this is by no means the only evil which attends such life. The very atmosphere cannot fail to stifle the highest nature in man, to dwarf, shrivel, and kill the true ethical or spiritual essence of his being, which instinctively turns to humanity's miserables with soul overflowing with love, which ever shrinks from a mere selfish, butterfly existence as one shrinks from an adder, knowing it will poison unto death the highest attributes of the soul. The

following extract well illustrates the blighting influence upon the individual, as well as the false idea of life that such an existence inculcates. A wealthy friend, on sailing for Europe, placed in the charge of Mr. McAllister his wife and daughter, requesting him to give them a splendid ball at Delmonico's, and draw on him for all expenses. At this our author proceeds: —

"I replied: 'My dear fellow, how many people do you know in this city whom you could invite to a ball? The funds you send me will be used, but not in giving a ball.' The girl being a beauty, all the rest was easy enough. I gave her theatre party after theatre party, followed by charming little suppers, asked to them the *jeunesse dorée* of the day; took her repeatedly to the opera, and saw that she was always there surrounded by admirers; incessantly talked of her fascinations; assured my young friends that she was endowed with a fortune equal to the mines of Ophir, that she danced like a dream, and possessed all the graces, a sunbeam across one's path; then saw to it that she had a prominent place in every cotillion and a fitting partner: showed her whom to smile upon, and on whom to frown; gave her the *entrée* to all the nice houses; criticised severely her toilet until it became perfect; daily met her on the avenue with the most charming man in town, who by one pretext or another I turned over to her; made her the constant subject of conversation; insisted upon it that she was to be the belle of the coming winter; advised her parents that she should have her first season at Bar Harbor, where she could learn to flirt to her heart's content, and vie with other girls. Her second summer, when she was older, I suggested her passing at Newport, where she should have a pair of ponies, a pretty trap, with a well-gotten-up groom, and Worth to dress her."

Another significant illustration of the artificiality of this existence and its essentially demoralizing effect is seen in the *naive* observation of McAllister: —

"The highest cultivation in social manners enables a person to conceal from the world his real feelings. He can go through any annoyance as if it were a pleasure; go to a rival's house as if to a dear friend's; smile and smile, yet murder while he smiles."

In speaking of the Patriarchs' balls which are such a feature of society life among the "four hundred," Mr. McAllister describes how he fought for and secured entertainments of the most luxurious and expensive character possible. "We must spare no expense to make them a credit to us and to the great city in which they are given." A credit to squander money, while thousands in the compass of New York are slowly starving for the lack of money to buy the food the system craves! But our author continues: —

"The social life of a great part of our community, in my opinion, hinges on this and similar organizations, for it and they are organized social power, capable of giving a passport to society to all worthy of it."

And now let us see a typical man of this mad, gay world:

"I must here give a slight sketch of one of the handsomest, most fascinating, most polished, and courteous gentleman of that or any other period. We will here call him the major; amiability itself, a man both sexes could fall in love with. I loved him dearly, and when I lost him I felt much of the charm of life had departed with him. At all these country parties, he was always first and foremost. My rapidity of thought and action always annoyed him. 'My dear fellow,' he would say, 'for heaven's sake, go slow; you tear through the streets as if at some one's bidding. A gentleman should stroll leisurely, casting his eyes in the shop windows, as if in search of amusement, while you go at a killing pace, as if on business bent. The man of fashion should have no business.' Again, he had a holy horror of familiar garments. 'My dear boy,' he would smile and say, 'when will you discard that old coat? I am so familiar with it, I am fatigued at the sight of it.'

"On one subject we were always in accord — our admiration for women. My eye was quicker than his, and I often took advantage of it. I would say, 'Major, did you see that beauty? By Jove, a most delicious creature!' 'Who? Where?' he would exclaim. 'Why, man,' I replied, 'she has passed you; you have lost her.' 'Lost her! How could you let that happen? Why, why did you not sooner call my attention to her?'"

From this pitiful picture of life, that is worse than a failure, of the froth on humanity's bosom, where riches are squandered while manhood is enervated; where the noblest ideals are eclipsed by life devoted to gratification of the "lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life," we turn to view another phase of our civilization. In his "Darkest England," we have a vivid picture of society as General Booth has found it. Here a colossal figure looms up in a world of darkness; a voice comes from the brink of the abyss, speaks in tones that ring around the globe, a clarion voice pleading in humanity's name for the submerged millions. On the verge of the social pit the eye of the looker-on dilates with horror; the voice is hushed, the heart sickens. As one descends it grows darker. Here society exists in strata.

In London alone there are more than three hundred thousand souls who are hanging on the brink of the abyss, whose every heart-beat thrills with fear, whose lifelong nightmare is the dread that the little den they call home may be taken from them. Beneath them at the door of starvation are over two hundred thousand human lives; still further down we find three hundred thousand in the stratum of the starving, in the realm where hunger gnaws night and day, where every second of every minute, of every hour, of every day, is crowded with agony. Below the starving are the homeless;

they who have nothing with which to buy a lodging in the worst quarters; they who sleep out the year round, hundreds of whom may be found any night on the cold stone slabs along the Thames embankment. Some have a newspaper between themselves and the damp stones, but the majority do not even enjoy this luxury! This army of absolutely homeless in London numbers thirty-three thousand.

Below these hells we find others still more terrible — the hells of vice and crime. In Great Britain alone are one hundred thousand prostitutes, and General Booth estimates at least a hundred thousand more very poor women whom poverty has driven to secretly increase their earnings by their shame.

There are twenty-two thousand juvenile thieves. There are thirty-two thousand nine hundred and ten reputed known thieves out of prison, and thirty-two thousand in jail. There are half a million drunkards in Great Britain. The court record for a single year showed the conviction of one hundred and sixty thousand drunkards. It is estimated that sixty thousand drunkards annually die in the United Kingdom. Below these hells are others where all light has vanished, where we hear naught but the confused roar of angry brutes, madly, blindly grappling whom they may destroy. Then we have the public institutions, laden with the miserables. According to the official reports of the Register-General, one person in every five in London dies in the workhouse, the hospital, or the lunatic asylum. In 1887, there were eighty-two thousand five hundred and forty-five deaths in London. Of these seventeen thousand perished in public institutions.

Such are the rugged outlines which meet the eye as one glances at this world at the social nadir; such the general facts as from the verge of the abyss one's eyes wander down the strata that commence with the honest, industrious poor, and end with the hopelessly depraved. This is the world of which General Booth writes and in which he has already accomplished wonders.

In order to gain a better idea of this life it is necessary to notice a few typical cases. We have just examined the sketch drawn by Mr. McAllister of a typical life in his butterfly world; let us now squarely face life in the abyss. That we may better know this world we must approach it.

From a distance the scene startles and staggers the mind. A closer examination touches the heart. He who would fathom its misery must look upon individual scenes and cases which are strictly typical. In this manner the truth is brought home — what before was merely *seen* is now *felt*, and the tragic aspects of the life of the submerged millions is sensibly appreciated. Let us, then, glance at some typical aspect of life in this grim world. The following picture would form a striking background for a setting showing the ten-thousand dollar banquet at Delmonico's, so felicitously described by Mr. McAllister. It is taken from the record of one of General Booth's most trusted officers, who was sent to investigate the actual condition of the homeless poor in one portion of London.

"Just as big Ben strikes two, the moon, flashing across the Thames, and lighting up the stone-work of the embankment, brings into the relief a pitiable spectacle. Here on the stone abutments, which afford a slight protection from the biting wind, are scores of men, lying side by side, huddled together for warmth, and, of course, without any other covering than their ordinary clothing, which is scanty enough at the best. Some have laid down a few pieces of waste paper, by way of taking the chill off the stones, but the majority are too tired even for that."

General Booth's officer interviewed these homeless ones, three hundred and sixty of whom he found, one night, sleeping out along the Thames, between Blackfriar's and Westminster. We will select a few cases.

No. 1. "I've slept here two nights. I'm a confectioner by trade. I come from Dartford. I got turned off because I'm getting elderly. They can get young men cheaper, and I have the rheumatism so bad. I've earned nothing these two days. I thought I could get a job at Woolwich, so I walked there, but could get nothing. I found a bit of bread in the road, wrapped up in a bit of newspaper: that did me for yesterday. I had a bit of bread and butter to-day. I'm fifty-four years old. When it's wet, we stand about all night, under the arches."

No. 2. "I'm a tailor. Have slept here four nights running. Can't get work. Been out of a job three weeks. It was very wet last night. I left these seats, and went to Covent Garden Market, and slept under cover. There were about thirty of us. The police moved us on, but we went back as soon as they had gone. I've had a pen'worth of bread, and pen'worth of soup during the last two days,—often goes without altogether. There are women sleep out here. They are decent people, mostly charwomen and such like, who can't get work."

No. 3. Elderly man: trembles visibly with excitement at mention of work: produces a card, carefully wrapped in old newspaper, to the effect that Mr. J. R. is a member of the Trade Protection League. He is a waterside laborer. Last job at that was a fortnight since. Has earned nothing for five days. Had a bit of bread this morning, but not a scrap since. Had a cup of tea, and two slices of bread yesterday, and the same the day before. The deputy at a lodging house gave it to him.

He is fifty years old, and is still damp from sleeping out in the wet, last night.

No. 4. Been out of work a month. Carman by trade. Arm withered, and cannot do work properly. Has slept here all the week. Got an awful cold through the wet. Lives at odd jobs [they all do]. Got sixpence yesterday for minding a cab, and carrying a couple of parcels. Earned nothing to-day. Has been walking about all day, looking for work, and is tired out.

No. 5. Youth, aged sixteen. Sad case. Londoner. Works at odd jobs, and at matches selling. He has taken 3d. to-day; *i. e.*, net profit, 1½d. Has five boxes still. Has slept here every night for a month. Before that, slept in Covent Garden Market, or on doorsteps. Been sleeping out six months. Has had one bit of bread to-day: yesterday had only some gooseberries and cherries, *i. e.*, bad ones that had been thrown away. Mother is alive. She "chucked him out," when he returned home on leaving Feltham, because he couldn't find her money for drink.

These are fairly typical cases, writes General Booth, of the army of nomads, who are wandering homeless through the streets, and he continues: —

"Work, work! it is always work that they ask. The Divine curse is to them the most blessed of benedictions. 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread,' but alas for these forlorn sons of Adam! they fail to find the bread to eat, for society has no work for them to do. They have not even leave to sweat. Most of them now do more exhausting work in seeking for employment than the regular toilers do in their workshops, and do it, under the darkness of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

Below this tier of the homeless who have hope looms up the despairing multitude, they who battle until body fails and brain reels, they who, confronted by the spectre of crime and the spectre of death, hear the voice of fate cry Choose! Here is a typical case:

"A short time ago a respectable man, a chemist, in Holloway, fifty years of age, driven hard to the wall, tried to end it all by cutting his throat. His wife also cut her throat, and at the same time they gave strychnine to their only child. The effort failed, and they were placed on trial for attempted murder. In the Court, a letter was read which the poor wretch had written before attempting his life: —

'My dearest George: — Twelve months have I now passed of a most miserable and struggling existence, and I really cannot stand it any more. I am completely worn out, and relations who could assist me won't do any more, for such was uncle's last intimation. He never inquires whether I am starving or not. Three pounds,— a mere flea-bite to him — would have put us straight, and with his security and good interest might have obtained me a good situation long ago. I can face poverty and degradation no longer, and would sooner die than go to the workhouse, whatever may be the awful consequences of the steps we have taken. We have, God forgive us! taken our darling Arty with us, out of pure love and affection, so that the darling should never be cuffed about, or reminded or taunted with his heart-broken parents' crime. My poor wife has done her best at needle-work, washing, house-

minding, etc., in fact, anything and everything that would bring in a shilling; but it would only keep us in semi-starvation. I have now done six weeks' travelling from morning till night, and not received one farthing for it. If that is not enough to drive you mad,— wickedly mad,— I don't know what is. No bright prospect anywhere; no ray of hope. May God Almighty forgive us for this heinous sin, and have mercy on our sinful souls, is the prayer of your miserable, broken-hearted, but loving brother, Arthur. We have now done everything that we can possibly think of to avert this wicked proceeding, but can discover no ray of hope. Fervent prayer has availed us nothing; our lot is cast, and we must abide by it. It must be God's will, or He would have ordained it differently. Dearest Georgy, I am exceedingly sorry to leave you all, but I am mad — thoroughly. You, dear, must try and forget us, and, if possible, forgive us; for I do not consider it our fault we have not succeeded. If you could get three pounds for our bed, it will pay our rent, and our scanty furniture may fetch enough to bury us in a cheap way.

'Don't grieve over us or follow us, for we shall not be worthy of such respect. Our clergyman has never called on us or given us the least consolation, though I called on him a month ago. He is paid to preach, and there he considers his responsibility ends, the rich excepted. We have only yourself and a very few others who care one pin what becomes of us; but you must try and forgive us, is the last fervent prayer of your devotedly fond and affectionate, but broken-hearted and persecuted brother. [Signed] R. A. O———.'

This is an authentic human document, a transcript from the life of one among thousands who go down inarticulate into the depths. They die and make no sign, or, worse still, they continue to exist, carrying about with them, year after year, the bitter ashes of a life from which the furnace of misfortune has burnt away all joy, hope, and strength."

Then we have the vicious — a world so terrible that one sickens as he explores it; a world into which the vast majority have been forced by the selfishness and brutality of our present civilization — the inhumanity of man.

My present purpose does not necessitate prosecuting our investigations through the hell of vice and crime into which the vast majority of those in the upper stratum, who do not perish in the battle for bread, ultimately sink. I simply desire to place in antithesis the idle rich and the starving poor, and by typical illustrations lead men and women to *think*. If a general agitation can be brought about, if the element in life to-day which appreciates the importance of an active ethical education can be marshalled in line, it will not be long before methods for the amelioration and redemption of society's submerged millions will be at hand. The crying need of the hour is a great moral agitation, an aggressive movement on ethical lines; the conscience of civilization must be appealed to in the name of justice, civilization, and our common humanity.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

BY FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

LEADING thinkers among women of broad culture have long been pleading for the freedom of woman, urging her right to education, wages, and suffrage on an equality with man. The world is slow to yield their demand. Did it ever occur to you that this is partly owing to the appearance of woman which seems to vitiate her claim to equality?

She asks for education, but she usually arrays herself in a style that suggests either the infantile or the idiotic. She seeks for work and good wages, but stands before the world fettered by her clothing and weighted with unnecessary drapery and trimmings. She would engage in political affairs, but seems unable to apply common-sense principles to the clothing of her own body.

Handicapped and weakened as woman has been by her costumes, she has again and again, in individual cases, proved the justice of her claims to equality on intellectual, industrial, and social planes of activity. These facts make small impression on the judgment of mankind, compared with the proofs of her inferiority daily visible to the naked eye. From the crown of her head, decked with the stuffed bodies or wings of slaughtered song-birds, or cruelly weighted with jet and glass ornaments, to the soles of her feet perched upon disease-producing heels or standing in shoes too thin-soled to protect from dampness,— the average dress of the average woman pronounces against her the verdict; fickle, frivolous, incompetent!

There are no better missionaries to the heathen in foreign lands than American women, but the Japanese in their loose drapery and Sandwich Islanders in their Mother Hubbards, look with amusement or contempt upon the corsets of Christians. The good works of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are well-known, but, amid the highest civilization of Christendom, women still wear jewels hung in the flesh; and in a single season I have seen presi-

dents of local unions wearing birds on their bonnets, apparently in ignorance of the efforts of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the protests of nature-lovers, the entreaties of ornithologists and the ridicule of the press. It is probable that they gave no thought to the matter: they followed the fashion.

Jet and glass trimmings have lately had a long reign, adding greatly to the weight of hats, wraps, and gowns. A lady reporter had the curiosity to ask the weight of a bead-trimmed suit. The scales reported a weight exceeding the maximum of that allowed our soldiers in the last war, their accoutrements, ammunition, and all. One handsome, bead-trimmed cloak was sent back to the dealer, because the lady for whom it was purchased could not stand up under its weight.

We have only just escaped from the imposition of the bustle. For a few years it held sway so universally that intelligent women at last put it on, feeling that their own comparative flatness of back was positive deformity. We all remember the not long-past days when women in every station in life went trailing dress fabrics behind them, upstairs and downstairs, in kitchen, schoolroom, shop, street, and field, unless they carried their skirts in their hands. Women who did not wear trains were looked upon by others as lacking appreciation of the line of beauty, the long sweeping curve. Suddenly the Greek line of beauty disappeared from common view, and the trimmed skirt appeared. No more long lines, but no end of pleating. Rows on rows of heavy pleating, till it became the main task of dress-making, and the chief weight of the garment. Women actually died of pleating.

Machines for its home manufacture were peddled from door to door, and ready-made pleating was sold with dress materials. It had become one of the great staple productions, when suddenly — no more pleating! A plain skirt was true elegance.

What a relief we have lately had! Superficial observers began to speak of progress, and to see in this change of fashion, the hand of evolution. But women had not fairly adjusted themselves to the new régime of simplicity, when their skirts were drawn back, with all the gathers behind,— a very literal drawback to a woman walking. "Her two shy knees clad in a single trouser," as Coventry Patmore said of the "girl of the period," in the former days of the "tie-back,"

—a more immodest exposure, than if she went her way clad in unmistakable, roomy, two-legged trousers.

This is the situation at present. No pockets, no free use of the lower limbs, for her who is "in style"; and "they say" that skirts are lengthening, must now touch the floor; that trains are coming back, and that a demand for hoops is arising.

I remember the evolution of the skeleton skirt, of about thirty years ago, just following the rise and fall of the Bloomer costume. For years, the skeleton skirt swung in the breeze, and served as a sign before the door of every dry-goods store. It was absurd and inartistic; but, if active women must wear long skirts, the skeleton skirt made them more endurable. There was comparative freedom for the organs of locomotion underneath the swinging cage, and one hand could lift the whole super-imposed drapery, instead of using the two hands commonly required to help long skirts upstairs. A yard-long whalebone sewed in the hem of the petticoat, giving a decidedly bell-shaped appearance to the wearer, was the first form of hoop-skirt, I remember, but at last hoop-skirt factories sprang up all over the the land, till it was argued that it would be a sin to oppose the fashion, lest the ruin of the factories should throw thousands out of employment. Women went about like moving pyramids. Inflated skirts, varying in outline from time to time, became so common that a woman without hoops seemed positively immodest.

What a travesty upon good taste,—each one of the ridiculous fashions detailed above "all of which I saw, and a part of which I was!" Is there a more conspicuous instance of "a thoughtless yes" than is found in woman's relation to her own costume? What is it but fetich worship? I refer to the attitude of most women, the unthinking majority. But the report of the minority is about to be heard—a minority so weighty in character and influence that when once heard upon this subject, it cannot long remain the minority.

Who or what is this Fashion, that makes such fools of womankind,—dragging them from one extreme to another, and offering for each change some absurd and contradictory pretence? Though many of her freaks are known to be the result of accident, the eccentricities or misfortunes of great beauties or leaders of society serving as models for the

imitative,— there appears to be some method in her madness. She seems bent upon making our wardrobe as expensive as possible. Some change in her tactics has been observed since the advent of copyrighted patterns. The co-operation between manufacturers, dealers, and pattern makers is a mystery to the uninitiated, but it is evident that women have become, as Jennie June says, "the victims of trade."

The whole superstructure of woman's dress seems to be founded on a mistake — that beauty should be its chief object. Is not beauty, like happiness, something that comes unsought, as a result of following duty? It seems to me a kind of atheism to call anything beautiful which is an injury to humanity. That Fashion knows nothing whatever about genuine beauty, is evident from her contradictions.

Herbert Spencer says, in the opening chapter of his book on Education: —

"It has been truly said that in the order of time decoration precedes dress. Among people who submit to great physical suffering that they may have themselves handsomely tattooed, extremes of temperature are borne with but little attempt at mitigation. Humboldt tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labor for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and that women of the same tribes who would not hesitate to leave their hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted. . . . In the treatment of both mind and body, the decorative element has continued to predominate in a greater degree among women than among men. Originally, personal adornment occupied the attention of both sexes equally. In these latter days of civilization, however, we see that in the dress of men the regard for appearance has, in a considerable degree, yielded to the regard for comfort; while in their education the useful has of late been trenching upon the ornamental. In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of earrings, finger-rings, bracelets; the elaborate dressings of the hair; the still occasional use of paint; the immense labor bestowed in making habiliments sufficiently attractive; and the great discomfort that will be submitted to for the sake of conformity, show how greatly, in the attiring of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth and convenience."

But men are the world's recognized workers. They consider themselves free and independent; themselves "the

people," women, their adjuncts. This is the unspoken opinion of the majority. It is still the theory of the unthinking that women are "protected" and "supported" by men. Woman's dress typifies her subject condition. As she emerges from mingled dollhood and drudgery to reasonable womanhood, to "her grand new standing place of perfect equality by the side of man," she should have the outward appearance of a reasonable being. This does not mean that women should adopt male attire. Equality does not necessarily mean identity. The united wisdom of our women physicians, artists, teachers, preachers, dressmakers, housekeepers, actors, editors, authors, can surely invent a better costume for women who wish to be useful, than any Fashion has yet vouchsafed to either sex.

But will women wear it? Individuals must not be blamed for dressing with "due regard" for the accepted style. Every woman's dress expresses, not only something of her own individuality, but it expresses, even more, her unity with the race, the common history and status of her sex. Viewing the subject from this philosophical standpoint, it seems possible that men are equally responsible with women for the grotesque attire of the female half of humanity.

Some men say strong things against absurd feminine fashions. So do many women. Many more, both men and women, would speak their minds even more strongly and frequently on the subject, but women feel their individual helplessness, and men are too chivalric to taunt them with it. They see how difficult it is for one alone to oppose the strong tide of public sentiment or appear conspicuously "out of fashion."

It is possible, indeed, that men individually are no more independent of fashion than women. There is certainly more variety of personal taste shown in the details of dress among women than among men. But the whole male sex is upon a footing of greater freedom than is the female sex, and this greater freedom is expressed by the main features of their costume — of general rather than personal adoption.

In independent action, it seems impossible to go beyond a certain point without social martyrdom. Read the story of Jean Paul Richter and his effort to go without a cue when his countrymen all wore them, as told by Carlyle in his Miscellanies. Grace Greenwood made this idea very graphic

in her lecture on "The Heroic in Common Life," as I heard it more than twenty years ago. She confessed that though she had, in moments of exaltation, felt that she might have done some of the famous heroic deeds of acknowledged heroines, like Joan of Arc, never, never had she felt that she had the courage to calmly face the small boy at the street corner with his derisive yell of "Bloomer!"

The failure of the dress reform movement of about forty years ago, known as the Bloomer episode and begun by some of the very best women of the time, was due largely to its making so great a departure from the common outward appearance. The time was hardly ripe, then, for full dress reform, because so many women, even among those conspicuous in the attempted reform, were so ignorant of physiological principles.

A later dress reform movement, begun by the New England Woman's Club, made improvements that came to stay. A committee from their number thoroughly investigated woman's dress, and recommended important reforms in the underclothing. These were immediately adopted by many of the best educated women, but it remained for Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller to make them so widely and favorably known that, at last, they are "the fashion." The fiction that women have no legs is now fully discredited, for in the show windows of the largest dry goods stores stand dummies of the female figure dressed only in the combination undersuit made of wool or silk "tights," covering the whole body, except the head, hands, and feet. By this time everyone must know that woman, like man, is a biped. Can anyone give a good reason why she must lift an unnecessary weight of clothing with every step she takes, — pushing forward folds of restricting drapery and using almost constantly, not only her hands, but her mental power and nervous energy to keep her skirts neat and out of the way of harm to herself and others?

Much discussion has been wasted over the question whether a woman should carry the burden of her voluminous drapery from the shoulders or the hips. Why must she carry this unnecessary weight at all?

If Fashion was indeed a fiend, bent upon the hopeless subjugation of one half the human race, and, through their degradation, upon the extinction of the sentiment of freedom in all humanity, she might go about the work just as she has

lately begun, and train girl babies to their lot, from the cradle.

What are mothers thinking about who put long skirts upon their little daughters, and so deprive them of the few years of physical freedom heretofore allowed our girls? Surely they never rightly valued their own freedom and felt its loss, as did Frances Willard, who says: —

"But there came a day — alas! the day of my youth — on which I was as literally caught out of the fields and pastures as was ever a young colt; confronted by a long dress that had been made for me, corsets and high heeled shoes that had been bought, hair-pins and ribbons for my straying locks, and I was told that it simply 'wouldn't answer' to 'run wild' another day. Company from the city was expected; I must be made presentable; I 'had *got* to look like other folks.'

"That was a long time ago, but I have never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning, when I cried in vain for longer lease of liberty."

The transition from the short dresses of childhood to the long skirts of womanhood has been so gradual for most of our younger women, that the victims have paid little heed to the change; especially as skirts have, for some years past, until quite recently, been worn at what is called "walking length," instead of touching the floor, as fashion now decrees.

In some respects the time now seems very ripe for an onward movement in dress reform. The main stay of the corset was the basque — the great discomfort caused by having gowns in two pieces, with heavy skirts, being less noticeable when the corset made the pressure more even. Making a slight exception for the high sleeves, one may say that the female figure is now less dehumanized in its outline, by fashion, than at any time in many years.

More than twenty years ago, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson, one of the New England club committee, wrote of skirts:

"Do what we will with them, they still add enormously to the weight of clothing, prevent cleanliness of attire about the ankles, overheat by their tops the lower portion of the body, impede locomotion, and invite accidents. In short, they are uncomfortable, unhealthy, unsafe, and unmanageable. Convinced of this fact by patient and almost fruitless attempts to remove their objectionable qualities, the earnest dress-reformer is loath to believe that skirts hanging below the knee are not transitory features in woman's

attire, as similar features have been in the dress of men, and surely destined to disappear with the tight hour-glass waists and other monstrosities of the present costume. . . . Any changes the wisest of us can to-day propose are only a mitigation of an evil which can never be done away till women emerge from this vast, swaying, undefined, and indefinable mass of drapery into the shape God gave to His human beings."

Mrs. Jenness-Miller, in her lectures on Dress, advises her hearers to read Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead's book entitled "What is the Matter?" Few of her hearers know how very radical are the ideas of dress in that very entertaining little volume, which especially attacks long skirts, and considers none short enough that come within a foot of the floor. All the dress reformers who have helped us hitherto are willing to help us farther.

Now let us join hands, all lovers of liberty, in earnest co-operation to free American women from the dominion of foreign fashion. Let us, as intelligent women, with the aid and encouragement of all good men, take this important matter into our own hands and provide ourselves with convenient garments; a costume that shall say to all beholders that we are equipped for reasonable service to humanity. Let us reserve the long flowing lines and "art dress" for hours of ease and dress occasions, but in our working hours let us be found no longer simply draped, but clothed and in our right minds, — with a dress that allows freedom of lungs and of limbs, one that has plenty of accessible pocket room, a dress that can be easily put on and comfortably worn, subservient to the human body and not its master; not a dress for any distinct "working *class*" of women, but a costume that every woman may wear freely when she pleases, and by thus wearing may show to all beholders that she wishes to be useful in the world and not a dependent and burden to other workers.

Let us choose a committee of our most capable and honored sisters, and instruct them to give us a costume suitable for walking and for working. If their recommendations shall be for great changes in the outward garments, they may appoint a day when all who are willing to help forward the good work for humanity will simultaneously make the change. Should much opposition to their plans appear, they might well recommend that all men, as well as all women, opposed

to free lungs and free limbs for women, should, on that day, go about in corsets and in skirts reaching to the floor, or with trains and bustles.

For the leaders, and for the rank and file of a new dress reform army, we have now abundant and excellent material. Consider the large number and respectability of our women physicians and artists. Colleges for women have arisen on every hand. They have their gymnasiums and their resident physicians, and every year they send out groups of young women exceptionally strong in mind and body. The society of Collegiate Alumni now numbers between eleven and twelve hundred. Our women's clubs in every city and village are a credit to our sex and an honor to our country. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has its ramifications everywhere, and its honored leader is brave and outspoken in her advocacy of physical freedom for women, recommending often and heartily, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' dress reform book on "What to Wear." The Association for the Advancement of Women, the Woman's Suffrage Association with its numerous branches, the Woman's Council, and many other organizations of women,—surely all these will help to undo the heavy burdens and let the fashion-oppressed go free. If the pulpit and the press will stand by us in this most religious and patriotic undertaking, we may now take a decided onward step in the civilization of the race. A great burden may be lifted, a great shame abolished, and a new lease of life and liberty assured to unborn generations.

When old world visitors come to our great celebration, a few years hence, let us show them our better way of clothing women. Let this physical freedom, and with it an incalculable advance in spiritual freedom, be the legacy which the women of this decade shall leave to the twentieth century.

HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

NO-NAME PAPER. NUMBER TWO.

We were sitting in my library with the light turned very low. He was my guest under rather sad and trying circumstances, for in the adjoining room lay a little body bandaged and unconscious; and he, my guest, was the child's brother and guardian. Until to-day we were strangers, but he had arrived an hour before in response to my telegram. I had sent the message the moment I discovered his address, by reading a kind and tender letter, which was taken by the police from the little lad's pocket when he was shot.

On the strength of that letter, I had kept the boy at my own house, instead of sending him to the hospital. Everything it was possible to do had been done for him; but he had, as yet, never regained consciousness. Notwithstanding this fact, he had twice dragged his weak body from the bed, and attempted to leave the house. He seemed unhappy, only because he could not "go somewhere," as he expressed it, in his mumbled, broken utterance. I supposed that his mind had been so impressed by a journey he was to take, that even in his delirium, he could not forget it, and was trying to push ahead.

I was telling his brother this, as we sat in the darkened library and talked over the case in subdued tones. What I told him was what I now tell you. I had been driving with my wife through the streets of Albany, when we came suddenly upon an excited crowd of men, women, and children. There had been, a few minutes before, a collision between the Pinkerton men and a body of railroad strikers. There lay on the ground, two men, a woman, and this boy. The police were driving the maddened crowd back. One of the officers mistook me for my brother, who is a hospital surgeon, and asked me to look after the child. He was such a delicate looking little fellow, so well dressed and so evidently did not belong to anyone present, that my wife insisted tha the be laid in our carriage and driven to our home until his

parents could be notified. This was done. An officer went with us, and when we had put the child to bed, while we awaited the coming of the doctor, we searched his pockets and found the letter referred to. It began: —

"My dear little brother," and ended "your devoted brother Walter." At first I did not see the clue this gave, but the envelope was addressed to Master Ralph Travers, and had been written in Malden, Mass., but there was no postmark. It was an old letter too, so that it was not certain that it would be of much use to us.

However, we decided to send a telegram at once to Mr. Walter Travers at Malden, and say that his little brother was seriously hurt and was apparently alone. I did this. The reply came promptly. "I shall come at once. Watch him closely, or he will escape." I looked at the little chap with renewed interest. "Escape!" I thought, and could hardly repress a smile. It seemed such an absurd word to apply to him. After his wounds — for he had received a scalp wound from a stone or club, as well as the bullet in his shoulder — had been dressed, and the doctor had done all he could for him, we had left him alone in the room, hoping he might sleep. We heard his voice, and listened, and looked. He was talking about "going" and later on, he struggled to his feet, and I had to lay him down again.

While we were out of the room another time, he had gone as far as the hall door, and had fallen from weakness.

Then I began to think perhaps he had been insane, and that the word "escape" was used by his brother for that reason. From that moment we did not leave him alone an instant until his brother came.

I did what I could to relieve my guest's natural anxiety about the little fellow. He sat for a long time by the bed, after looking with approval at the bandages and medicines.

"I am a doctor, myself," he said simply, in explanation.

"Oh, that is good," I replied. "I hope you find everything right."

"I do indeed, and how can I thank you? It was — You were very, very kind. I —"

His feelings overcame him. He stooped and kissed the pale face, and then turned to me and took my hand in both of his own and drew me toward the door.

Once outside he said, "You will understand. I cannot

talk of it now. He is very dear to me, and I am all he has in the world, poor little fellow."

He spoke as if the child were in some way afflicted, and I thought again of the word "escape."

"Your emotion is perfectly natural, I am sure," I said. "We did nothing. He is a pretty boy, and we liked to feel that he would prefer to wake up — when that time comes — in a place that would seem more like home than a hospital ward."

The doctor pressed my hand again, and sat down by the library table.

"Tell me all about it, please — all," he said presently.

I did so.

"You wonder how he happened to be here alone, and why I asked you to watch him," he said when I had finished. "You will have to let me tell you a long story; for without a theory I have I could not explain to you either the why, or the how. Even *with* the theory, I am puzzled still. Perhaps you can help me unravel the mystery and advise me for the future. You are older than I. I am not quite thirty, and if the poor little fellow pulls through this, I have still a strange and unknown road to pilot him over."

He sat silent for a moment and looked out into the street through the parted curtains, in front of him. My wife entered, and went softly into the sick-room.

"I should like to hear the story," I said, still vaguely uncomfortable, but with renewed confidence in the man who wrote his little brother the letter I had read, and who seemed now so tender and thoughtful. He began in a low voice, with his eyes fixed on the street beyond.

"When my father brought my pretty young step-mother home, I was prepared to be, if not exactly unfriendly, at least ready to become so upon very slight grounds. I had heard, here and there, as all children do, the hints and flings which prepare their minds for hostile feeling toward the new comer who may be, and often is, wiser, kinder, and more loving than the one whose place she has come to fill."

I was glad my wife had gone into the sick-room. This was a sore point with her. I hoped that she had not heard him.

"But most of us, old and young, take our opinions — receive our entire mental outlook — from others. That which we hear often becomes to our receptive minds a part of our

mental equipment, and we seriously believe that we are stating our own thoughts and opinions when, in nine cases out of ten, we are doing nothing of the kind. Frequency of iteration passes as proof, and we are saddled, before we know it, with a thousand prejudices and assumptions that we have neither originated nor understood, an investigation into whose bearings would not only result, in many cases, in an entire revolution of opinion, but would disturb the basis of many a hoary belief, and right many a cruel injustice."

He paused. I bowed assent, and he went on.

"I supposed that step-mothers were necessarily a very undesirable acquisition in any family, and this well established theory was so firmly rooted in what I believed to be my mind that nothing short of the love and devotion I had for my father enabled me to receive his pretty bride with even a show of cordiality.

"I can see now what a strain it must all have been for her. To come among strangers — all of whom were curious and none of whom excelled in either wisdom or charity — having just entered that strange and winding path called matrimony, with the usual blindness to its meaning with which it is the fashion to invest the one to whom it must always mean much of sorrow and more of responsibility.

"To tread such a path without striking one's feet against the thorns of individuality and tearing one's hands with the thistles of rudely awakened ignorance, must be very difficult; but add to this the fact that my young step-mother would have no friendly faces about her, to which she was accustomed, that there were none of her own kindred and none of her culture and training to whom she might go to unburden her heart or ask advice; and then add to this, also, the fact that her new position involved the wisdom to guide and the patience to win the love of others beside my father, and you will be able to understand something perhaps, of what I shall tell you of her conduct and its unhappy results — as I am convinced — upon my little brother.

"Her constant self denial and heroic efforts to live for others and to sacrifice herself, was, I am satisfied, the sole cause of the strange, sad developments that grew to be so puzzling in the character of her child. Nature is a terrible antagonist. You may refuse her demands and strangle her needs to-day; but to-morrow she will be avenged. The sad-

dest part of this sad fact to me is this. She is too often avenged upon those who are helpless,— upon those who come after.

"I was a lad of seventeen when my new mother came, and I was no better and no worse than the average unthinking youth. I had been trained to be a gentleman, always, toward women, and I hope that I sustained my reputation in my conduct towards my father's wife. She was pretty, too, unusually pretty, and that helped a good deal. It is always easier to be polite to a pretty woman than to one who is lacking in the one thing upon which — to the shame of the race be it said — womanhood has been valued."

I looked up again and smiled. He turned his face to meet my eyes for the first time since he began, and a rather sarcastic smile lit his own somewhat sombre features as he went on.

"It is quite as easy for me now, as a practising physician, to be attentive to and interested in a homely man or boy as in one who has regular features and fine teeth; but it is equally true that this is not the case with women and girls. I trust that I have always done my professional duty in any case; but I have done it with pleasure that was real and interest that was constant, I am sure, far more frequently when the patient has chanced to be a woman of beauty.

"It is not an element which enters into the treatment of my male patients."

"Naturally," I assented, still smiling, and he turned toward the window again, and his usual gravity returned.

"But all this is a digression only in so far as it may serve to illustrate the indubitable fact that — to use a gaming expression — my step-mother played her highest trump card upon my susceptible boyish nature when she stepped from the carriage, and I saw that she was fair to look upon. I made up my mind at once that she should never know that I was sorry she had come, and I did what I could to carry out the resolve.

"But for all that she did know it. Her whole attitude toward me was one of apology and conciliation, and my father saw,— and seeing, alas! approved.

"I am sorry to be compelled to say this, for my father was, in the main, a thoughtful and humane man, and certainly he had no wish to humiliate or harass his young wife. He

thought her conduct quite natural and quite commendable. It looked so to me, also, at that time. This being the case you will readily see how it came about that she, point by point, and step by step, yielded up her own individuality upon the altar of our egoism and made it her duty,— and I still hope that it was in a measure her pleasure, also,— to minister to us and to repress whatever stirrings of personal opinion, desire, or preference she may have had.

"At first, I remember, she would gaze silently for long periods out of the window and sigh. One day she said to me, 'Walter, did you ever have an intense longing to get away — somewhere? Anywhere?'

"'I can't say that I ever had, Saint Katherine,' I replied, using the name she had asked me to join my father in applying to her. It was the second time I had ventured to so address her, notwithstanding her request, and the other time it had been used with my father's sportive inflection. That day, however, her sad face and strange question had made me fear that some one had wounded her, and I instinctively used the name with a kind and gentle tone in my voice.

"She turned from the window and faced me. Her lips parted and closed again. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes, and she said with a trembling lip: —

"'Why, Walter, you are beginning to like me, after all! I —'

"She stopped to steady herself and I, young brute that I was, laughed. I was sorry a moment later, but I had not understood her mood ,and so my own had cut across it harshly. She had turned her face to the window again, and I stepped to her side. I was too young and awkward to know just what to say to retrieve myself, so I took her hand in my own and lifted it to my lips, as I had so often seen my father do. She did not move; we were both silent for a long time. At last I said, having whipped myself up to it: —

"'You *are* a *saint*, Katherine, and I was a brute to laugh. I — I — didn't mean to hurt you. I —'

"She threw her arms about my neck, and sobbed like a child. It was the first time I had ever seen a woman weep. I was almost as tall then as I am now, and she was shorter by half a head, than I. For the first time in my life, I began to feel that perhaps father and I were not the only persons in the household who should be considered. I am bound to say

that my thought was very vague and that it took scant root, for her emotion touched my sympathy and I had all I could do to keep back the tears myself.

"At that age, I should have looked upon it as very unmanly to weep, and so I exerted all the little brain I had command of to keep down my very natural emotion."

He paused, but I ventured to make no remark, and he began again:

"I think she mistook my silence — she was but a few years older than I — and so she straightened herself up, and without another word left the room.—But I bore you," he said, breaking off abruptly.

"Not at all, not at all. I am intensely interested. Go on."

He looked at me and was sure of my earnestness, then his voice resumed the same gently reflective tone again.

"She did not come down to dinner that night, and father only remarked that she said her head ached. I felt guilty, I did not know why, or what about; but somehow I felt that instead of helping things on by an attempt to be more friendly, my step-mother and I had succeeded in rendering the home atmosphere even less clear and bright than it was before.

"And so it was. She attempted no farther confidences with me, and gave herself up more and more to household affairs. She appeared to think that it was her duty to be always at the beck and call of my father, and if she planned a drive, — of which she was fond — and he chanced to come in, she would say quietly to the groom: —

"'Take the horses back, I shall not go now. Mr. Travers may need me. He came in a moment ago.'

"She was all ready to go to Boston one day, and showed more eagerness than I had seen her display since she came to us, when father came up from the office, bringing with him a guest who had unexpectedly arrived from the West.

"Saint Katherine, as I now always called her, took her gloves off as she saw them coming up the walk, and before they opened the door, her hat was laid aside. I felt sure I had seen her lift a handkerchief to her eyes. I said: —

"'Confound that old fellow, what did he have to come to-day for? He always stays a week too. But you must make your trip to Boston just the same. We can manage as we used to.'

"She looked at me gratefully, I thought, but again restrained herself and said nothing of her own disappointment.

"As I look at it now, it seems to me she never had her own way about anything. She had no companionship but such as had always been congenial to my father, and the interests and aims of the people about us were new to her and unlike those of her old home.

"At last one day I saw her working on a little garment. She hated to sew, and a new light dawned upon me. I think I may have been actuated by jealousy; but I can hardly say what it was that caused me to demand more of her time and attention after that. I felt that the time would soon come when father and I would not be the only ones to claim her attention, and perhaps I proceeded upon that idea to get all I could *while* I could.

"'Won't you play chess with me, Saint Katherine?' I asked that afternoon. 'Oh, I beg pardon, I did not notice the carriage. If you were going out, go.' I said this in a tone that showed very plainly that I would be deprived of my pleasure if she should go. She stayed. I beat her at chess, and was happy.

"As time wore on,—she had been with us over a year now,—her suppressed restlessness grew more apparent. Even my father noticed it, and told her that for the child's sake she should keep herself well under control. I was outside the window when he said it, and it gave me a new idea.

"'Yes,' she said, 'I suppose so; but it seems to me I shall go mad if I can't go away somewhere. I know it must be foolish and wrong; but I so long to see other places, and —'

"'People?' my father suggested, not unkindly. But I remember feeling sorry that he said it.

"There was a long silence. Then she said in a low, self-accusing voice, 'I suppose it is all wrong; but I *should* love to see some of the people I used to know — or even strangers who are, who are not —' She did not finish.

"Presently she said: 'I sometimes think I would crawl on my hands and knees if only I might go — if — don't think I am not satisfied. It is not that, but —'

"My father's voice was low and kind — although he presented the old, and as I now believe, injurious idea of the repression and control of natural desire for the sake of the child — and I walked away.

"The next day I said, 'Saint Katherine, should you like to drive over to Wilton, to-day? We could get back for dinner at seven.'

"'Oh, how nice!' she exclaimed with her eyes sparkling. I made up my mind that I would suggest some such thing every day; but, boy like, I forgot or neglected it.

"We went. Her pleasure in all the new faces and sights was almost childish. She was starving for a change of scene and companionship, and even such as she might easily have had, she often denied herself from an overwrought sense of duty."

My guest got upon his feet, and walked twice across the room, looking in at the sick child as he passed the door.

"She lived only two years longer, and father and I had little Ralph to bring up the best we could. I was so fond of the little fellow that it was easy for me to look after him, and the nurse was not often out of sight or hearing of either father or I, but she had to carry him about constantly. He was an angel in motion, so my father said; but the moment he was kept quiet or still, he was anything but an angel. He would have his own way by hook or by crook, and as soon as he could walk, we had to lock the door of his room, or he would slip out of his little low bed when nurse was asleep, and scramble down stairs and out into the grounds and be lost."

I began to see new meaning in the word "escape."

"Three or four times we had a great fright in that way. Then we locked the door. As he grew older that did not work. He unlocked it, or climbed out of the window.

"When he was seven years old, he ran off and got as far as Norton, on the highway to Boston, before he was found. He was tired, and hungry, and footsore; but he was trudging steadily on.

"A farmer picked him up, and brought him home. Hardly a month passed from that time on that he did not run away. I remember the first time I found him. He was sitting by the railway track, eight miles from home, waiting for the west bound train. He was nearly eight years old then, and as handsome a child, and as good a one in other ways, as you often meet. I struck him that time. I was so frightened. You know that is brute instinct, to strike the thing you love when you have just rescued it from danger. I rarely

ever saw a mother snatch her child out of danger, that she did not either strike or scold it, before the pallor of anguish at the thought of its peril, had left her face. It is a strange human characteristic. I have often tried to solve its exact meaning." He was silent so long that I turned. He was just returning from another glance into the boy's room.

I mumbled assent, and he resumed his seat by the table.

"But to go back to the boy. He looked up at me in terrified surprise. I had never struck him before. Then he said: —

"'The cars would have come in ten minutes. That man said so. I was going to — to —'

"'You were going to Chicago, I suppose,' I said indignantly, as the train thundered past a moment later.

"'Chicago, yes,' he said, brightening up. I think that was the first time he knew where he was bound for.

"Soon after that my father died. Ralph promised him not to run away any more, and I think he tried to keep his promise; but in less than six months, what I believe to have been his inheritance from the starved and repressed nature of his mother, got the best of him again, and he escaped. We could trace him a short distance, and then all clues faded out. The whole village turned out, and day and night we looked. We telegraphed the railway men, but to no purpose.

"At last we gave him up. We concluded he had attempted to cross the river, and had been drowned. God! how I lashed myself for having struck him!"

My guest wiped the dampness from his face now, and sat silent for a long time. My wife had returned from the sick room a moment before, and seated herself in the shadow. He did not appear to notice that we were not alone.

"It was during this time that I began to think out — blindly and vaguely — the reason for my little brother's curious mania," he began again, and my wife motioned me not to call his attention to her. "His mother had refused to Nature all that it plead for of personal pleasure and self-gratification; and starved and outraged Nature, I began to believe, had transmitted to the child, not only the craving that had gone unsatisfied, but the self will to execute it. Boys, you know, are not trained to think that the world was made for woman with man, an incident in her life. They are not made to feel that they should have no personality.

But their desires, their ambitions, their personality as individuals are to be honored and gratified if possible, and so the trend of thought and the strength of will fitted well into his heredity — the stamp he bore of longing for the change she never had — and so I grew to believe that he travelled the road Nature had laid out, and custom had paved for him."

I could see my wife's eyes grow large and intense, as she bent forward to listen.

"It was five weeks before we heard from him. We had given him up for dead, when he walked in one day, and frightened the servants almost to death.

"I did not strike him that time. I had begun to think.

"He told me that night, all about his travels and how homesick he got. It was a strange tale and broken by his enthusiasm about a certain circus man who had been kind to him, and cared for him for several days until the child had run away from his new friend, under the spell of his hereditary trait."

I knew now what the word "escape" had meant in that telegram, and my wife nodded to me with the same thought in her mind.

"He promised to stay at home now, and said that he was very sorry that I had worried so much about him. He stayed nearly a year. Then he really did go to Chicago. He stole or begged rides on the cars and people gave him food. He fell into the hands of the police, and I was telegraphed for. They sent for me, and I brought him home. He was ragged and repentant. That was last Christmas. I gave him a new pony upon his solemn promise not to ride more than five miles from home without the groom or me. He said that was all he wanted. He was sure of it, and I hoped the sense of freedom,— of going on his own horse and where and when he wished,— *would* keep his mania in check.

"I had hopes that after he should be thirteen or fourteen years old he would outgrow it, and I have been trying to tide him over to that time. I have tried too, all along, in my rather immature way to arouse his sense of honor and responsibility toward me. But the ideas conveyed by those words have seemed to strike sympathetic but disabled chords in his nature. His mother's over-taxed self-repression and sense of duty to others, her lack of comprehension of *self*-duty and personal value has reacted in her boy, to restore the balance

to Nature, and he is swept into the path of her repression with a force beyond his power to check.

"I have grown to feel that father and I, in our egotistic blindness, helped to stamp the boy with his uncomfortable inheritance, and now I must bide my time, and act as wisely and as kindly as I can."

"You seem to have been very thoughtful and studious," I ventured. "It is a puzzling case and a new idea to me."

"My study of anthropology helped me, I suppose," he replied, rising nervously to pace the floor again.

"It was a fortunate thing for poor little Ralph that I took that for my life work. It *has* helped me to read between the lines for him, and to be wise with him beyond my years perhaps. I have always been glad of that."

He had paused near the bedroom door, but he had not seen my wife as she sat in the shadow.

"His pony was all right for a time; but when he heard me read—I was a fool to do it—of the railroad strikes in Albany, it was too much for him. His five miles stretched into twenty, and then, I fancy, some unscrupulous fellow told him he would give him a ticket to Albany in exchange for his horse. It was too much for him. No doubt he parted with poor Gip with a sob, and climbed aboard the train. And to think that it should have been poor little Ralph whose curiosity and ignorance took him where he received the murderous Pinkerton bullet and that cruel blow on the head. Poor little chap! I cannot believe he will die, though his chances are very slim, very slim, indeed," he said sadly, as he turned to enter the sick-room.

A cry escaped him. I sprang to my feet in time to see him catch to his breast the little white form that had staggered silently into the room.

"Brother!" the weak little voice cried in delight, and he then fainted again. The doctor laid him in his bed gently, and my wife bent over him.

"That means that he is better, Doctor," she said in a voice that tried to be confident and cheery. "He has known no one before since we brought him home. What a lovely face he has!"

"Yes, he has his mother's own face," he replied with a sigh. "She was a lovely woman, and alas! she was the victim of her own virtues—as he is."

"I fancy my wife will question your standard of virtues," I said, as we returned to the library some time after. He smiled more lightly than I had yet seen him, and turned to her.

"I question that myself, madam—as an anthropologist and a student of heredity."

"You do not think, then, that the creative or character-moulding parent can afford to risk self effacement and subserviency of intellect and position?" she asked dryly.

"Not unless we wish to continue a subservient and incompetent race, which shall be dominated by power cruelly used," he replied, looking steadily at her. Then he added, smiling:

"This I speak, as Saint Paul might say, not as a man; but as an anthropologist. I am still a little bit in the position of the brave apostle, too. The 'natural man' and the scientific are at war within me. The one cries 'Travers, you would like for your wife and daughters to be sweetly, confidingly dependent upon you, and to live for and because of you, to be unselfish, and self sacrificing,' and I reply. 'I love it dearly; it is a sweet and holy idea to me.' Then the scientific man remarks, 'Doctor, are you not providing for a basis of character and heredity which shall make your children the victims of your egotism?' And the doctor bows assent."

My wife laughed softly, and stepped to the inner door.

"He *is* better," she said, coming back. "He is sleeping naturally for the first time." Then she stepped quickly to the doctor's side, and held out her hand.

"He will not need a mother *much* while the anthropologist lives with you, but if he ever should—come to me."

There were tears in her eyes, as there were in those of our guest. He held her hand a moment, and then turned abruptly and left the room.

An hour later there stood on my wife's desk a handsome bunch of roses, and my wife only smiled.

"Shall you say anything more about it?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "There is no need. He will send the boy here when he grows restless at home, I am sure of that now. These roses are my answer. Perhaps between the two we can satisfy his travelling instinct. What a mercy it was not something worse!"

"What?" I asked in astonishment.

"I heard the whole story," she said, "and I could not help thinking that his theory would account for a good many things in the world. It is the exact opposite of the usual one. Woman has been taught that to repress and keep in check nature, will make her child strong and suppress in it the development of unreasonable appetite — as for drink or murder. His idea seems to be that undue repression as surely as undue indulgence, will make its heavy mark on the plastic nature forming. Perhaps that is true. Nature struggles to restore the balance. How do we know that murder in the heart, though it be repressed, may not account for many a tragedy in the next generation? Who knows but a run-down system depriving itself of stimulants it craves may not account for the yearning born in many a man for such stimulants? Who knows but — "

My wife stopped. Presently she said:—

"He scared me almost to death as he developed that idea in my mind. What a lot we have got to learn of it all, even if he is wrong!"

"Don't learn it," I said laughing. "It will tire you out."

"It tires me out not to," she said. "I am going to study anthropology."

Two weeks later she said:—

"The books are so stupid. They assume everything and they prove nothing, because their assumptions are all wrong. I'm going to ask Dr. Travers to write from *his* premises, and see if he can't stir up a little less obscure and complacent thought. Even if he is not on the right track, it will do these stupid moles good. They get nowhere because they start wrong."

"Better write one yourself," I suggested, smiling.

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I don't know enough about it."

"Oh," I called after her, as she left the room, "I didn't suppose a knowledge of the subject to be written upon was at all necessary. What a ridiculous conscience you have, Eva."

She has not mentioned it since, but I do not believe she takes my flippancy as in good taste. Anyhow, I have dropped the subject of heredity with the feeling that I had got perilously near a buzz saw in motion.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DEPLORABLE SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

Social problems are assuming giant proportions. The relations existing between capital and labor are daily growing more strained. The stream of misery grows broader as colossal fortunes rise skyward. The poverty in all our great centres of civilization, as well as throughout the landlord and mortgage-cursed frontiers, is, year by year, growing more terrible and more general. There have been two thousand six hundred and fifty foreclosures of farm mortgages in Kansas during the past six months. In the city of New York there are over one hundred and fifty thousand people who earn less than sixty cents a day. Thousands of this number are poor girls who work from eleven to sixteen hours a day. Last year there were over twenty-three thousand families forcibly evicted in that city, owing to their inability to pay their rent. One person in every ten who died in New York in 1889 was buried in the Potter's Field. These are facts which may well give rise to anxious thoughts.

UNINVITED POVERTY.

The prime factors in producing the crime, misery, and degradation which mark the lives of untold millions are summed up in that trinity of evil: poverty, rum, and masculine immorality. By poverty as here used I mean uninvited want. If we except the lot of the poor factory and sewing girls, whose fate is often so grimly tragic that it is only their splendid moral strength which keeps them from the abyss of vice, there are few sadder spectacles in life to-day than the poor who cry for work, who pace the pavements from dawn to dark, hunting employment and finding none. In his valuable work, "How the Other Half Lives," Mr. Riis cites the following case, typical of thousands of lives in New York City: "A young woman employed in a manufacturing house in New York; she averages three dollars a week, pays one dollar and a half for her room. For breakfast she has a cup of coffee; lunch she cannot afford. One meal a day is her allowance." According to Mr. Riis, the sweater of the East Side pays his white slaves from twenty to thirty-five cents a dozen for making flannel shirts. During the great shirt-makers' strike in New York, many tales of infinite misery were recited. The pathos of some of these simple narrations eclipses the finest touches of the masters in fiction. One poor woman testified that she worked eleven hours in the shop and four hours at home, in all fifteen hours every day, and never made more than six dollars a week. "I commence work," said another,

"at four in the morning, and do not leave off until eleven at night." They had to find their own thread and pay the rent of their machines out of the beggarly pittance they received. Nor is New York an exception, although poverty is doubtless more terrible there than in our other populous centres. All the great cities, however, have a large army of honest toilers who are heroically battling for the bare necessities of life; many struggle to hide their true condition, and it is only to those they know and in whom they can confide that the depth of life's bitterness is revealed. Many instances of this character are constantly coming to my ear. A few weeks since a friend met a poor woman in the Institute Fair of this city. She was making four dollars a week; of this two dollars were spent for rent; one dollar and a half for food for herself and child, leaving fifty cents for light, heat, clothing, and extras. She lived a great distance from the Fair building, but could not afford to ride either way. She did not complain, however, of her condition so long as the Fair continued, but expressed dismay at the outlook after it closed, as winter was before her and she knew not what she could do. This case typifies hundreds in Boston. The Rev. Walter J. Swaffield of the Baptist Bethel in this city has recorded the following suggestive facts which he compiled for THE ARENA,—facts which have been forced upon his attention in visiting the very poor in his parish in Boston.

On the fifth floor of an over-crowded tenement house in the north end of Boston, a sick man, wife, and six children were found, huddled together in two dingy, smoky rooms, neither of them larger than 8x8, for which they had to pay one dollar and a half per week. The only means of support they had was the uncertain revenue derived by the woman for making pants. She could seldom earn more than two dollars and a quarter per week, leaving but seventy-five cents with which to clothe and support the family. For six years that woman had worn the same dress, while the children had but one or a part of one garment apiece.

Another family of seven persons, invalid husband, wife, and five children, were crowded in a room hardly large enough for two persons. All the furniture in the room was an old borrowed stove, one broken chair, and a broken bedstead, no cooking utensils. The children had scarcely a rag on them, and for their dinner were eating sliced raw potatoes. They had not tasted bread for three days, nor meat for weeks. One week after our visit, another child was born into the family, only to die of starvation and cold, for the poor mother had no nourishment to give it, no fuel nor fire for two days, and was dependent upon the kindness of a widow in the next room for a warm place beside her fire.

In another house was an American family of six persons living in two rooms rented at one dollar and a half a week. The man out of work, not a morsel of food in the place, no fuel or fire, the only articles of furniture being a stove, a small trunk, a dry goods box, and on the floor in the corner of the room a heap of seaweed which was their only bed. It had been gathered from the beach the day before.

Not far from this family was found another room full of poor and suffering ones without food or fire, in the depth of winter. The four eldest children huddled together in bed at noontime to keep each other warm, while the hungry and crying baby was blue with cold in the bosom of its starving mother.

A widow, left with five little children, has to support herself and family, and pay one dollar and a half per week rent for two small rooms. Her only hope is in securing pants enough to make at fourteen cents a pair. In order to keep body and soul together, she must teach the two little girls "Constance" and "Maggie," aged five and three, how to sew, and thus do their part in keeping the wolf from the door. These two babies work early and late, the five-year-old seamstress overcasting the long seams of four pairs of pants a day, and the three-year-old dot managing to overcast two pairs. They handle the needle like professionals. Mother and two daughters together thus earn from two dollars and a quarter to two dollars and a half a week, after paying rent having but a single dollar left to feed and clothe the whole family.

The time of my visit was near the dinner hour, but all the preparation for the principal meal of the day was the stirring of corn meal into boiling water.

Mr. Swaffield declares that these are not exceptional cases, that there are scores if not hundreds of little ones who are from three years old upwards, who are thus compelled to work or starve. These very poor persons, he observes, live on the very refuse of the market; they harden themselves against the bitter cry of hungry children. The army of the honest unemployed! Pathetic beyond words is their fate: hunger, cold, and humiliation their common lot. If they sink into vice or crime, no mercy is accorded them, and yet everything conspires to drag them down.

THE RUM CURSE.

No one who gives personal attention to the problems of poverty and crime can fail to be impressed with the power of the saloon as a factor in the degradation and misery of humanity. Rum is criminalizing the poverty-stricken world. This great deadly shadow which rests so heavily over the teeming, seething, struggling millions is the despair of the philanthropist. Take, for example, New York. In this city alone we find nearly eight thousand saloons. Below Fourteenth Street we find one hundred and eleven Protestant churches, and over *four thousand saloons!* And these four thousand rum shops are turning the political wheel of the Empire City, while they are glutting the criminal courts, and overshadowing with misery, degradation, and nameless dread the lives of tens of thousands of the half million dwellers in tenement houses who are huddled in this section of the city. "In Ireland," says Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, "intemperance leads to nineteen-twentieths of the crime; but," he adds, "no one proposes a coercion act." English and American judges, who are not the protegés of the rum power, all agree that this is the giant feeder of crime. But aside from the crime that blazes forth in our criminal courts, the saloon is one of the greatest feeders of the immorality that flourishes under cover and which is probably more than any other one thing undermining society and enervating manhood and womanhood today. In his valuable work recently published in Paris, entitled "Anthropometric Study of Prostitutes and Thieves," Dr. Tarnowski informs us that both parents, in fifty cases out of one hundred and twenty-four prostitutes, whose cases he exhaustively examined, were drunkards, and

ninety-five out of one hundred and fifty cases freely admitted that they used liquor to excess: in other words, they could ply their terrible trade only by drowning all their nobler impulses and unnaturally firing their bestial instincts. These are only hints of facts which are known to every one who stops to think. In vain do men lecture, in vain cite statistics, in vain prove that rum is building our jails, peopling our prisons, and the prime consumer of millions upon millions of dollars for maintenance of criminal courts to inflict punishment on those who, through its deadly influence, have committed crime. We all know the facts. The very hopelessness of the case seems to lie in the indifference of society, — the conscience of civilization is so paralyzed that the appalling truth makes but little impression. Until this condition can be changed, until the moral death-spell can be broken and the higher impulses quickened, we may continue to pass laws, continue to experiment with a traffic which has proved itself to be the most unmitigated curse that has ever visited the earth; but little good will result. In olden times, *when Christianity meant something*, the great apostle of the Gentiles thundered forth these words, "If the eating of meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." At the present time, in the presence of a Christian civilization that is disgraced and dishonored by a curse which all admit is the most frightful source of crime and misery, the clergy of the Christian church is not imitating the apostle; on the contrary, many ministers are indulging moderately in wine, in brutal disregard of the weak brothers who are stumbling: while, with a few honorable exceptions, the clergy is not thundering against this curse. If with the vast influence which it wields it was filled with the conviction of common justice, lit by divine love for humanity, and fired by the spirit of truth, it could, in a few weeks, enthuse the civilized world ; it could create public sentiment that would sweep this curse from the face of civilization. So deeply, however, has the rum power embedded itself in many of the churches, so powerfully do its feelers grasp the woof and web of fashionable Christianity, and so loudly does the cry, "Prophesy to us smooth things," come from the richly-cushioned pews on the one hand, while so meaningless have grown the grand ethical impulses of Christendom on the other, that we cannot expect such action from the church as a unit. Yet this direct appeal to the conscience of the people must be made. This positive and energetic agitation must be inaugurated. It is idle to make laws and leave the public impulse dormant. Arouse the people, and the evil will disappear. Make men see and feel that the rumseller is a greater curse to the community than a professional thief; that a saloon is a more positive evil to a neighborhood than a shanty filled with smallpox patients, and a fire will be kindled which will purge the country of its greatest crime and misery breeder whose colossal shadow envelops Christendom, and carries a thrill of misery, a pulsation of vice, a throb of degradation wherever it falls.

MASCULINE IMMORALITY.

There is another fruitful source of anguish and degradation, an evil whose cancer-like roots are stretching in every direction on the breast of civilization; an evil that has assumed enormous proportions, owing to the fatal mistake which conservative thought has made in uniting with the votaries of vice in attempting to crush all those who call public attention to the extent of the ravages of immorality, and create a general sentiment for reform in the only manner which has ever proved successful in accomplishing great revolutions — agitation — public, persistent, and determined agitation. If the true facts of masculine immorality in life to-day were forced home upon the people, a social revolution would follow as positive and beneficent as any which has marked the progress of humanity. We are constantly receiving hints in the papers, and in our contact with others in everyday life, which reveals the frightful degradation of manhood, owing to the double standard of morality. Mr. Stead's *Pall Mall Gazette* exposures, and the Cleveland Street scandal of London, the loathsome truths which come out constantly in divorce trials, such as were exhibited in the recent O'Shea suit, merely give us hints of the social ulcer that is eating into the heart of civilization. Those most conversant with college life know how frightful is the condition of morals in our colleges, but, save a hint now and then which creeps into the newspapers, the world is ignorant of the facts. The following news item, published recently in the court notes in our Boston papers, is typical of conditions as they exist in society to-day. It was apparently considered of too little importance, or of too common occurrence, to call forth editorial comment from the daily press. The facts published were substantially as follows: A poor girl was arrested for stealing; in court she was accused, and admitted the theft. "I had to eat or starve," she said. "But you stole clothing." "I have to wear something." "How do you pay your room rent?" "Oh, one of the Technology boys pays that." "Do you know of other girls who have their rent paid by Technology boys?" "Oh, yes, several; but they won't give us anything more than our room rent, and we have to eat and dress." Another hint of a condition far too common in collegiate life, especially in our great cities, was brought out in the recent suicide of Arthur Caldwell in Baltimore. Briefly stated, the facts that bear on the question under consideration, as reported in the daily press, are as follows: Eighteen months ago this young man, then only eighteen years of age, went from Canada to Baltimore, to attend the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Before long he became one of the "fast set" of the college, spending large sums sent him by his mother and uncle chiefly on wine and women. Once or twice, stricken by remorse, he made feeble attempts to reform, but in the midst of his gay associates he soon relapsed into his fast life. During a portion of his career, Arthur Caldwell roomed with a fellow student, on the corner of Green and Mulberry Streets. One day, during

this period, his roommate brought home a companion, whom he introduced as Harry Eel. This young person wore knee breeches and a light coat, and was said to be very prepossessing. The three roomed together for some time. At last a quarrel arose between them, and Harry Eel and the roommate left Caldwell. During this time the police were searching far and wide for the eighteen-year-old daughter of a well-known citizen, who had suddenly disappeared. No traces of the girl could be discovered until Caldwell, out of pique, informed the police that Harry Eel was the young lady they were searching for. She was accordingly arrested, and proved to be in truth the missing girl. Nor was this by any means the only romance in which young Caldwell figured. On finding that his mother had been made acquainted with his habit of life, and that she was on her way to take him home, young Caldwell committed suicide. Such facts are typical of an appalling social condition, due largely to the fact that too long the agitation of the condition of man's degradation and its direful results has been "forbidden." "Oh, we all know these things exist, but we must not publish them!" exclaimed a timid friend, voicing the shallow cry of two classes,— the unwisely conservative, and the positively vicious. "Why?" "It would not do for our girls to know of such things," came the prompt reply. In the name of sacred womanhood, why not? Why should they not know, that they may be forewarned? Why should they be kept in ignorance of the presence of vipers when they tread the thicket, until the fatal fangs enter their innocent flesh, and their cry proclaims their ruin? No duty confronts civilization that is more pressing than the enlightenment of our daughters on this most vital point—the dangers that beset them. We have long paid the tribute of silence which lust has demanded, and the result has been an ever increasing army of ruined girls — ruined because they were not properly warned; ruined because they were not armed with the priceless knowledge that would have made them invulnerable; ruined because Mrs. Grundy has united with superficial prudes and lecherous hypocrites in crying down every effort to create a healthy agitation of this vital problem. The result of this fatal silence is as terrible to man as woman; it is ever lowering his standard of morality, sinking him in the depths of degradation, turning out armies of libertines who prey on innocence and beauty.

General Booth, in his "Darkest England," well observes: "The lot of a negress in equatorial Africa is not perhaps a very happy one, but is it worse than that of a pretty orphan girl in our Christian capital? A young, penniless girl, if she be pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative, starve or sin, and when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very man who had ruined her; her word becomes unbelievable; her life ignominy, and she is swept downward into the bottomless perdition of prostitution." A report of one hundred cases taken as they were entered on the registry of one of the Salvation Army

rescue stations, showed that the cause that led to the ruin of thirty-three out of the one hundred young women was seduction. One third of the girls who fall in that life, which is far worse than death, meet their ruin by listening to the seductive voice of men, and when they have no adequate picture before their mental vision of the terrible results of yielding to their tempters; while it is certainly safe to add at least one-third of the poor girls in the great cities who become outcasts would have at least lived lives of self-respect, were it not for the immorality of men, who, taking advantage of their great need, have hounded them until they have accomplished their diabolical purpose, and then spurned them in their misery. *The ethical standard for man must be raised, or the degradation of woman will follow.* An equal standard should be the slogan cry of the rising generation, and that standard absolute purity. The triumph of love over lust, the moral over the animal, the soul over the body.

THE AGE OF CONSENT.

The degradation of manhood at the present time is evinced on every hand, but nowhere is it more vividly illustrated than in what are known as the "age of consent" laws, by which legal statutes define the age at which a girl may consent to her own ruin. Up to the time when Mr. Stead tore away the mask of hypocrisy that enveloped the lordly legislative despoilers of womanhood in England, and revealed the awful picture of an army of little girls being literally sacrificed every day of every week of every month to the lusts of rich men, the legal age of consent in between twenty and thirty States and Territories of the United States ranged between seven and ten years, and to-day in thirty-six of our States and Territories the legal age of consent is under fifteen years. Let us sound the import of this terrible truth. If a government has any legitimate function it is that of defending the weak from the outrages of the strong and securing as far as possible equal justice for her citizens. When a government legislates in the interest of one class and to the injury of another, it has clearly exceeded its function, but when it goes beyond this and deliberately legislates in the interest of the lust of men, and against the most defenceless of its citizens, legislates to place little children whose lives have not yet opened into the flower of maturity, in the hands of moral lepers to be despoiled and forever ruined, it inaugurates a policy as suicidal as it is unjust, as destructive as it is infamous, a policy that vividly reminds us of the age of Agrippina and Nero, yet that is precisely the present status of our laws in every State excepting Kansas, where the age of consent is eighteen, or the same age as entitles a woman to marry and transact business in her own right. In thirty-six States and Territories the age of consent to her ruin is less than fifteen, notwithstanding she cannot marry without her parents' consent, nor can she transfer property until

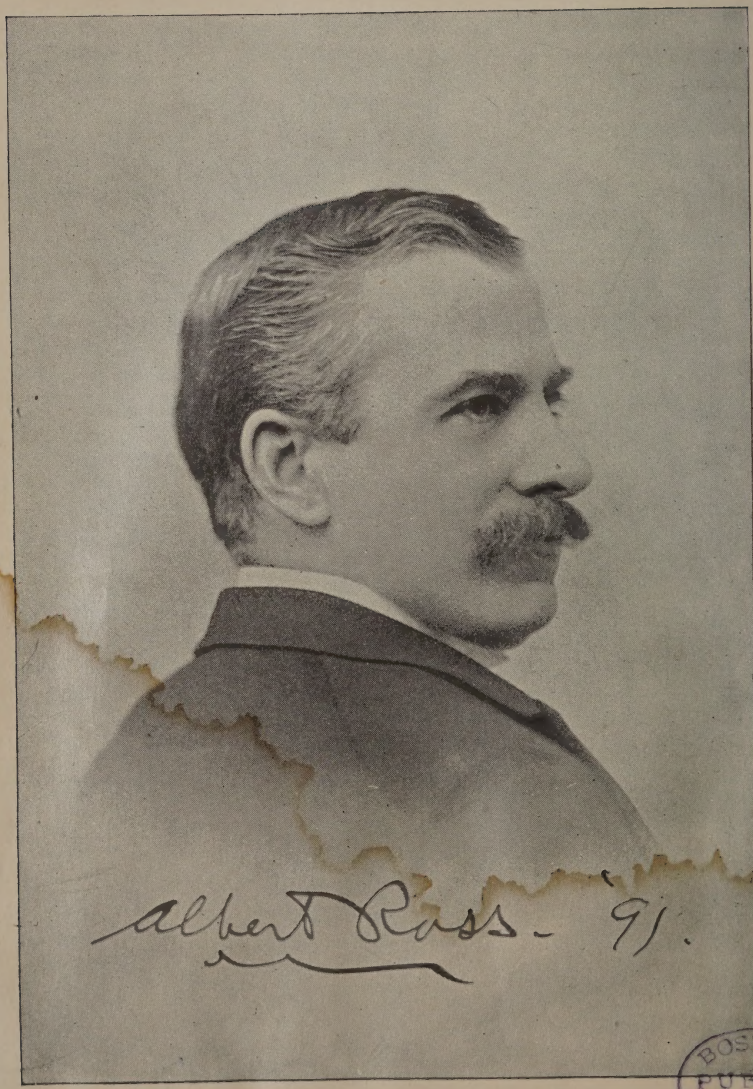
she reaches eighteen. Here for example is a poor girl: she has a little property left her, but she is only fourteen. The State, to protect her from being unduly influenced, because she is a frail child,—a minor,—steps in and forbids her handling her property. She wishes to make a contract; the State declares that owing to her minority the contract shall not be binding. She falls in love with a man, and wishes to enter the bonds of honorable matrimony. Again the State interposes: her consent is of no value. Again we find another girl struggling to sustain her failing strength on meagre wages. It is winter; she may have a helpless mother dependent on her; her employer takes advantage of her extremity, and makes the price of her virtue the condition of her continued wages. Does the law step in here where the poor child most needs protection, declaring in the name of justice that he who pollutes and degrades this defenceless minor shall suffer a punishment commensurate with the terrible crime? Oh, no! the fathers, husbands, and brothers who make laws for women and children, have stamped their own degradation on our statutes, for here the law comes forward and says, though the child shall be protected in her property, though her contracts in business affairs shall not be binding, though she shall not be allowed honorable marriage where parents or guardian object, she may consent to her spiritual, moral, and physical ruin, and the arch fiend who has thus robbed her of the crown of womanhood—her virtue—is protected behind these infamous laws, enacted by fathers, husbands, and brothers for the furtherance of animal lust and moral degradation in men, and the destruction of maidenhood. Such are the statutes which to-day blister the brow of justice in thirty-six States and Territories. Nor does this begin to express the horror of the situation. In the States of Minnesota, Colorado, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Texas, Idaho, and South Dakota, the age of consent is only TEN YEARS; while Delaware has long retained a statute making the age seven years, and this statute of seven years in case of rape is unrepealed, although, through the persistent agitation of noble-hearted men and women last year, an act was passed fixing the age in cases of seduction at fifteen years. Think of the infamous laws passed to protect libertines, who pollute innocent little girls ten years old! Was ever travesty on justice greater, or has law ever touched a lower depth of degradation?

MORE FACTS AND WHAT THEY REVEAL.

I do not believe that such laws would be tolerated if the facts were generally known; but the fact is, the hypocrites have so stifled free discussion, and have so persistently cried down every effort to awaken and inform the public that comparatively few of the great mass of honest, earnest, home-loving people of the land know the awful truth. And we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the delusive hope that man is growing more moral, high-minded, and

humane, from the fact that during the last few years the age of consent has been raised in a score or more of States, from seven and ten, to from twelve to sixteen. There is a reason for these changes; a reason as significant as it is well known to students of this problem. The *Pall Mall Gazette* revelation wrought this tremendous reaction. As Mr. A. M. Powell well observes: "It is encouraging to note the fact that nearly, if not quite, all the States which have raised the age of legal protection at all above twelve years, have done so since the agitation of the question by Mr. Stead, when he made his startling revelation in London." And this is true. That episode which cost Mr. Stead two years' imprisonment (be it said to the everlasting shame of England), saved millions of girls from ruin, and, in my judgment, was the grandest single act that has marked our epoch in recent years. What were the facts? A bill had been introduced to raise the age of consent in England from thirteen to sixteen years, but it had been pigeon-holed. There was no prospect of its passage, unless the people could be aroused. Thousands of persons knew the frightful condition of affairs, but were afraid to speak lest they be called "indelicate." Rather than risk public opprobrium they were willing that year by year thousands and tens of thousands of girls should be sacrificed on the altar of masculine lust. Mr. Stead, with the heroism of a high-minded soul, tore aside the mask of hypocrisy. The world was amazed, horrified, sickened. In bold dramatic pictures the truth was brought home to the firesides of civilization as never before. Then, for the first time, men saw the enormity of the crimes, the existence of which they had before known but never given due thought. What was the result? Mr. Stead was sent to prison, but he had so aroused England that the people demanded the passage of the pigeon-holed bill, and the age of consent was raised from thirteen to sixteen years. Nor was this all. America felt the thrill of horror that the *Pall Mall Gazette* had awakened. Enormous editions of that journal containing the revelations were sold in the eastern cities. The press was full of it. In vain did conservatism endeavor to suppress the discussion and the details of the revelation on the threadbare plea that it was dangerous for the people, and especially young people, to know the truth. *The revelations were dangerous for the moral lepers.* They awakened parents to the perils before their daughters, and revealed to girls the snares that confronted them. They did more. They created that healthy public sentiment for right and justice that is always evinced when agitation unmasks a great wrong. New York was the first State to raise the age of consent from ten to sixteen years. Other States followed her example, but only after hard-fought battles, and in many instances the age has been only increased to twelve or thirteen years. Now, however, since the excitement of those revelations has died away, and under the fostering influence of that false sentiment which condemns all brave efforts to arouse the public by picturing the awful truth as it is, year by year, in secret sessions, strenuous efforts

are being put forth to again reduce the age of consent. As for example, in New York last year, where Senator McNaughton introduced into the State Senate a bill to reduce the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. The judiciary committee reported favorably, and had it not been discovered just as its framers were preparing to crowd it through in the closing hours it would doubtless have been passed. A few papers were courageous enough to denounce the bill in unmeasured terms, and it was killed. On the very day that Senator McNaughton introduced his bill to reduce the age of consent to fourteen years, an elderly man was convicted in the court of General Sessions in New York City for abducting a fourteen-year-old school girl. This man was a trustee of one of the Hoboken churches; had for years been employed in a Sixth Avenue hardware store. He took the girl first to a house of ill-repute, but was refused entrance because the child was not the legal age,—sixteen. He then went to a hotel, went upstairs alone, registered, and returned to take the girl with him, but the porter refused to let them go upstairs, as the child was so small. On leaving the house, he was arrested. In the interest of this army of moral lepers and the proprietors of houses of ill-repute, these efforts are being annually made to reduce the legal age of consent. It is worthy of note that these sessions are always secret, as it is said the matter is not fit for women to hear, and it would be highly demoralizing for young girls to know what is said. Was sophistry ever more blatant or hypocrisy more audacious? Mothers and maidens must not hear arguments advanced in favor of laws that protect blacklegs and libertines in their pastime of despoiling maidenhood. It is the laws, not the arguments advanced, that tend to pollute womanhood. It is the laws, not the exposure that leads to a cure, that are dangerous, and this is the one fact that must ever be kept in view. Dark as the outlook is I have strong hopes for the future. We have all seen what a policy of silence has produced. On the other hand the results that followed Mr. Stead's exposure have demonstrated what a fearless unmasking of the truth will accomplish. The most urgent need of the present is the united influence of the press, the pulpit, the novel, and the drama in *acquainting people with the terrible facts as they exist.* Then justice will follow.



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THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

BY ALFRED HENNEQUIN.

SOME years ago, when the music of Wagner was still a novelty and a mystery, I remember reading with some little amusement, the efforts of a well-meaning newspaper critic to elucidate for the popular mind the inner nature of the "music of the future." It had, he said, one distinguishing characteristic — it couldn't be whistled! The critic's remark has suggested itself to me as I read some of the current prophecies in magazines and newspapers, concerning the drama of the future. If that drama is to be built upon the lines which are, in some quarters, laid down for it, I fear that it also will have one distinguishing feature — it can't be played.

I have in mind particularly the very positive assertion of a Western critic, who, in commenting upon some utterances of mine concerning the rules of dramatic construction, says, "People in the plays of the future are going to come on and get off the stage as often and as sensibly as they naturally would and should. The day of the 'heavy,' the 'ingénue' is over. There will be no 'prepared climax' arranged to top off the auditor's expectations with a delightful quiver of emotion. There will be no artificial scissoring off of dramas into acts, so many minutes to the act and so much spasmodic, rhapsodical sensation to each quarter of an hour. Things will go on very much as they do in real life."

We have all heard something like this from other sources. Mr. Howells, in his daintily cynical way, and Mr. Archer, in his brusquely snappish way, have said much the same thing.

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The old machinery of dramatic technique is to be pitched into the street. Mr. Archer will show Shakespeare the door to make way for Ibsen. Mr. Howells will politely give the *congé* to the spirit of Romantic Drama to make way for—Mr. Howells!

That the drama of the future, if it is to be worth seeing, will be in some respects different from the drama of the present, there can be not the slightest question. It is in the nature of literature, of whatever kind, to change its outward vesture with the progress of human development. When change ceases, the literary forms degenerate into mere husks, and the "breath and finer spirit of knowledge" seeks expression elsewhere. Yes, the drama of the future will show a different face from the drama of to-day, but what I maintain and propose to show in this paper is that the prophet-critics, whom I have mentioned, have not succeeded in forecasting the nature of the change. In other words, the elements of the drama with which it has been proposed to dispense, are those without which we cannot have any drama at all.

What is it that constitutes a drama? There are two essentials: first, portrayal of life; secondly, action. Take out either element, and you have left a nondescript which may or may not be worth serious attention, but which certainly is not, in any rational sense, a drama. Let us consider the two, throwing emphasis upon each in turn.

The drama is a portrayal of life, but it is a portrayal by means of action. It will need, therefore, *characters* in whom this active life shall be made manifest, and a *stage* upon which these characters shall be marshalled before the eyes of the spectators. Whatever changes may take place in the nature of the drama, these two features, we may be sure, will always be retained.

Now, if we inquire into the character of the drama as it actually exists at the present time; that is, as it is known by actors and stage managers, not as it is theorized by those who have gained their experience from the orchestra chair, we shall find that all characters as they are assigned to actors, are classified under a few general heads. That is, they are no longer known as Romeos, or Joseph Surface, or Bassanios, or Ophelias, but as ingénues, leading heavies, first old man, and so on. The cast of a stock company, for example, may comprise a leading man, a first old man, a comedian, a second

old man, a light comedian, a juvenile, a leading lady, a first old woman, a soubrette, and an ingénue. This is one of the things which the modern playwright must take into consideration. As things are now constituted, it is well for him, if he hopes ever to see his play produced, not to put in characters haphazard, but to see that he has these various classes in their proper proportion. And this is where our friends, the prophets, utter their first note of warning. All these conventional characters, they tell us, are becoming, or have already become, painfully antiquated. There shall be no more ingénues, neither any engaging of leading heavies. The dramatist of the future will no longer be trammelled by these fetters of an ancient tradition, but will be free to choose and arrange his *dramatis personæ* to suit his own sweet will.

I wish the dramatist of the next generation all possible freedom, but that he will escape this particular constraint, if it be one, I cannot for an instant concede. Were these names mere theoretical terms arbitrarily devised by the ingenuity of some bookish critic, then we might expect to see them superseded by the next new fashion of the hour. They are not, however, of this character. They are names for classifications that have their correspondences in the actual world, of which the mimic world of the stage is the counterpart. Go out into the world and seek your characters, say the leaders of the new school. Very well, let us take our stand on this street corner, where the stream of humanity whirls past in bewildering multifariousness of race, age, and temperament. At first all is confusion. No two persons seem alike. In those whose characteristics seem most nearly identical, there is yet some fine shade of differences, challenging and baffling the dramatist's utmost skill to seize it. We exclaim "What infinite variety!" And yet, as we gaze, in spite of the differences, we begin to have a feeling that the pictures of the panorama are being repeated. The same general characteristics occur again and again. We begin involuntarily to try to assign each individual to some general type, and if we study the throng long enough and carefully enough, we shall soon be able to do so with all. Now if the observer have the dramatic faculty, and in addition be familiar with the conventional names of the stock characters of the drama, he will be surprised to find how readily they may be applied to the persons whom he sees passing before him.

Let him but think of the passers-by as characters in a play, and each will at once fall into his proper category. Here comes the guileless ingénue chatting gaily with the juvenile. There the pert soubrette peeps from the carriage window of the leading lady. Yonder the villain passes before the plate glass window and sullenly eyes the first old man sitting at the desk of his counting-room, writing fictitious letters, and fingering property bank-notes.

What does this mean? Simply that the dramatist as he observes life, consciously or unconsciously selects those characters which fit the conditions of dramatic representation. If he be a poor dramatist, he selects the wrong characters, and his play is a failure. The successful dramatist of to-day selects his characters skilfully, not because he is endowed with some mysterious and superhuman instinct, but because he has mastered the resources of theatrical representation — knows what will "go," and what not. Nor is this incompatible with the exercise of the very highest genius; for what is genius ever but a native ability to see what will "go" with a certain element of the public now here, or to come. Even the genius, if he expects to make his genius effective, to thrill crowded houses, and make his name a household word, must know the stops of the instrument through which he is to discourse excellent music. It is young Scraper who has had six violin lessons that wants a fifth string on his instrument. Wilhelmj manages to get along very comfortably with four.

The drama as a portrayal of life calls not only for characters, but for a stage. We have it on excellent authority, that all the world is a stage; and not a few heralds of the new order of dramatic things imagine, I should say, that it is upon this stage that the drama of the future is to be presented. If I understand them rightly, they propose that what are known as "theatrical conventions" shall give way to the realities of actual life. By theatrical conventions in the best sense is meant those peculiarities of dramatic representations which grow out of the conditions of the environment, the architectural arrangement of the theatre and the like, and which seem violations of the logic of ordinary life. For example, in real life people live in rooms with four sides, they move around as they please, group themselves in one place or another, stand with their faces towards this wall or that, and no one

complains. But on the stage this is not so. In that world, people live in three-sided rooms. They see to it that they are not in one another's way, that their backs are not turned in the wrong direction, that they are grouped in striking and graceful ways. Everyone remembers the story of Edmund Kean, who, upon being congratulated for the unusual earnestness with which he gripped Iago's neck, replied, "Earnestness! I should say so! Confound the fellow, he was trying to keep me out of his focus." The "focus" is broader than it used to be in the old days when Lamb watched, open-mouthed, the "fair auroras" rise before the green curtain; but it exists none the less, and is ignored by no actor who knows his business. The question of stage realism is an old one, as old at any rate as Aristotle; but it seems to me that no one has come nearer the truth than that prince of critics whose name I have just mentioned—Charles Lamb. In his essay on "Stage Illusions" he says: "The actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober, set face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel, his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatic existence of the other character (which to render it comic demands an antagonistic comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence, indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted upon any unworthy person. . . . In some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen — on both sides of the curtain."

Lamb, in this place, to be sure, is speaking solely of comedy and even contrasting it with tragedy, but the principle once admitted for one kind of dramatic composition, will be seen to be operative in all; especially in our modern plays, with their promiscuous intermingling of smiles and tears. "A judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen on both sides

of the curtain," — is not that what all proper stage convention comes to? We, of the audience, recognize the fact that you, of the stage, are not at home in your own houses. We understand well enough that you are talking to us in an unnaturally loud voice out of the centre of a great awkward, complex machine full of ropes, pulleys, traps, and ladders, and painted canvases. We know well enough that your daggers are made of lath, and your champagne of cold tea, and that your faces are covered with paint. We know very well when you say, "An hour has passed," that in reality it has not been fifteen minutes. But we shall not complain. We have a judicious understanding with you. You, on your side, agree to do the best you can to entertain us with the means at hand; we on our side agree to make allowances for the conventional character of the instrument thought which you bring before us the conception of the dramatist.

We do precisely the same thing in the other arts. We accept certain conventionalities because they are essential limitations of the art. We do not ask the painter to put real water on his canvas or to stick cow's hair on his painted cows. We do not want our statues painted flesh color. The untutored spectator may indeed be annoyed by blurring haze of a picture by Corot and prefer an unmistakable chromo-lithograph of some familiar scene; but the art amateur makes no such mistakes. The "atmosphere" with which the master artist suffuses his handiwork is to the experienced art critic a source of keen delight. And the pleasure, it should be noted, which mere technique is able to bestow is by no means inconsiderable.

It is not hard to explain how this idea that the drama is to throw away its conventional elements has arisen. It has come about, I take it, through the theorizing of men who are accustomed to writing novels and stories, but are not at home in stageland. When they read plays or try to write them, they imagine the lines are being read, not as being acted and heard. They think of men and women as moving about in the freer world of the novel, not as taking their carefully learned steps upon the boards of a theatre. The plays that such men write strike the novel-reader as admirable. What character! What nobleness of sentiment! But the actor who is called upon to interpret them, and without whose aid they cannot come to a dramatic birth, reads them with con-

tracted eyebrows. "Very pretty story, but not adapted for the stage," is the verdict in nine cases out of ten; and if this verdict is appealed from, the higher court of the public rarely fails to confirm it with costs to the unlucky dramatist. Such plays, I have said, usually strike the novel-reader as excellent, but I doubt if this will long continue to be the case. There is something nerveless and unorganized about the unactable drama, even to the average man. Productions of this sort have not lived long nor have they contributed to the national life. This will be still less the case as time goes on and the knowledge of dramatic technique, now confined to a comparatively few scholars, permeates the general mass of readers. I believe this because I am hopeful. If I were pessimistic, I would say that the novel was likely to go on extending its influence until it sapped the dramatic consciousness and left us only the novelized and unactable drama. But I do not believe the case so bad as that.

The stage remaining what it is (and practically it has suffered no change worth speaking of since the days of the mystery and miracle plays), the dramas of the future, so far as their forms are determined, will be governed by the same laws of dramatic construction which prevail at the present day. Whether the play is realistic or idealistic, psychological or meteorological, it will as of old have its lines, its monologues, its exposition, its stage business, its climax and its catastrophe. It will have its conventionalities just as a picture will always have perspective. It will have characters that are artless and simple, and characters that are malignant, call them ingénue and villain, or whatever you like. It will have a stage with its "exteriors" and "interiors," "entrances," "wings," "traps," and "flats." It will have special features and devices of dialogue for the purpose of conveying certain kinds of information to the audience. It will have its own conventional time, which will go fast or slow as the dramatist shall choose. It will be rendered by actors who will employ over-loud tones of voice and make exaggerated gestures and pretend to do all sorts of things, which they do not do in fact. They will have set times for coming and going off, and if one character plays two parts he will have time allowed him to make a change of dress and "make-up." So it has always been; so, we may be very sure, it always will be.

The most radical of the new school, when they have succeeded in securing a hearing, have not been able to sail in the teeth of these dramatic trade winds. Even Mr. Archer admits with a sigh, that Ibsen has not been able to rid himself of the pestilent heresy of Aristotle's poetics. No, nor has the organist succeeded in doing away with organ pipes. Wherever Ibsen has abandoned the sound laws of dramatic technique, he has failed as a dramatist; wherever he has followed them, he has been brilliantly successful. In the best part of his plays, taking into account the differences growing out of the different social environment, his technique is precisely that of all other successful dramatists new or old. In the following scene, for example, from "Samfundets Stötter," see how the punishment of Consul Bermick who has sent the ship "Indian Girl" to sea with a rotten hull, is made to grow out of his own evil deeds: —

Hilmar (rapidly re-entering). Everyone gone! Even Betty!

Bermick. What's the matter?

Hilmar. I — I dare not say.

Bermick. What's that? I say you must tell me.

Hilmar. Well then — Olof — he — has run away to sea — in the "Indian Girl."

Bermick (starting back.) Olof! — in the "Indian Girl"? No, no!

Lona. Yes, it is true. I see it all now. He jumped out of the window. I saw him.

Bermick (who has gone to the door of his room, calls in a despairing tone). Krap! The "Indian girl!" Hold the ship, for heaven's sake!

(Enter Krap.)

Krap. Out of the question, Consul. How do you suppose —

Bermick. I say the ship must be held. Olof is aboard of her!

Krap. What!

(Enter Rummel from the office.)

Rummel. Olof run away? Absurd!

(Enter Sanstad.)

Sanstad. They will send him back with the pilot, Consul.

Hilmar. No (*shows letter*); here is what he has written me: he will hide in the cargo until the ship is well on her course.

Bermick. I shall never see him again!

Rummel. Stuff! A ship, just refitted —

Vigeland (*who has come in before*). And in your own shipyard, Consul.

Bermick. I tell you, I shall never see him again. I have lost him forever. Lona — now I understand — he was never really mine — (*listening*) what's that?

Rummel. Music. Here comes the procession.

And along comes a delegation of citizens to congratulate the wretched man on his "immaculate moral career," and to present him a service of plate for his maintenance of the "Ethical idea."

I suppose that Mr. Archer and others who see a new order of things in Ibsen's dramas, shake their heads over this scene and call it poor stuff; they "hear the machine creaking," and wish that the dramatist had not gathered up the threads of his plot so carefully. The worst of all is that the "Indian Girl" did not go to sea, and so Olof is restored to his father. This is a lamentable state of affairs because it actually gives the play the semblance of a plot! A plot in Ibsen! Shades of romantic drama can this be?

When the violinist is able to dispense with a sounding board, then and then only, will the dramatist be able to dispense with the old fundamental laws of dramatic construction, with the old theatrical conventionalities. The dramatist will find fresh material for characterization in sources which are not now suspected. The manager will utilize all the discoveries of science in the mechanical construction of the theatre. New plots will be discovered and old ones will be revamped. But only when some genius shall devise a method by which plays may be presented without a stage and without actors, shall characters be allowed "to come and go as they please;" only then shall we "hear no more of 'villains' and 'leading heavies.'" And that will be—never!

EVOLUTION AND MORALITY.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D., LL. D.

In 1887 there was published in London an essay which bore the title, "Herbert Spencer's Theory of Religion and Morality." It has been republished in this country under the title of "The Moral and Religious Aspects of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy." From the essay we make the following extract as setting forth a friendly and an accurate statement of Mr. Spencer's theory of morality. It is to be remarked that Mr. Spencer has completed only one of his projected works on ethics, namely, the "Data of Ethics."

"Conduct is good when it conforms to the requirements of life; to the extent that it fails of accomplishing this end it is bad. But here it must be carefully borne in mind that, by reason of the entanglement of human actions, every act must be considered with reference to its effect upon the actor himself, upon his offspring, and upon society at large. Acts which are good so far as the individual is concerned, may be bad when regarded from the standpoint of his offspring, or of society at large. Hence, in a social state, an act is moral only when it tends simultaneously to satisfy the needs of the actor himself, or of his offspring, and of society at large. In their summed-up effects, good acts are productive of more pleasure than pain; and *e converso*, bad acts produce more pain than pleasure. Perfect goodness cannot give rise to any pain at all; where pain figures as a direct result of an act, that act is *pro tanto* wrong. No course of action is absolutely right which causes even a modicum of pain. *Perfect goodness* (that is, conduct which is absolutely right) and *the greatest happiness* are terms expressive of the same idea from different points of view. *Perfect goodness* means conduct that completely satisfies the separate and combined requirements of individual and social well-being: *the greatest happiness* describes the effect produced by this ideal fitness of things. To secure the greatest possible quantum of happiness is the great desideratum of life; but, since perfect goodness is the *sine qua non* of the greatest happiness, a perfectly moral life is the only means by which this desirable end can be attained. And this is true, despite the variable character of different standards of happiness, because the

general conditions to the achievement of happiness are always the same, no matter how much the special conditions may vary. Hence, while the greatest happiness is the ultimate end of life, it must not be made the direct object of pursuit. Our immediate aim must be to live at peace with our fellow-beings; to deal justly with them all in our transactions; and, finally, to render them active assistance in their efforts to gratify the lawful desires of life."

If this Spencerian theory were true, let us see what would follow. If to make my conduct good, I must conform to the requirements of life, then I must have a sufficiently wide outlook of life and a sufficient sagacity to perceive its requirements, in order to make my life virtuous. But where is the man amongst the most cultivated of men who is able to do this thing? Especially as by reason of the entanglement of human actions those who hold this theory perceive that every act must be considered with reference to its effect upon the actor himself, upon his offspring, and upon society at large. If this be the case, then it is impossible for all the intellect in all the world to formulate even a very simple system of ethics, and if the evolution theory be right, the demand which the Spencerian theory of morals makes is correct. Each man must know whether any act tends to satisfy all the needs of all the world, or else he cannot tell whether it be good or bad. It may be true that under some happy effects good acts are productive of more pleasure than pain, but where is the intellect amongst men who can sum up the effects of any single action of any single man? It may be true that bad acts produce more pain than pleasure in the long run. They certainly do not always in this present life. The pleasures of sin make the power of sin over human life. It would be difficult to decide the question whether in this mortal life those who commit sin have more pain than pleasure. How, then, are we to know of any act that it is a good or a bad act on this theory?

It might or might not be true that perfect goodness cannot give rise to any pain at all, but it certainly does not derive any probability from known facts in human life. Perhaps we have no case of perfect goodness amongst men. If we have, no one yet has discovered it, or if anyone has discovered it, he has not yet exhibited it. We do know that the "goodness" with which we are acquainted may give much

pain. We know that much of the pain that exists in the world is the product of goodness, that in many a life if there were none of the sacrifices of goodness, if the subject were brutally bad or obstinately hard, there would be no pain. The suffering of the innocent for the guilty is world-wide and a world-known thing. The goodness of heroism and the goodness of self-abnegation have brought pain from the days of the firstborn man down to this day, wherein a brilliant woman has given up mating with a noble man to pursue a magnificent career in human life that she may remain to discharge the offices of love which she believes have been bound upon her by duty and exclude her from the offered career.

It was said above that we have had no example of perfect goodness in the world. The Christian reader may object to that, and say we have one man who has existed and in whom no fault could be found,— Jesus of Nazareth. Well, if that be granted, his case overthrows the fundamental doctrine of the Spencerian theory, for he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and he died under the torture of exquisite pain. Every sorrow of that man's life, every grief of that man's heart, every agony of that man's body, was brought on him by his goodness. If he had been merely as non-principled, we will not say unprincipled, as an ordinary man of the world, he might easily have avoided both his Gethsemane and his Golgotha.

Another question arises. Is it true that to secure the greatest possible quantum of happiness is the greatest desideratum of life? We should need to agree upon the word happiness. If happiness means freedom from pain, physical comfort, and the sense of the enjoyment of our environment, then the proposition could be readily denied. It is far from being the great desideratum of life. There may be something very much more desirable than all these, and in point of fact, for that something else all these things have been resigned by all the greatest, and all the best men produced by the human race.

It is a little curious to be told that while the greatest happiness is the ultimate end of life, it must "not be made the direct object of pursuit." Why not? Then we are told what must be our immediate aim, namely, to live at peace with our fellow beings, to deal justly with them in all our

transactions, and, finally, to render them assistance in their efforts to gratify the lawful desires of life.

It would be interesting to be informed how I am to live at peace with my fellow beings; how I am to deal justly with them and what are the lawful desires of their life. These are the very points in question; a large portion of the science of ethics lies here.

If I am to know all the possible effects of any act of mine to determine whether it be lawful, I must have the same knowledge to determine whether the act or desire of my fellow man be lawful. *Where* am I to find all this? *How* am I to find all this? How is the man who rises up early and lies down late and sweats all day to make his bread, to know all these things? It is supposed that the evolution theory would teach us that as society progresses by a very large number of examinations of a very large number of cases conducted by many generations we should, by and by, in the lapse of cycles, come to learn the general tendency of particular acts, and so by the *imprimatur* of human society to declare some acts right and others wrong. But man has been too short a time on earth to have had opportunity for a safe conclusion.

And that pushes the difficulty only a little further back. How did this sense of "right" and "wrong" first come into the world? How did it begin with those quadrupedal ancestors of ours, who swung themselves by their long tails in the original arboreal academies, get the idea that there could be such a thing as "rightness" and its opposite "wrongness" among men? It must have had a beginning. Is it possible to imagine any beginning of that distinction which has in itself formed the superbest thought that is entertained by the most cultivated intellects in this advanced period of humanity? How did it first come?

If Mr. Spencer carries forward his work, we shall be interested to see what he does in the department of the *Sanctions* of Ethics. There may be some *Data* of ethics among the phenomena of human existence; there may be enough of them to make something of a system; but suppose the most perfect system could be formulated, the question readily arises why should I do such and such a thing. Suppose the answer be because it is right, I might then reply, Why should I do right? The response is, Because it conforms to the

requirements of life. But, who knows what are the requirements of life? And, what right has life to make any requirements of me? Suppose I should not choose to conform to the requirements of life, even when known, what then? Why should I be called bad, as the Spencerian theory does call me? Suppose I am told that in the long run it would give me more pleasure than pain to conform to what other people, or even I, myself, regard as the requirements of life? Suppose, then, I take the ground that I do not want the pleasure of the long run, that, for the pleasure which I can have in a certain course for five years, I prefer to be a consumptive or rheumatic for fifteen years, who has a right to say I am "bad" or "good" for that? Suppose I am taught that a virtuous act is one that promotes the greatest good of the greatest number, who shall denounce me if I say I do not care for the greatest good of the greatest number? In the first place, I do not know that it is good; in the next place I would rather they would not have so much pleasure; and, what claim have the greatest number upon me?

The greatest number I believe whom I can effect will live on this planet after I am dead. It is not a mere joke, but it is a serious philosophical question,— What has posterity ever done for me that I should warp my life away, from my preference for posterity?

Why should a man do right? That is a serious question. It is that question which makes it imperative that I find out the sanction which is behind the data. In the most serious and candid thought has not this question arisen in every fair mind? Could men possibly find out what is right unless it be revealed to them by an infinite mind? Would an infinite mind reveal to mankind what is right and what is wrong unless that infinite mind had an interest in men avoiding wrong and doing right? If he have such interest, is it not natural to suppose that he will protect his interests, provided he can do so? Does not the admission of the existence of the ethical quality in human actions necessitate the existence of a Being capable of knowing all the possibilities of the infinite and capable of protecting His own moral interests? And does not this involve the antecedent probably of a revelation from Himself to humanity? Several things seem to follow: —

Evolution being atheistic (mark, not antetheistic) having no use for a God, believing that matter as matter has in itself the promise and potency of all existence, and that nothing is which matter itself has not put forth, that the universe is a system *of* matter *by* matter *for* matter, may perceive some things that look like data of ethics but must not ask itself to be received, until it establish some sanction of ethics. The development theory does not carry that load. It accepts everything that science has established in regard to the development of the universe. It accepts everything of science which evolution accepts, but it teaches that all this progress has been made on what was originally created for development by an infinite Being and has been brought along the line of development by the constant supervision and exertion of the original Creator.

The development theory, therefore, is more scientific than the evolution, because it accounts more scientifically to the human mind for the greater number of phenomena. It does not leave the mind to grasp its way through millions of years striving to find out whether any action be right or wrong, and whether right be better than wrong or wrong better than right, but it permits the possibility of supposing that the infinite mind might communicate its will in regard to the nature of human action in the very earliest stages of human existence.

The fact seems to be that the fundamental ethical idea that the difference between right and wrong, "ought" and "ought not," is no natural or scientific portion of evolution whatever, but is taken bodily from the other theory and foisted on to evolution, which does not afford a hasp sufficiently strong to hold so long and heavy a chain.

If there be a God, probably He knows what is right and what is wrong, and possibly He knows the "why" of the difference. No one else can. If He fail to make the communication to the human mind, then that far humanity is free from responsibility. Our knowledge of this whole subject must depend upon some such revelation. What God teaches man to be wrong is wrong and what God teaches man to be right must be right. If there be any other kind of act, it is indifferent. Every act that has an ethical quality involves responsibility. Responsibility means the being obliged to answer to one who has a right to demand. If there be no

one in the universe who has a right to demand of me why I do so and so, then, in the sense of any responsibility, it does not matter whether I do so and so. Of irresponsible beings it cannot be affirmed that any of their actions are either right or wrong.

Evolution being simply on trial, it cannot be accepted in the department in which Mr. Spencer is writing until it establish the Sanction of Ethics.

NATIONALIZATION OF THE LAND AS FIRST PRESENTED.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

The Land and The People. Part I.*

The paramount questions of the present day concern the relation of man to man. That relation has heretofore been one of a constant collision with a crushing of happiness and life. It has been affirmed, that such collision or antagonism is not a necessary or essential part of the plan of Nature, and that a proper arrangement of the relations of man to man, will put an end to this collision of interest and of feeling which gives rise to all the miseries of human life. The possibility of doing this, is the great question of the age. It is the question, whether life shall always be a great battle-field, where the conquerors shall wield an almost unlimited power, and the victims shall experience, through life, every possible accumulation of sufferings and wrongs, up to death itself; whether, in the struggle for existence and enjoyment, the feebler class shall be gradually deprived of all the

*This essay, published in the summer of 1847 in the *Herald of Truth*, Cincinnati, was probably a premature announcement of doctrine for which the public mind had not been prepared, and produced no effective response. Countless thousands of millions would have been saved to the republic, had the American people then been prepared to know and assert their rights before their heritage was squandered in the mad riot of land grabbing. But it is "never too late to mend." After all the horses are stolen, better stables may be built. After health is lost physiology and hygiene may be studied. There is a method of restoration after any calamity, and that safe method I have indicated. The world is deeply indebted to Henry George for arousing its torpid conscience on this subject. I would gladly have engaged in the propagandist labor in 1847, but for the fact that I had then been for twelve years engaged in the attempt to erect a true philosophy on the basis of a new science, and was also intensely occupied in the attempt to supersede the Papal despotism of collegiate authority in the medical profession by the Protestant freedom of private judgment, expressed by the word Eclectic — a movement successful from the start, and now capable of sustaining itself with its seven colleges. Parallel to the work in philosophy is the work in reform. The right of woman to absolute freedom, and the right of the nation to its land are initial reforms — following which is another *equally radical and indispensable reform*, which I propose to present as a NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY MEASURE, at the close of the essay on the land question, hoping that it may receive the eloquent advocacy of Mr. George and of many others who are ready to level with the ground the ancient TEMPLE OF WOE, in which mankind have so long suffered.

pleasures of life, and means of self-improvement, and shall be continually held in imminent danger of losing even the necessaries of life itself, while a more favored class, by means of fortune, accident, or energy, not only escapes these evils, but wastes, in a profligate manner, the very means which are sufficient for the supply of all. It is a question, whether the fates of men shall be so unjust and unequal as to present us one class with a hereditary right to the enjoyment of ease and power, and another class with no hereditary right but that of toil and want, degeneracy and death.

This question turns upon the law of the distribution of wealth. The distribution of the goods of life by the selfish system — the system of competition and antagonism — ever has been, and ever must be, unequal and unjust.

It necessarily divides mankind into the two great classes of the powerful and oppressed — the rich, who are growing richer; and the poor, who are growing poorer — the higher classes, who enjoy in perfection, the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and the lower classes, with whom these rights are little more than nominal, whose "pursuit of happiness" is nothing more than a toilsome pursuit of bread, whose liberty is little more than the privilege of employing eight or ten hours of the twenty-four in sleep, eating, and relaxation from labor, or, in other words, the privilege of employing one or two hours in the twenty-four at their discretion; and whose right to life does not include any right to the means of life, and therefore is, in reality, nugatory. What right to life has the poor operative, whose daily bread has no security? who may, at any moment, be deprived of it by the caprice of an employer, or by the fluctuations of commerce?

The selfish system of society tends, therefore, continually to the destruction of human rights and human happiness; it is a world-wide maelstrom in which justice and democracy are continually wrecked, and disappear, however their pale phantoms may hover over the spot of their destruction. The construction of some other system of society than this, is the problem of the age. We need some system compatible with justice — some system which will not sacrifice the substance of republicanism, while preserving its forms; which will not involve, as a necessary consequence, the sacrifice of those who labor, and the isolation of all classes from each other.

But the re-organization of society requires not only a new method of distributing the proceeds of labor in a manner compatible with justice and with the good of all; it must comprehend another fundamental measure. There are immense interests involved in things which are not the product of human labor. The air, the sunshine, the water, and the earth, which man receives direct from God, and which are not the products of his own exertions, must be considered in any scheme of society; for they are the first necessaries of life, and their distribution is one of the most important measures.

The lighter of these elements cannot be bound up and controlled by man. Sunshine distributes itself, by its own law of radiation, without respect to human enactments; air, too, goes alike freely to all; and water flows too abundantly to be the subject of any grievous monopoly; but land, which is not furnished in the boundless profusion of light, air, and water, and which is easily circumscribed and held in possession — land is distributed, not as God distributes the sunlight and the breeze, but by the avaricious passions of man, by the arbitrary decrees of government, and by the resistless power of brute force.

That it should have been so distributed, is *prima facie* evidence that our land system is unjust. This great gift of the Creator,— the earth, and all its treasures, present and prospective,— should be received and managed by man, in a spirit far different from aught that we have seen. It should be received, not as a herd of hungry swine receive their daily supply of food, rushing pell-mell against each other, to get the largest possible share; but as an organized assembly of wise men would receive a great and inestimable fund of wealth confided to their charge for the benefit of posterity. It should be received, not with brutishness, but with manliness; not with a fierce and hungry avarice, but with a calm, profound thought, disinterested impartiality, and a deep sense of responsibility. The nation should deliberate earnestly and long upon the question, to ascertain what justice demands, and how the universal prosperity may be the best promoted in the distribution of its land.

At this point we are met by the conservative, who replies that the land is already justly distributed; that it is rightly owned in fee simple, by those who have paid for it, and who

have, therefore, an unquestionable title; that land must be owned, in this manner, by individuals, to secure the proper reward of industry, and encourage its cultivation or improvement; that any other system than this is utterly impracticable, and unsuited to the well-known laws of human nature; that the system of individual proprietorship has been carried out with strict justice in our country; and that great inequalities of possession are nothing more than the natural and proper consequences of the freedom of purchase and sale, and the various degrees of energy, judgment, and economy among men; in short, that our whole land system is based upon the laws of Nature, upon necessity, and upon the principles of strict justice between man and man. Moreover, he affirms that any discussion of this question, or assault upon the existing system, is agrarian and dangerous in its tendency; that it teaches man to disregard the sacred rights of property, and encourages the spirit of turbulence and robbery.

There is no little plausibility in these suggestions of the conservative, and there are many conscientious men who will feel their force, and, regarding them as conclusive, will turn aside with scorn from the great land question, as a hobby of corrupt politicians and brawling demagogues.

But far different will it appear to those who examine this matter thoroughly and fearlessly; to those who examine the land system to ascertain its justice — not merely legal justice, but true, absolute justice, in the fullest sense. Far differently will it appear to those who examine our land system as philanthropists, and inquire whether it is the one best calculated to promote the happiness of all, and insure the greatest amount of wealth and prosperity to the nation.

It matters but little whether we take up this matter as a question of justice, or as a question of social happiness. There is but little difference in the two methods of consideration; for universal justice involves necessarily a due regard to universal happiness; and, on the other hand, the highest schemes of philanthropy necessarily embrace the principles of universal justice, as the warm, living body embraces and contains its solid skeleton as the basis of its structure. We propose to discuss this subject by laying down certain fundamental propositions, which are either self-evident or easily demonstrable, and tracing the legitimate deductions from these premises.

1. The earth is an original gift of God to man, and, as such, belongs, of right, to the human race in general, and not to the individuals of the race, separately.

2. The exclusive proprietorship, in fee simple, of any given amount of land, by an individual, is an infraction of the common rights of the race, unless a general consent has been given by the community to this monopoly.

3. The rights of individual proprietorship are consequently factitious or conventional, and based, in reality, not upon government edict or immemorial usage, but upon the will of the people.

Practically, we might recognize a modification of this principle, in consequence of the division of the race by geographical barriers, difference of language, etc., which render it expedient to consider each nation as the lord of its own soil. Yet the proposition we have laid down must be considered the paramount principle, to which the other must give way whenever practicable.

4. Antecedent generations have not an unlimited power to prescribe the legislation of posterity. Each generation, therefore, has the right, in itself, to establish its own conventionalities, and re-create those institutions which depend upon its own consent for their legitimate existence.

The first proposition is one of those self-evident truths which scarcely need to be enforced by illustration, and yet how entirely does it appear to have been overlooked in human legislation. The object of government seems to have been, in almost all cases, to abrogate or supersede this original right by a multitude of private monopolies, and so effectually to obliterate all traces of its existence, that mankind should forget their great primitive right to the soil, and become so habituated to monopoly, as to consider any reference to their fundamental original right, an idle and profligate speculation.

Yet this is a great truth, and one of the most important practical bearing; for it is at the foundation of society, law, and government. It is a truth upon which we must act. Its tendency is eminently benevolent and just, and whenever men shall be ready to base their social institutions upon this great fundamental truth, there will be the grandest and most beneficent revolution in government and society which has ever yet taken place. We propose to elucidate this assertion by taking our fundamental proposition, tracing its necessary

consequences, showing how we are bound, in justice, to embody this principle, and what would be the glorious practical effects of thus going back to first principles, and rendering our governmental action just and true.

If the principle be true, we are bound to act upon it. If it be true, obedience to this truth must be beneficial to man. With a clear and undimmed perception of its truth, we cannot hesitate about adopting it as the basis of action. But, crushed and buried as this principle is, beneath the false and artificial institutions of society, millions of the most enlightened portion of the human race pass through life, suffering intensely from the effects of the present organization of society, without ever once suspecting the existence of their great fundamental and violated right.

Well do we remember when and where this great truth first became manifest to our own mind. Some twelve or thirteen summers had brought our youthful mind to that stage of progress in which decisive opinions were to be formed on the great questions of philosophy and morals. The justice and policy of our land system we had not scrutinized, or doubted; we had heard no syllable whispered against the justice or policy of the arrangements in which all men seemed to acquiesce; but, in the course of our desultory reading, poring over the daily packages of newspapers to which we had access, we met with a paragraph in Poulson's *Daily Advertiser* (an old Philadelphia newspaper), which at once made an indelible impression upon the mind. A correspondent of that paper — apparently an Englishman — undertook to justify the English system of tithes, and, in a paragraph of thirty or forty lines, presented an apparently unanswerable statement. Regarding established churches, with their tithes, as among the most hideous features of European tyranny, we were overwhelmed by the force of the argument, which seemed to justify this clerical tax. It was argued, that the clerical right to tithes was just as valid as the rights of any fee simple proprietor in the kingdom; that they were nothing more than a peculiar form of rent, not distinguishable, in principle, from the ordinary rents of landlords. If, for example, ten persons had been originally joint proprietors of an estate of a thousand acres, entitled, in common, to its entire rental, they might either receive their rent in partnership, or divide the tract, and each receive the

rents of 100 acres; or, if any one of the party wished to enjoy his separate interest, without the trouble of exclusive possession or ownership of one tract, he might retain a claim to one tenth of the rent of each of the tracts; which claim would be as valid and just as would be his fee simple claim to the full enjoyment and possession of 100 acres. In like manner, a great lord, in disposing of his estates, might think proper to give land in fee simple to those who would wish to own and possess it; but to bestow merely a portion of its usufruct or rental on others, who desired merely a certain income. He might thus leave his estates in possession of some one who could maintain their dignity undivided, and give to his clerical relatives or friends a greater interest, as above illustrated. If, for example, he wished to give a clergyman or church one-twentieth of his landed estate, in the form of a salary, he might, instead of conveying any specific tract of land, charge the whole of his land with the payment of one-twentieth of its rental to the object of his bequest. Thus by private agreement, by bequests, and by governmental appropriations, the church might become, although not an extensive landholder, a participant in all the land revenues of the kingdom. For there can be no doubt that he who is competent to convey the land, with its whole rental, is also competent to convey any portion of that rental, without conveying the title. Thus might the church become a quasi proprietor or partial landlord, and collect its tithes, or any other species of charges, with as unquestionable a right as any landlord of the kingdom can possibly have to his land and its rents.

Convinced by this argument that the ecclesiastical taxes, which were so abominable in the eyes of Americans, were, in all probability, as well founded in justice as any of the rights of landed proprietors, and that they must stand or fall together, we at once inquired whether the whole system of tithes, rents, and land titles was or was not founded in justice; whether it could be true that any body of men, whether clergy or landholders, were entitled to live in splendor,— they and their successors forever,— upon the toil of the less favored classes.

We could not realize, in our crude conceptions of justice, any authority for the establishment of such an order of hereditary nobility,— a class of men privileged to live by a

heavy tax upon the remainder of society. We could not recognize, in any lord, king, or government, the right of thus establishing hereditary distinctions among men, to last forever, and thus control the organization of society, in a more enlightened age, by the edicts of the dominant powers of an early and less enlightened period.

Yet such are the legitimate consequences of the present system of land-ownership. Establish the unlimited control of individuals over land, and you necessarily have large bodies of land consecrated to private ownership, and yielding in perpetuity vast incomes to the proprietors. In other words, you have an aristocratic class supported by the most burdensome tax upon the industry of the remainder of the community. The owner of the land, and his successors, contributes nothing to the welfare of society, as a return for his wealth; he simply monopolizes a certain portion of the heritage of man, and for this the human race becomes tributary to him. Whatever the formalities by which this arrangement has been legalized, we cannot feel that this is just.*

To render the case more apparent, suppose that some few hundred proprietors had been sufficiently wealthy and energetic to monopolize the soil of North America. Suppose that, under grants from the English crown, or from the French and Spanish, they had become legal proprietors, and sagaciously held fast to the soil, for the sake of the vast income it was destined to yield. Suppose that these few hundred proprietors had remained in London, exercised their ownership, and refused to sell their title to any portion. Could this arrangement have been maintained? Would it have been submitted to?

Would the inhabitants of the North American continent have submitted to the vassalage of this condition? These landlords would have been to America a more important and more absolute power, in reality, than any of mere governmental functions. The dependence of a nation of tenantry upon their landlords, is more abject than that of any colony upon its parent country. Were the present land system thus set forth in its naked deformity, it could not exist;

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*The landlord's tax is paid by all classes of society; it increases in proportion to the amount of population who need food. The increased price of food goes not to the tenant or laborer, but to the landlord alone. Rent is nothing more or less than a tax upon the whole community.

it would fall to pieces from its own hideousness. The absurdity is too glaring: place the landlords in one country, and the tenantry in another, and announce, as the perpetual law of social order, that the citizens of one country shall pay, from their own hard earnings, an annual tribute of a thousand millions to the citizens of another, thus maintaining them forever in idle and profligate splendor; make this a fundamental part of the constitution of society, and with no other reason whatever for its existence, than some arbitrary theory about title to the soil — a theory as false as it is pernicious — and the common sense of the world would sweep away the false and barbarous system, as soon as its operation was seen. The land system owes its tolerated existence to the fact that it is not seen and understood; that it is so commingled with all the arrangements of society, as to render it difficult to disentangle the complicated web. But if it is wrong and hideous in its nakedness, when set forth by itself, it must still be wrong and injurious, however it may be disguised and commingled with other affairs.

If it is horrible to see a class like the Irish absentee landlords, drawing from that unfortunate nation immense incomes, extracted from the sweat and blood of millions; if it is horrible to see a nation, producing within itself an ample support by toilsome industry, perishing beneath the ravenous mouths of legal vampires; if it is horrible to see two millions perishing for the want of the necessaries of life, while the food which they have produced is legally snatched from their mouths to swell the wealth of an idle, useless, and unfeeling class,— who, that looks upon society in its true light, can see, with any complacency, this horrible machinery of death fastened upon the vitals of the great Anglo-Saxon republic, in which the hopes of good men have centred, as the chosen home of liberty and justice for the oppressed?

In vain shall the "Exile of Erin" seek for "a mansion of peace" beneath the folds of the "star-spangled banner"; in vain shall he fly from the death and ruin which fill his native land, if, wherever he flies, he finds the same vast web of power and tyranny, embracing in its meshes the people of every land. His escape is but temporary; he but flies from the smaller to the larger and looser meshes of the net. The same threads here surround and limit his movements; from year to year the cords are growing stronger, and the

meshes are growing smaller, and the multitudes of men, like swarms of insects, are placing themselves within the close and crushing imprisonment of this web of feudal law. The evil day may be postponed, by emigration to America; they may be here but slightly bruised and cramped at first, but the day of crushing and death, when the blood of millions shall flow freely, is but postponed a few generations.

We do not utter these fearful predictions from a gloomy or an angry impulse. Far from it. We must confess that we belong to the hopeful class of optimists. Ay, we are Utopians, we belong to the very visionary class who believe that the future must be better than the past, and that truth and justice must ultimately triumph. But if we see a brighter sunlight far ahead on the journey of humanity, there is no reason why we should be unconscious of the blackness of the thunder cloud which overhangs and terribly darkens the landscape. The race of man is morally and socially, as well as physically, diseased. If we believe in the recovery and future health of the patient, that is no reason why we should be insensible to his corroding ulcers, and fearful chronic derangements of his vital organs. We do believe in the *vis medicatrix naturæ* of humanity; for we believe that in the most interior life there is health. Regeneration has commenced in the interior of the soul. The spirit of America and Europe is undergoing regeneration, and will regenerate the grosser body of society. In the mind of the Caucasian race, there is a soul-centre, in which truth, purity, and genuine life exist. From this centre the mentality of the race is regenerating, and, as it regenerates, the body is regenerated by its diffusive power. The putrescent accumulations, caused by the moral poison and malaria of past ages, will be excreted from the body of society, and a beautiful rejuvenated humanity shall rise before us.

Of all the acrid poisons that shall be thus expelled from the constitution, the most potent, permanent, metallic poison, is the land law. This law, disguise it as we may, is a relic of despotism; it perpetuates an ingenious system of serfdom, not less pernicious than the villeinage of the feudal ages. If human ingenuity can devise any plan by which the present land system can be made compatible with the principles of democracy, by which it can be made to result in anything else than the establishment of corrupt arrogant wealth on the

one hand, and pauper-like degradation on the other, we may acknowledge that it is not inevitably a social poison; but until that has been done, we shall assume that it is a terrific poison, and that the great duty of the political physician is to eliminate it entirely from the social system? How, then, shall we accomplish the abolition of the land system. Let it be abolished by justice — not merely by simple destruction, but by the substitution of the right for the wrong; by constructive, and not by destructive philanthropy. Is it impossible to be just? Is it impossible to base our institutions upon the principles of abstract right? Is obedience to justice beneficial or injurious to a nation?

Believing that duty and happiness are associated, that not only individuals, but nations, are capable of attaining their highest destiny only in obedience to the laws of justice and true religion, we have no disposition to shrink, or even hesitate in the pursuit of our national duty. The national duty is the abolition of a pernicious land system, and the creation, in its stead, of a system compatible with justice and philanthropy.

Justice affirms that all men are born free, and equally entitled to the favors which heaven has extended to man; that all men are joint tenants of the globe, with but one landlord, "who is in heaven," to whom we owe, at least, as heavy a rental as ever a terrestrial landlord has exacted. We owe to Him the rental, not only of the soil, but of the running water, the sunshine, and the breeze, and of the mortal frames in which we are now dwelling. To Him are we bound to consecrate all the usufruct of the earth, beyond the necessities of a proper existence. We are bound to see that the fulness of the earth's productions shall not be diverted from the service of their legitimate proprietor, to be employed in supporting the selfishness, the profligate waste, the idle luxury, and the arrogant pomp which constitute a large part of the machinery of death in civilized society. Just in proportion as we permit this diversion, are we guilty, whether we divert these means of good to our own selfish aims, or tolerate their appropriation, by others, for unholy purposes. The means for human happiness and regeneration — the means of rendering earth a paradise — have been given to man in ample abundance. The fertile earth returns, for his toil, twice the amount that

is necessary for his subsistence. Let him not, then, complain of his destiny. Amply has he been furnished with the means of elevation to the highest sphere of felicity in which material life can flourish. The means are in his hands; it needs but his will to use them.

But ah, how vainly has this benevolence been lavished upon us! How blind have we been to our own interests! Inspired by the spirit of evil, we have constructed a system of society and law ingeniously contrived to violate forever each duty that we owe to God and man. We have contrived that the vast surplus of wealth beyond the support of the human race, shall be employed, not for the benefit of the race, not for the fulfilment of any duty, not even for the alleviation of the want and suffering which our shocking injustice allows to exist; but shall go to add to the mass of evil; shall go to build up distinctions and wide separations in society; shall go to foster idleness, selfishness, avarice, sensuality, profligacy, vanity, arrogance and despotism. How long, oh fellow-countrymen, shall this be permitted? How long, fellow-laborers, will you bow down a willing neck to this galling yoke which civilized society has provided for you and your posterity forever? How long shall we surrender an unquestionable right which we have both the right to assert and the might to maintain, and submit to be repaid by the scorn of the opulent and the neglect of our rulers? How long shall we continue to yield our birthright for the miserable mess of pottage which civilization has given us? How long shall we surrender silently our great estate, and see our children kept down forever, for want of the opportunities and education to which we and they are entitled? How long shall the honest and good poor man sit down in threadbare garments to a scanty meal and teach his children to reverence the institutions of society, which have provided for the sons of poverty a very rugged path and which have secured their unalterable degradation, by a combination of physical toil, and artificial ignorance, which render hopeless their attempts to rise? *

* This statement is sufficiently illustrated by history, and by the laws of political economy. So familiar is the fact, that it has even been used as an argument in behalf of slavery, which is claimed to be as desirable a condition as that to which the laboring classes are naturally destined. The *Southern Quarterly Review* justifies the condition of the slave by the remark,— "There is no laboring class, in any nation, better cared for,

Let us arouse, Americans! The great Republic has not yet fulfilled her mission, or thrown off all the chains of despotism. The heaviest manacles yet remain. Let us assert our rights, put away the cup of bitterness which has been prepared for us, and claim the destiny which justice awards us. Let us demand justice — justice to all men, to each individual, to ourselves, to the future! Let us call for the BIRTHRIGHT OF HUMANITY! But in what form shall we demand it? The highest practical wisdom and purest philanthropy will be required to overcome the difficulties presented by this question.

This question is surrounded by a thousand difficulties. Avarice, prejudice, passion, and self-interest stand in the way of every possible adjustment. No matter what the solution, there must be a host of evil passions roused. No matter what the arrangement we propose for the restoration of human rights, there must be, of necessity, a mighty power of wealth, of social and numerical influence arrayed against it. No matter what the motive of the change, we may expect that the whole force of the present moral machinery of society will be at first arrayed against it. But "we, the people," have the power not only to execute our will, but to raise up the proper organs for its expression. We approach this great question, with an earnest desire for the adoption of some practicable scheme, by which the principle may find a worthy embodiment. We entreat all who agree with us as to the inherent right of man to the soil, to give their earnest and impartial thought to the practicability and probable results of the principle, when rightly embodied. Were the earth an untenanted wilderness, or were we discussing this question simply in reference to the unappropriated national domain of the United States, its decision would be much more simple. But we aim at no limited scheme of social regeneration. Justice to all humanity is our aim; and in this country, we demand a regeneration of the land system, alike in reference to the occupied and unoccupied territory. Shall we, then, propose to restore each man his birthright, by

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better fed, better clothed, better sheltered in old age, enjoying so great a share of the personal attention and kindness of his employers, or reaping so large a part of the profits of that capital with which his labor is combined. . . . Now the utmost that the laborer of any country can hope to obtain in return for his labor, is food and clothing, a fire, a dwelling place for himself and family, and shelter and support for himself in his old age."

annulling the existing titles to land, and dividing the whole of the soil of the United States, occupied and unoccupied, equally among the citizens? Far from it. Such a scheme would be a miserable climax of folly and injustice, fit only to render the great principle odious and ridiculous. There are "vested rights" in the soil, which we must reverently approach, and not rudely destroy. The man who has just purchased and paid for his tract of land, would regard any invasion of his title as a robbery not less felonious than that which assails his purse, or in any other way deprives him of the fruit of his toil. It would, in many cases, deprive the owner of the only reward he has received for years of honest labor.

Yet, if the principle of land monopoly is false, and if the practical effects of the system are terribly pernicious, there must be some method of redress. If the title is defective (and we maintain that all such titles are defective, when the nation wills that they no longer exist), there must be some method of going back to primitive justice, which our consciences can sanction.

(*Concluded in our next issue.*)

IMMIGRATION.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

If the assertion made by me in a previous number of this publication, that migration is a law of Nature, be permitted, by the readers of The Arena, to stand as an axiom; and with it the deduction that, whenever such a law becomes oppressive to us, we can lighten the burden only by observing and studying its activity, and directing the energies of its forces into channels that will be profitable to us, I shall feel encouraged to take the next step, and enter upon an examination of the conditions under which immigration is either beneficial or harmful.

Let it be understood, however, that an event may be beneficial to a people, while it may destroy the prosperity of a number or class of individuals; or, *vice versa*, that an event may be beneficial to individuals, and a danger to the welfare of the nation. This proposition is, of course, not a novel one; it is no more nor less than the paraphrase of the old proverb, that there is no ill wind that would not blow to someone some good; yet, in our examination, we must take heed of it, because in considering so ponderous a question, our sympathy with individual suffering must give way to our sympathy with national welfare.

Another point must be kept in view, before starting on the investigation, namely: that emigration and immigration, though somewhat differing from each other, are as closely related as are the positive and negative poles of an electric battery. The emigrant and the immigrant are the same persons, and no more people immigrate into a new land than have emigrated from an old one, excepting, however, the possibility of their meeting with death on the way.

Why do people emigrate? There are only three causes which bring about emigration: The first is the restlessness of some minds. Inasmuch as Nature demands that the masses of humanity be kept in constant motion, and never allows them to fall into a state of torpidity, she infuses

individuals, and generally the most vigorous and active specimens of the genus, with an adventurous spirit over which they have no control. Offer to them whatever inducements you please,— wealth, honor, a pleasant home, they will not yield to them, but rather struggle against the hardship which the building up of a new domicile in a foreign land implies. It is exactly this hardship which attracts them; they dislike nothing more than the monotony of a well-regulated life, and consider themselves well repaid for their troubles by the charms which ever changing enterprises offer them. The story of Sinbad the Sailor, which gives so much pleasure to the readers of the "Arabian Nights," is true in so far as it describes that very trait of human character which will force into new dangers the man who has but yesterday barely escaped with his life, and who says, as does Schiller's William Tell: —

> "Dann erst erfreu' ich meines Lebens mich,
> Wenn ich auf's Neu mir taeglich muss erkaufen."
>
> "Then only is my life a joy to me,
> If I must buy it every day anew."

A second cause for emigration is the attraction which another country holds out to the comer. It is the outcome of the law of demand and supply. When human skill and labor are needed somewhere, they will fetch a higher price in that market than elsewhere. As every man wishes to sell his abilities at the highest price, he will naturally seek a place where he can get it, and the market where he will meet with least competition.

The third cause for emigration is the lack of safety, or the lack of means of sustenance experienced at home. Overpopulation, famine, religious or social intolerance, and unwise legislation force people to leave their native land, even against their will, and without much choice of where to go. Like a swarm of locusts, they will be driven by the wind, and carried along without choice as to direction.

These three classes of emigrants naturally turn into three classes of immigrants the moment they set foot upon a new country. Let us see what profit or danger they will bring to their new surroundings.

The first, the venturesome class, may bring harm to the

individual natives, among whom they settle, but they will always turn out a blessing to the land and the nation at large. The native population, having grown torpid and sluggish in course of several generations, may, for a while, suffer from the competition which the more active life of the new comer forces upon them; they may find it unpleasant to compete with the energetic stranger who has a quick eye to observe everything, and is at once ready to try and experiment; they may justly complain in many cases that the immigrant impoverishes them, and takes the bread out of their mouths; they may wonder how it happens, that the one who came to their shore or into their city or village naked, hungry, and penniless has grown rich in so short a time, and their jealousy may attribute his prosperity to dishonest transactions; but the national prosperity is always increased through such invaders. They bring with them new thoughts, a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong will. One such man is able to carry a hundred along with him who otherwise would have allowed things to run on sluggishly in the old ruts as before. His example will fire the rest to new enterprises, and notwithstanding the fact that he may take the lion's share of profits and thus rouse a feeling of jealousy against himself, the community is every time benefitted by his presence. It is a mistake to discourage or prohibit such immigration, or to consider people paupers because they carry no ready money with them. The test should rather be whether they are physically, mentally, and morally a desirable element. I concede that such a test, although it may sound theoretically feasible, would be a rather difficult one to be carried out in practice; I concede that it is easier to appoint and pay an official to examine the pockets of immigrants to ascertain whether they are provided with the means of support than to ascertain their general ability; but all the money a rich immigrant may bring and spend is not of so much value to the national prosperity as may be the energy and enterprise of a hungry stowaway.

The ones who seek a better market for their talent and working ability than they can find at home are not dangerous to the communities among whom they settle, although their arrival may tend to lower the rate of wages, and thus bring apparent hardship upon those who have been wont to consider their position a sinecure. The "Scab," who stands

ready to take up the work which the striker has dropped, because he would earn at the lower rate of wages which he expects to receive more than he ever received before, has not only a right to do so, but, though an inconvenience to the striker, he is a blessing to the land. Why? Not because a lower rate of wages cheapens the article produced, but because he brings talent, knowledge, and energy with him, and thus helps to produce more commodities than were heretofore turned out. The denomination of the price for an article is deceptive; all depends on the purchasing power of the money in circulation, and this again upon the productiveness of the land. It is said that when the foundation of the renowned Cathedral in Cologne was laid, so many hundred years ago, the workmen received one kreutzer wages a day, which coin would be equivalent in metal value to-day to one cent of our money, but that kreutzer had such a purchasing power that they could live by it. When the cathedral was about to be finished a few years ago, laborers received for their wages between four to seven marks a day, about two hundred times as much as did the workmen who laid the corner-stone, and yet they complained that their pay was insufficient to support them.

Many a laborer, being induced by the nominally higher rates of wages obtained in another country, has left his home and emigrated, to find to his sorrow that he had been better off at home with smaller wages than in the new country with the higher rates. Although his presence and his competition helps to lower the rates still more, the country itself is benefited, because by his work a larger production is brought about and the purchasing power of money thus increases by degrees.

It is a mistake to prohibit or discourage the immigration of this class of laborers, especially into a land the resources of which have not by far been yet exhausted, but are awaiting the brain and the hand to change them into commodities. While momentarily their influx may lower the price of labor, in a short time things will adjust themselves, and a greater prosperity of the land will be the natural outcome.

I concede that the laborer held down by the iron hand of capital is momentarily harmed by the competition with such new comers; I concede that it is a real hardship for him, when after having under difficulties established a union, and

after having endeavored to better his position by means of a strike, he sees the victory wrenched from his hands by the introduction of new comers, who are willing to work for even less than he has received before; but unless our whole social system is changed, this will ever occur and can never be prevented. Neither must we judge an economic measure by the hardship which it brings to the individual, but by the advantages or disadvantages it brings to the whole community. It is the brains, the muscles, the will, and energy of the immigrant to use them which enrich a land and bring about pleasanter conditions of life, and the more of brains, of muscles, of will and energy a country can attract the better it is for her.

It is, therefore, folly to interdict the immigration of that second class, and after all, such an immigration can be no more suppressed, even by the most strenuous legislative acts, than water can be prevented by legislative means from seeking its own level.

The third class, however, is not only burdensome, but likely to become dangerous. People who are driven from their homes, either on account of over-population, famine, religious and social intolerance or unwise legislation, bring neither talent, energy, nor will with them; they bring despair and discontent. They are not the picked soldiers, they are the torpid mob that lack push and pluck. They, furthermore, arrive encumbered by their old and feeble ones, or by children not yet able to work. Having been pushed out of position without due notice, lacking both the venturesome spirit of the first class, and the mercantile spirit of the second, they are apt to become at once a burden to the land upon which, like a swarm of locusts, they happen to fall. Such an immigration ought to be prevented if possible, or regulated if it cannot be prevented. While love of self prompts us to refuse to carry a burden, which is not only heavy but dangerous to the common welfare, love of humanity ought, on the other hand, to prompt us to be merciful and to welcome even those who are undesirable immigrants, because they are so unfortunate as to own neither home nor settlement.

There seems to me but one way to prevent such an undesirable influx of strangers; namely, to convince those governments which undertake to rid themselves of their surplus population by acts of intolerance, that their proceeding is in-

human, and that if such inhumanity on their part is not promptly stopped, means will be resorted to, which will make such a government listen to the voice of justice and humanity. No country ought to be made the dumping ground upon which other countries could unload their refuse matter, their invalids, their aged, and their criminals. But it is of no avail to attempt to sift the material after it has arrived. It is inhuman and unworthy of so wealthy a country as America to drive the unfortunates from her doors after they have been placed at her steps. Their coming must be prevented, or if that be found impossible, we must do the next best thing, endeavor to succeed where others have failed, and try by wise regulations and by effective legislation to transform these immigrants into useful citizens.

SHELLEY, THE SCEPTIC.

BY REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY.

THE problems of Life and Death are essentially the same in all ages. They appear in different lights and shades: new facts are discovered from time to time, which make it necessary to consider those problems from new points of view, but the problems themselves remain the same. For thousands of years the profoundest minds have been pondering the questions of God's existence and nature, the origin and destiny of the universe and man; and yet, one of the most influential schools of philosophy to-day, the agnostic, has as its chief corner-stone the principle that we can not know the ultimate nature of anything. Truly, the world has been long in learning the lesson of old Socrates and of Job.

It is no wonder, then, that many, even religious minds, should give up the problems as insoluble, and take refuge in a blind faith which questions nothing and believes everything. Happy state, indeed, for those who can dwell contented in it! but there are myriads whose mental constitution absolutely forbids their assuming this state of happy indifference to the great problems of life. Nay, not only does their own mental constitution forbid such indifference, but circumstances, over which they have no control, force these questions upon their attention, and the only way by which they could escape trying to answer them would be to quit thinking and reading altogether. A simple straw lying at the feet of Galileo was sufficient to prove to his great mind the existence of the Creator. The tiny "flower in the crannied wall" is sufficient to suggest to a thinker thoughts of the Infinite and Eternal.

You cannot read a book in science, philosophy, or poetry, —much less the Bible,— without being forced to consider the problems in question. Even the magazines and newspapers of our day are full of discussions on religious and theological topics: so that indifference becomes utterly impossible. If one wants to take a summer's vacation, he can do so only

by closing his books, and throwing aside his papers, for if he takes up a volume of poems to while away a morning or evening he is at once plunged into the mysteries of being. Thus, during my last holiday, I took up Shelley's poems one day and began reading "Queen Mab," when all the great problems that now agitate the thinking world were at once thrust upon my tired mind and I could not drive them away until I had discussed them with the spirit of Shelley. The result of that discussion I shall now give. The reader must not think, however, that I propose to discuss Shelley's poetry *as poetry*, for I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall discuss his scepticism, first, because this is more in my line than literary criticism, and, secondly, because he anticipated our popular sceptics in their objections to Christianity, and hence his opinions are still at work in the religious world.

Shelley was a radical sceptic or infidel. But when one puts himself in Shelley's place, and realizes the difficulties which the popular theology of his day (and, indeed, of our own day) presented to a thinking mind, one cannot be much surprised at his scepticism. Shelley was a philosopher, and a poet; and to such a man much of the popular theology seems horribly irrational and absurd. And, first, the *Idea of God*, that prevailed in Shelley's day, and still prevails to a great extent, could not but shock the reason and conscience of a poet-philosopher. God was set forth more as a demon than a God,—a being who was ready to damn his creatures eternally, for the slightest offence. He was, says Shelley:

> "A vengeful, pitiless and almighty fiend,
> Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
> Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
> The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,
> The merciful and the avenging God
> Who, prototype of human misrule, sits
> High in heaven's realm upon a golden throne,
> Even like an earthly king, and whose dread work,
> Hell, gapes forever for the unhappy slaves
> Of fate, whom He created in His sport,
> To triumph in their torment when they fell."

It is no wonder that a brilliant, sensitive soul like Shelley's should have shrunk in horror from such a gross caricature of the god of love, the heavenly Father. Colonel Ingersoll tells us that he was alienated from the church by just such pictures of God and hell as that given by the poet, and we may readily believe him; for such preaching is well calculated to

make more sceptics than Christians. Theology has improved since Shelley's day; but still the fire-and-brimstone gospel is zealously, though more judiciously, preached to-day throughout large sections of the church. And so long as such preaching continues, so long will Ingersolls live and thrive. Only the real Heavenly Father — only a gospel of love can draw men into the church.

Shelley's reaction against the false theology of his day almost drove him into utter atheism. Indeed, the *Fairy* in "Queen Mab" is made to say, "There *is* no God." But the author explains in a note that "this negation must be understood solely to affect a *Creative Deity*. The hypothesis of a pervading spirit [he adds], co-eternal with the universe, remains unbroken." More plainly he says in the poem —

> "Soul of the universe! eternal spring
> Of life and death, of happiness and woe,
> Of all that checkers the plantasmal scene
> That floats before our eyes in wavering light,
> Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,
> Whose chains and massy walls
> We feel but cannot see!
> Spirit of nature! all sufficing Power!
> Necessity, thou mother of the world!
> Unlike the God of human error, thou
> Requir'st no prayers or praises."

From this it is clear that our author held essentially the view of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that God is only another name for that Power in Nature from which all things proceed. Shelley believed that this Power was eternal, and operated according to necessary laws; he also believed, that the universe was eternal. "When reasoning is applied to the universe" he says, "it is necessary to prove that it was created; until that is clearly demonstrated, we may reasonably suppose that it has endured from all eternity. We must prove design, before we can infer a designer." Both of these facts have been proved since Shelley's day. First, geology has clearly shown that once this earth was "without form and void," and that it has been gradually formed into its present shape. It has not, indeed, shown that the matter or *stuff* out of which the world was formed was also created, but the gradual formation of the universe out of chaos, implies a Power endowed with some sort of intelligence capable of doing such a thing, and hence it is most rational to believe that the Power which formed the world, also created the materials used.

Then, secondly, the great law of evolution — that bugbear of theological fogyism — which has been so triumphantly established in our day, proves the *design* in nature that Shelley demanded. Even Professor Huxley frankly admits that the fundamental assumption of this law is that the development of Nature has been moving onward and upward to a definite goal from the beginning. While, therefore, we may no longer argue that God created the eye as the optician creates an eye-glass, yet we may argue that the production of a *germ capable of developing* into the eye is even more wonderful than the out-and-out formation of this organ in a moment's time.

Scientific theology has fully recognized the difficulties and absurdities attaching to the idea of God prevalent in Shelley's day, and still entertained by half informed minds. And were Shelley alive now he would find the leading theologians in the church insisting, with him, that God is the Infinite Spirit, pervading all Nature, and upholding it by the word of His power. Ay, we can heartily echo his words: —

"Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths through heaven's deep silence lie;
Soul of that smallest being
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint sun-gleam.

"Spirit of Nature!
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart."

God in Nature and in Man! This is what the inspired Psalmist means when he exclaims in rapture: "O Lord, my God, Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment, and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain. He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. He sendeth the springs into the rivers, which run among the hills. He watereth the hills from above. The earth is filled with the fruits of thy work. He bringeth forth grain for the cattle and green herb for the service of men: that he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man; and oil to make him a cheerful countenance and bread to strengthen man's heart." (Ps. 104.) God in man — or rather *man in God* — this is

what Saint Paul means when he says: "*In* him live and move and have our being." God, therefore, is the Infinite and Eternal Spirit, who pervades and upholds all Nature; and "the music of the spheres," is simply the throbbing of His almighty heart.

Had such a god been presented to Shelley he would never have written "Queen Mab," he would not have been driven into the depths of mental agony and doubt, he would not have had his heart strings torn into shreds as they were; but he would have died an ardent worshipper of the God of love — the Heavenly Father — and an humble disciple of the lowly Nazarene. Do not infer from this, however, that I think that Shelley's idea of God was the New Testament idea, and that the theological doctrine of his day was alone false. I think that both his and the old theologians' views were false. He identified God and Nature, or rather he deified the Power which operates Nature, and attributed the character of an irresistible, irreversible *necessity* to its operations. His view did not differ essentially from that of Herbert Spencer and other philosophers in our day.

"Spirit of Nature!" he exclaims. "All sufficing power! Necessity, thou mother of the world!"

The truth in this view lies in its assertion that God is the Spirit that operates Nature; its falsity lies in its denial of free will and intelligence to this Spirit, and the assertion of a blind necessity as its chief attribute. On the other hand, the old theologians erred by *separating* God utterly from his works, placing Him far away outside of the universe in the dim regions of surrounding space, and attributing to Him the character of Man.

Now, modern scientific theology reconciles these two views by asserting that the Power which resides in and operates Nature is the Divine Will, which is guided by Infinite Intelligence and Eternal Love. It thus eliminates the machine-character which Shelley's conception of God involved, and also brings Him very nigh unto every one of us, so that in Him we live and move and have our being.

This idea of God would have satisfied Shelley, perhaps, better than his own adored "Necessity."

In the second place, I remark that Shelley rejected the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, and believed that our Lord was a mere man.

His words on this subject are peculiarly shocking, for though in one passage he places Jesus "in the foremost list of those true heroes who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, and have braved torture, contempt, and poverty in the cause of suffering humanity," yet, in a passage written at a later day, he says, "I have seen reason to suspect that Jesus was an *ambitious* man who aspired to the throne of Judea." This attack on the character of Jesus would not be made by even the most radical sceptics of our day. Even Colonel Ingersoll and M. Renan have paid the most glowing tributes to the character of the Master. But so many crimes have been committed in his name that we need not be surprised if occasionally a Shelley is found to doubt his moral perfection. This, however, will always be an exception, and the sceptic will deserve pity rather than censure.

The real difficulty which Shelley found in the doctrine of Christ's divinity lay not in any alleged moral defect of character, but rather in the magnitude of the universe, whose Spirit he considered God.

"The plurality of worlds," he says, "the indefinite immensity of the Universe, is a most awful subject of contemplation. The nearest of the fixed stars is inconceivably distant from the earth, and they are probably proportionably distant from each other. By a calculation of the velocity of light, Sirius is supposed to be at least 54,224,000,000,000 miles from the earth. That which appears only like a thin and silvery cloud,—the Milky Way,—streaking the heaven, is in fact composed of innumerable clusters of suns, each shining with its own light, and illuminating numbers of planets that revolve around them. Millions and millions of suns are ranged around us, all attended by innumerable worlds, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, all keeping the paths of immutable necessity. "It is impossible" he adds, "to believe that the Spirit that pervades this infinite machine, begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman." This is the very difficulty which Mr. Spencer experiences in the doctrine of the incarnation, indeed, which everyone observes, who believes in a God resident in Nature; and yet, Mr. Spencer himself gives us the key to a solution of the difficulty. He says, "The Power which manifests itself everywhere in Nature is the same which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." Very well, then; if our spirits proceed — flow forth

from the Spirit of Nature — if God begets *all* mankind, surely there is no difficulty in believing that He begat Jesus of Nazareth! On the contrary, this very doctrine of God as resident in Nature, makes belief in the Incarnation easy.

If he were, as the old theology taught, separated millions of millions of millions of miles from his world, and from us in particular; if he were simply a magnified man, seated on a golden throne away off in the dark regions of space surrounding this mighty universe; if he only occasionally stepped down to earth to make his creatures behave themselves,— then, indeed, we might find it hard to believe that this haughty monarch deigned to take upon himself the form of a Nazarene carpenter. But since he is very nigh us even about our bed, and about our path, since he is the "Spirit of Nature" everywhere present and active, so that not a sparrow falleth without his knowledge and permission, since he is "the Father of *all* spirits," we not only find no difficulty in the doctrine of the Incarnation, but we are absolutely *forced* to accept it. According to this doctrine, it must be remembered, Jesus was *man* as well as God, he was divine on the one side, and human on the other, and his human spirit *must* have come from the same source from which our spirits come, viz., the Spirit of Nature.

The great difference between him and us, that which made him peculiarly the Son of God, was the fact that he was *perfect man*, he was the Holy One and the Just, and this moral perfection of Jesus is proved not only from his character as given in the New Testament, but also from the general law of evolution. According to this doctrine, there has been going on from the beginning a grand development of things from lower to higher planes. The *physical* side of this evolution reached completion in the human body, but the human soul was at first very imperfect. It struggled on, however, impelled by the infinite Spirit of Nature, until it finally reached *perfection* in Jesus of Nazareth, and then became the earnest, the promise of eternal glory to the human race,— the real son of God,— "God manifest in the flesh," the Divine under the limitations of humanity.

I cannot but think that Shelley, were he alive to-day, would gladly accept this view of our Lord's divine character, and bow in humblest adoration before him; for I know many sceptics who thus believe in and worship him. At any rate,

we cannot blame Shelley for stumbling at the difficulties which the popular view of Christ involved, and instead of condemning him in unmeasured terms for his scepticism, we should try to remove the difficulties he found, so that coming generations may not be swept into the same awful whirlpool of scepticism. The great poet, and genius, and philanthropist has been long in the Silent Beyond; he has been judged by the Judge of all the earth, and so we may not condemn him harshly; we may rather hope that he who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, has dealt gently with his erring child, and has thus brought him back to that fold whence his blind fanatical disciples had driven him.

In the third place, we note that Shelley rejected the doctrines of *Adam's fall, of the atonement, and of an endless hell.* He says: "A book is put into our hands when children, called the Bible, the purport of whose history is briefly this: —

That God made the earth in six days, and then planted a delightful garden, in which He placed the first pair of human beings. In the midst of the garden He planted a tree, whose fruit although within their reach, they were forbidden to touch. That the devil, in the shape of a snake, persuaded them to eat of this fruit; in consequence of which God condemned both of them and their posterity yet unborn, to satisfy His justice by their eternal misery. That for four thousand years after these events (the human race in the mean time having gone unredeemed to perdition), God engendered with the betrothed wife of a carpenter in Judea, and begat a son, whose name was Jesus Christ; and who was crucified and died, in order that no more men might be devoted to hell-fire, he bearing the burden of his Father's displeasure by proxy. The book states, in addition, that the soul of whoever disbelieves this sacrifice will be "burned with everlasting fire." All this Shelley rejects with abhorrence, and there is no use in our crying "blasphemy," and refusing to look the difficulties here stated squarely in the face. Our author simply states the popular views of man's fall, the atonement, and hell in balder terms than others do; but his statement is not only true of the theology of his day, but it expresses the opinions of probably the majority of Christians of our own time. Scientific theology, however, effectually disposes of the difficulties in question, and gives us more rational and credible views. First of all,

it shows that the Eden, or Golden Age, of the human race is not in the past but in the future. It accepts the evolution of man from lower animal forms, and instead of the garden of Eden, it points to the wilds of southern Asia as the probable home of primitive man, who was a savage of a very low type, and who gradually struggled upward through the different stages of savagery, to his present high stage of civilization, which, however, is very far from perfect.

The stories of Eden and a Golden Age probably originated from the following facts: We know that the climate of different parts of the globe has at different times undergone great and sudden alterations, owing to geological changes, so that what was once a beautiful paradise has been converted into a waste howling wilderness. In explanation, therefore, of the stories of an Eden, or a Golden Age, we have only to suppose, that the early tribes of man originally dwelt happily together, like the beasts of the field, in some delightful spot, perhaps in Southern Asia, which owing to a great convulsion of the earth was finally either submerged under water or transformed into a land bringing forth thorns and thistles, so that man, who had hitherto basked in the glories of Paradise, was now forced to till the soil and earn his bread by the sweat of his face. It is believed by many scientists that man's primitive home lay in the region now covered by the waters of the Indian Ocean, and it was probably a very delightful spot,—a perfect Paradise as compared with the surrounding country. When, therefore, this section of the country was submerged by the ocean, man was necessarily driven forth to less hospitable regions. Hence he would naturally look back with longing eyes to that Eden from which he had been so cruelly expelled. Reflecting upon it, he would believe that the offended deity had driven him forth on account of his sin, because he had eaten some forbidden fruit, and thus we would get the numerous stories of Eden so prevalent in the ancient world.

This is about the way in which scientific theology treats the stories of the Golden Age, and if this treatment seem irrational to any, I would earnestly ask them to look more carefully into the subject, and they will be surprised to find how many facts support this view. Not only facts of primitive history unearthed from the ancient mounds in different part of the globe, and from the bowels of the earth, but Rev.

Canon Row, of England, has shown in his work on "Future Retribution," that the Bible itself disproves the popular ideas of man's fall and depravity. I cannot, for want of space, now state all those facts, but simply wish to show how scientific theology disposes of a difficulty which has puzzled many another besides a Shelley or an Ingersoll. In thus explaining the story of man's fall, however, it by no means disposes of man's *sin*. On the contrary, it emphasizes his sin and shows that he needs the Saviour just as much as if the old view of the fall were true.

Secondly. The theory of the Atonement, which Shelley refers to, is equally as false as the old idea of the Fall. Many, indeed, still hold that Christ bore the penalty or punishment due our sins, that he was *substituted* in our place, and bore the wrath of God. But the leading theologians of our day reject this view, and hold that God "so *loved* the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever should believe in him should not perish but have everlasting life." Christ, therefore, was sent into the world to reconcile man to God, to bring back the wandering prodigal to his Father's house, and this he did, first, by revealing that Father and His love to His children, and, secondly, by himself *obeying* that Father even unto death, and thus inspiring us with such love of the Father as to draw us unto Him. His sufferings on earth and his death were not a punishment for our sin, for God would not punish His innocent son, or allow him to be punished, but they were the necessary *consequences* of his undertaking to do God's will in this naughty world. It was not his suffering, therefore, that satisfied the Father; for God desireth no sacrifice, no physical or mental suffering, but it was Christ's *love* and *obedience* which satisfied God the Father. This is a view of Christ's Atonement, which Shelley would probably have accepted, and which satisfies the reason, the conscience, and the heart of man; and above all it is the real teaching of Holy Scripture.

Finally, the doctrine of an endless hell is gradually disappearing from theology; it can find no place in scientific theology; it is being rapidly relegated to the limbo of those superstitions which delight old women and frighten little children.

Arch-deacon Farrar and his numerous followers in the Episcopal Church, the Andover professors in the Congrega-

tional Church, and other eminent theologians have deal this hydra-headed monster fatal blows, and he now lies stretched in the ashes of his native lake of fire and brimstone, never to rise again.

Of course, the doctrine of *retribution* remains. No one insists more earnestly than these divines that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Nay, "sow the wind and you will enevitably reap the whirlwind." "Sow an act, reap a habit." "Sow a habit, reap a character." "Sow a character, reap a destiny." It is as true as ever that our milleniums may depend upon our moments — indefinite ages of suffering and struggle may be required to wash away the soul-stains we have gotten during our short life on earth — so deep and lasting may they be. But the bottom has dropped out of that burning lake, which has hitherto scared us out of our wits.

We are now taught that "the virtue which has no better basis than the fear of hell is no virtue at all," and the gospel of love is gradually taking the place of the gospel of wrath. God is love — God is our Father — He knoweth whereof we are made — He remembereth that we are but dust, and so He will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss — His mercy endureth forever. As a father pitieth his children even so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. And what rational being does not fear the great Creator, and love the Heavenly Father?

Hence, Shelley's and Ingersoll's occupation will soon be gone, for the endless hell, the burning lake, will be no more.

Fourth. While Shelley did not express an opinion on *Biblical Criticism*, because that science was not then born, yet he did hold the view of the Prophecies, which many German critics to-day hold. He believed that Prophecy was either written *after* the event referred to, or was simply the result of an extraordinary, natural, human foresight. "Lord Chesterfield," he says, "was never yet taken for a prophet, even by a bishop, yet he uttered this remarkable prediction; 'The despotic government of France is screwed up to the highest pitch; a revolution is fast approaching; that revolution I am convinced will be radical and sanguinary.' This appeared in the letters of the prophet long before the accomplishment of this wonderful prediction." And so our author evidently thinks that the predictions of Israel's prophets that

Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, etc., would overthrow that nation, were not more wonderful than Chesterfield's prediction of the French Revolution. "The historical proof," he says, "that Moses, Isaiah, and Hosea wrote the Prophecies ascribed to them is far from being clear and circumstantial. Prophecy requires proof in its character as a miracle.

"We have no right to suppose that a man foreknew future events from God, until it is demonstrated that he neither could know them by his own exertions, nor the writings which contain the prediction could possibly have been fabricated after the event pretended to be foretold. It is more probable that writings pretending to divine inspiration should have been fabricated after the fulfilment of their pretended prediction than that they should have really been divinely inspired."

Many, even among moderate critics, admit that some of the Prophecies may have been written after the events referred to — the authorship of Daniel, the second part of Isaiah, etc., is uncertain — that no more inspiration was required to predict certain events in Israelite history than was necessary to predict the French Revolution, and that many of the Messianic Prophecies applied primarily to events in or near the time of the prophet. Indeed, there is a strong disposition to eliminate as far as possible the *predictive* element in prophecy altogether, and to consider it what it was — *preaching*.

The sermons then, of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, and the rest become very instructive and practically helpful to us.

A great change has come over Biblical interpretation since Shelley's time. The Bible is no longer regarded by the best theologians as a *verbally* inspired, a *literally* infallible Book, but it is considered the *record*, simply, of a progressive revelation of God to Israel divinely adapted to the hard heart, the dull understanding and the slow development of that stiff-necked people; and so considered we are not troubled by the slight imperfections which puzzled our fathers and still torment some of their children. The Bible, in spite of verbal inaccuracies and historical discrepancies, and even moral defects, remains the greatest and most valuable piece of ancient literature — the veritable Word of God as distinguished from the words of man.

Fifth. Shelley rejected *miracles*. He adopted David

Hume's opinions on this subject. "A miracle," he said, "is an infraction of nature's law by a supernatural cause,— by a cause acting beyond that eternal circle within which all things are included."

This definition depends for its correctness upon the erroneous idea of God prevalent in Shelley's day, which placed him *outside* of His universe. When we think of Him as the "Spirit of Nature," who produces *every* event, we then think of a miracle, not as an infraction of Nature's law, but simply as an extraordinary operation of the Divine Will that created and sustains all things—an operation along the lines of though on a higher plane than that along which the Divine Will usually operates.

Thus the cures which Jesus wrought were simply higher manifestations of that Power which heals all diseases, especially mental maladies.

The birth of Jesus was due to an extraordinary operation of "the Lord and Giver of *all* life," — and the resurrection was the manifestation of Christ's Spirit from the Spirit-world such as is *possible* in other cases, but happened in his because he was the chosen Son of God to bring life and immortality to light.

Thus we see how easy it is to think of a miracle as *not* "an infraction of Nature's law" when we think of that law as simply an expression of the Divine Will resident in Nature.

"Miracles," continues Shelley, "resolve themselves into the following question: Whether it is more probable the laws of Nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should have undergone violation, or that a man should have told a lie? Whether it is more probable that we are ignorant of the natural cause of an event, or that we know the supernatural one? That in old times, when the powers of Nature were less known than at present, a certain set of men were themselves deceived, or had some hidden motive for deceiving others," or that God should violate His laws? "We have many instances of men telling lies,— none of an infraction of Nature's laws. The records of all nations afford innumerable instances, of men deceiving others, either from vanity, or interest, or themselves being deceived by the limitedness of their views, and their ignorance of natural causes."

This is a strong statement of Hume's view of miracles,

which many apologists to-day claim has been often refuted, but as we find Huxley, Ingersoll, and others re-asserting it, with additional facts to support it, we may not ignore it. First, then, it is said that the fundamental error of this argument is its assumption that the laws of Nature are *immutable.* This is the very point to be proved, and Canon Mozley, Canon Row, and other able apologists, nay, even Professor Huxley, Tyndall, Renan, etc., have shown that the phrase, "laws of Nature" is simply a *statement of the order in which events are observed to occur;* that miracles, therefore, are quite *possible.* But the real force of Shelley's and Hume's contention lies in their assertion that the reporters of the miracles "may have been ignorant of the natural causes of the said miracles;" and so they may have been deceived into the belief that they were due to a non-natural or a supernatural cause. *Intentional* deception on the part of the New Testament writers is not now asserted by even radical sceptics. The issue is thus clearly forced upon us. It is no longer a question of the *possibility* of miracles, for science grants any and all sorts of possibilities, but it is a question of the *trustworthiness of the reports of the miracles.* Nearly all apologists devote themselves to the easy task of showing that miracles are possible; but what earnest thinking minds want to know is who wrote the accounts of miracles, when were they written, and are they trustworthy? And there is no possibility of dodging this issue.

It is further claimed and that rationally, that common sense demands that *an extraordinary event should be proved by an extraordinary amount of evidence.*

Such is the issue, but I can simply express my opinion on this great subject, and ask the reader to believe that it is the result of much earnest study. First, then, most of the miracles our Lord wrought were "healings," and I find no more difficulty in accepting them than I do in accepting the extraordinary mental cures so familiar to medical science. Secondly, there are three instances of the raising of the dead recorded in the Gospels, viz.: the widow of Nain's son, Jairus' daughter, and Lazarus. In the case of the second, the account itself says the girl "was not dead but asleep," *i. e.*, in a swoon.

The other instances are found in writings whose authorship and date are so uncertain that not much importance can

be attached to them, but they *may have been cases of suspended animation*, like the other, which the simple minded narrators mistook for resurrections from the dead. Third, the Nature miracles, stilling the storm on the lake, feeding the five and the four thousand, etc., *owing to their uncertain authorship*, cannot be accepted by a critical mind.

Possibly, however, the stilling of the tempest may have occurred, and it may have coincided with a prayer of Jesus.

Fourth, the stories of the birth of Jesus are wholly untrustworthy, for no one knows who wrote them, and even Coleridge admitted that they were not known to Saint Paul and Saint John, and he considered them worthless. One may reject them, and yet believe in the divine character of our Lord, for surely the birth and character of a being are two different facts and questions.

In the present case, the marvellous stories of the birth are too ungenuine to believe, whereas the character of our Lord is established by unquestionable evidence. Finally, the resurrection of Christ according to Saint Paul's account in 1 Cor. xv., an unquestioned narrative, is quite credible. From it we may conclude that Jesus appeared in spirit to his apostles and disciples after his death, and all the details in the Gospels about the guarded tomb, the body, the eating fish, etc., are later additions to the primitive Pauline account.

Now, while many think that we thus sacrifice the essence of Christianity, we do nothing of the kind. We simply present a more rational and credible view of the miracles, remove all the objections or difficulties which troubled Shelley, and trouble others to-day, make due allowance for possible exaggerations in the accounts of these miracles, at the *same time preserving their real substance*. At any rate, some such view of the miracles must be adopted, or minds like Shelley's cannot and will not accept them, but will drift away into utter disbelief, whereas they might be saved and brought into the church. It is all nonsense to say that such men are influenced by "intellectual pride" or moral depravity, for they are often, like Darwin, the humblest and purest of men. It is because the *evidence* adducible in support of certain wonderful events is entirely too weak to prove them to any unbiased, judicial, and critical mind, that they refuse to believe. Those learned and good men who accept these events in spite of the weakness of the evidence have been unable to break away

from the thraldom of *early education.* Owing to this, the facts appealed to have more weight with them than with minds that have risen superior to their environment and early education. Both classes are honest in their convictions and should be mutually charitable and respected.

Finally, Shelley held a view of the *Church*, or Christianity quite prevalent in our day. "Analogy seems to favor the opinion," he says, "that as, like other systems, Christianity has arisen and augumented, so, like them, it will decay and perish." . . . "Had the Christian religion," he adds, "commenced and continued by the mere force of reasoning and persuasion, the preceding analogy would be inadmissible."

This is quite a popular opinion now, even among eminent philosophers. But while we may admit, with Mr. Spencer, that *Ecclesiastical Institutions* may be radically modified and changed in the future, yet we may believe that the *Christian Religion* will never perish.

Shelley thinks that if it had been founded on *reason* and *persuasion*, it would endure. No! If Christianity rested on the vaporings of human reason, it would most surely perish, as the different Schools of Philosophy do, but it rests on a much firmer foundation, viz., a *Divine Life.* As long as the grand character of our Master remains, so long will his religion endure, and scepticism admits that that character "will never be surpassed" (Renan). As long as that Life holds its inspiration and attraction, as long as hearts ache and souls are burdened, as long as the poor cry and the rich oppress, as long as man yearns for a heavenly Father and a future life, in a word, as long as the religion of Christ meets the deep wants of the human soul as it did those of a Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas à Kempis, and the noble army of martyrs of nineteen centuries, so long will it endure; thank God!

We thus see that the problems of life and death are the same in all ages, and I trust we also see, that if we would solve those problems for the Shelleys of different periods, we must take cognizance of facts which many good men try to ignore.

I know of nothing sadder than the way in which these men treat the difficulties of men like Shelley. Indeed, without intending it, they do all in their power to drive such brilliant and sensitive souls to utter doubt. Let them, then,

think on these things; let them put themselves in the place of these earnest sceptics and realize their difficulties, and methinks that they will be fully aroused to an attempt to help such men.

Do not infer from all this that I indorse Shelley — far from it! He may have been influenced by a young man's conceit and presumption when he wrote "Queen Mab;" he undoubtedly was unreasonable in his denunciation of kings and politicians, although they deserved much he said of them; his view of marriage is damnable and dangerous sentimentalism,— but with all his faults he deserves more pity than censure, more applause than hisses.

With Frederick Robertson we exclaim, "Poor, poor Shelley! all that he knew of Christianity was as a system of exclusion and bitterness, which was to drive him from his country; all he knew of the God of the Bible was the picture of a bloody tyrant, gloating in blood, and making His horrible decree the measure of right and wrong, instead of right and wrong the ground of His decree. . . . I grieve that I cannot call Shelley a Christian. There are frantic ravings in his book, which no Christian can justify; wild, vague music, as of an Æolian harp, inarticulate and unmeaning, breathed as a hymn to the spirit of Nature, intellectual beauty, and so forth; maddest schemes and fastidious sensitiveness respecting marriage and man's granivorous nature; a fibre of insanity in his brain. Yet I cannot help feeling that there was a spirit in poor Shelley's mind which might have assimilated with the spirit of his Redeemer,— nay, which I will dare to say was kindred with that spirit, if only his Redeemer had been differently imaged to him. Let who will denounce Shelley, I will not. I will not brand with atheism the name of one whose life was one dream of enthusiastic, however impracticable, philanthropy. I will not say that a man who by his opposition to God, means opposition to a demon, is an enemy of God. To such a man I only reply, "You are blaspheming a devil. That is not the God I adore, you are not my enemy. Change the *name*, and I will bid that *character* defiance with you."

WHAT IS IMMORAL IN LITERATURE?

BY ALBERT ROSS.

We are in the midst of an era of sham. We do not care so much that vice exists as that it be well dressed. The nude in painting has had its fight for life on this side of the Atlantic, until it is not only permitted but admired and encouraged. The nude in literature is on its trial. At the present date it is not appreciated in certain very wise circles. More than that, it is liable to confiscation and destruction. Societies make it their business to act as judge, jury, and executioner upon the appearance of any book which they do not like. Their agents scan its pages, or it may be a part of them, and order an *auto-da-fé*. The unlucky maker or seller of such books is liable not merely to lose his property but his liberty as well, if the tribunal before which he is brought is as ignorant as it is liable to be on a matter of this kind.

A person accused of crime of any sort — and certainly one charged with the high offense of having shocked such a literary taste as prevails in our day — should have a right, according to the fiction that underlies our institutions, to a trial by a jury of his peers. This does not mean that accused grocers are to be tried by grocers exclusively, or that bakers are to be brought before bakers to determine their guilt, or that murderers are to demand that twelve murderers shall sit in judgment on their assassinations. It does mean, however, that ignorance shall not convict intelligence; that men whose knowledge of literature is confined to the Farmers' Almanac and the Sunday School Advocate (and I speak respectfully of both publications) shall not say that Balzac and Dumas and Tolstoï are indictable.

If a hundred men and women, selected for their unquestioned literary abilities and upright lives, were to be asked the question, "What is Immoral in Literature?" how widely their opinions would vary! If the latest realistic products

of the printing press were handed to them for a critical analysis, a certain percentage of them would discover reeking impropriety where the others would see nothing worthy of comment. We are not all gifted with equal pruriency of mind. There are paintings in the great galleries of the world in which one set of men will see glorious beauties and another only the naked forms of women. Some people have inherited or acquired tendencies that warp their judgment. I have heard of a lady who was always thrown into convulsions at the sight of a rose. A similar effect is produced in others by the lifting of one particle of drapery from the hooped and crinolined female character in the sombre English novel of the period.

Jurors are sometimes asked, "Have you a prejudice against capital punishment?" It will soon be time to ask them, "Have you an inborn hatred of natural things? Do you object on all occasions to the telling of the truth? Is it, in your opinion, the chief mission of the novel to misrepresent?"

We all know very well that intelligent people are no more agreed about what they shall read than about what they shall wear or where they shall attend church. Who shall decide better in each case than the one most interested? We do not have to go back very far in history to find the State dictating both the attire and the religious instruction of its subjects. An over-governed people will soon cry out loudly in defense of its right to read what it pleases and form its own judgment as to what is good for it. How does the agent of a society that decides to "suppress" a book know any more whether it should be suppressed than a hundred thousand others who are waiting for the opportunity to purchase it?

It would seem, according to some notions, that it is almost as wicked to write of sin as to be guilty of it — that is, if the sin be of a particular kind. We are told that ten commands were given to Moses. I might write novels based on a violation of nine of them, and no one would question my right to take any view I pleased. It is the other one, the one that inculcates chastity, that makes all the trouble when introduced into literature. And there are more things than are mentioned in the decalogue of which I can write in any way I choose. I have read such glowing descriptions of the

delights of opium smoking, that I had half a mind to take my way to the nearest "joint" and ascertain for myself if they were not overrated. I have read the lives of successful thieves, surrounded with such a halo that any boy might be pardoned for adopting robbery as his profession. I have read often, and so have we all, of the successful wheedling of a rich man into a loveless marriage. These are the things that are really immoral in literature, and yet no society would dream of interfering with author or publisher. All the shafts of the professional "suppressors" are kept for the writer who gets on the thin ice where men and women love "not wisely but too well."

And yet there is nothing in fiction that affords such opportunities as the love that goes astray. Most of the really great novels of the world have had this for their ruling motive. "Les Miserables," the greatest of all fiction it seems to me, is the story of a grisette and her illegitimate child. Where else is Scott so effective as in his "Heart of Midlothian," that pathetic tale of seduction and abandonment? What American novel is more beautiful than "The Scarlet Letter"? The peerless George Eliot causes our tears to fall for the woes of Hetty Sorrel, and thrills us with the spectacle of Mrs. Transome standing convicted before her son. Dickens gives us Little Em'ly and Martha, while his Smike, Hugh, and many more are born out of wedlock. What have we had in recent years that can surpass "The Story of an African Farm," in which the principal character becomes an unwedded mother? Even Howells, the delicate, soft-stepping favorite of the parlors, cannot quite let the subject alone, and Harold Frederic, perhaps the most promising of our younger writers, has given us his sinning and repentant "Lawton Girl."

It is hardly necessary to say that I do not favor the permission of a single printed line of *obscenity*. These are things about which we should all agree and they need not be discussed here. Men should be allowed to select their clothing, but they must not go about the streets undressed. When one attempts that form of pedestrianism, he is very promptly and properly arrested. No book can reach a large circulation in this country simply from the fact that it is unchaste. A score of volumes of that kind have made their appearance within the past few years, and have fallen so per-

fectly flat that they were not even brought to the attention of the suppression societies. If a story is bright enough to secure the imprint of a respectable publisher, if it is unobjectionable enough to find a place on the counters of a thousand dealers, it may safely be trusted to the American people.

In this country we cannot regulate everything by law. A bottle of beer or wine is the daily portion of many who believe they are leading correct lives, while the mere mention of those beverages causes a chill to permeate the spinal column of other equally honest persons. So is it with literature. One will rave over the "Poems of Passion" of Mrs. Wilcox, and draw the line at the "Transaction in Hearts" of Mr. Saltus. Another will find — as he ought — the highest morality in "Thou Shalt Not," and be shocked beyond measure at "Moths." Let each one decide, Mr. Suppressor. You cannot make your judgment do for theirs.

While believing firmly that nothing but the greatest exigency should permit any official to interfere with the sale or publication of a book, I will say that, if such interference is ever to take place, one rule should be followed. If the State can say that a novel is not to be sold or printed within its borders, or carried in its mails, that novel should be judged not by a word, a line, or an incident, but by its general lesson and tendency. I have in my mind at this instant two totally different books. In one of them there is detailed nothing but the successful, the always successful, amours of a young Lothario, a heartless, despicable, thoroughly unworthy fellow, who ends his career of vice by marrying the daughter of one of his victims. You might search its pages in vain for a good lesson. In the other it is taught that all the efforts of a young woman toward an honorable livelihood must come to naught, and that her only refuge worth seeking is in the arms of a husband. Both of these books might do serious harm to certain persons, at certain times. They give improper views of life, and they are not true to nature. The shops are full of others just like them in that respect, and yet I think the State would make a nice mess of it if it tried to better them.

Last autumn a New York society, supposed to be organized for the purpose of improving the morals of the metropolis,

seized from a prominent wholesale house a number of novels, and took the manager, a gentleman of the highest respectability, before a police magistrate. It is true that the grand jury dismissed the case with promptness, and that several judges have since declined to issue warrants in other cases to the prosecutors; but these acts were done under color of law, and no author can say when his works may be subjected to a similar outrage. In the list of books taken, there were copies of one of Balzac's best, that has long been issued by a Boston house that prides itself on its purity; that one of Tolstoï's, the forbidding of which to the mails had drawn the derision of the world upon the Postmaster-General a short time before; one by the younger Dumas, whose standing in the literary field certainly needs no defence from me; and three by the author of this article.

I cannot better sketch in a few words my idea of what is moral in literature than by a brief allusion to the books of my own that were included in this seizure. One of them, "Thou Shalt Not," has had a sale of 150,000 copies in less than two years, and is familiar to most regular novel readers. What is the story? It is a tale of a roué, who made a great deal of money under the Tweed régime, and lived an unchaste life until his accidental acquaintance with a pure woman taught him to preach and practice the virtues he had till then despised. In the first hundred pages I have, it is true, drawn back the pendulum to its full limit, in order to give it the requisite swing when released. And what a swing it is! Every moral lapse is followed by the direst retribution, and at the close my unhappy hero seeks death rather than a possible return to the life he once led so joyously. It is a terrible arraignment of unchastity. I know of men in whose careers it has wrought a complete reformation. It teaches that the sister or the daughter of another should be as sacred as our own.

I say again that a book cannot be judged by a word or a phrase. I have heard of a man who opened this one at random, and chanced to fall upon the passage detailing the creeping of Greyburn at night into the chamber where Clara Campbell slept, upon which he threw the volume down and read no further. Would he have passed judgment on a painting by seeing a square inch of its canvass? If not, he had no right to judge my book by half a page of its contents. Had

he read a few lines more, he would have found that the man was vanquished by the unarmed purity of the girl, and that, as he stole guiltily down the stairs, she fell on her knees in prayer. Has a novelist no right to draw a picture of this kind? Another person selected this as the most objectionable paragraph in the novel: —

"One evening I went out on the streets, with the last dime we had in the world, to buy as usual a morsel of food for our breakfast. A man accosted me. I was desperate. After midnight I crept back to my room like a frightened criminal. He was asleep! In the morning, when he awoke (for I never closed my own eyes) I showed him money, expecting that he would rave and cry. And he never said a word!"

Is it not laughable that any one should object to such a paragraph? Admitting that these things should be told at all, I will challenge the whole army of critics to tell it more delicately. And should such things be told? Undoubtedly. The only possible question is the effect on the reader. Does the narration incite him to vice? No, it fills him with indignation. His sympathies are where they ought to be,— with the injured woman. I say it is within the province of the novelist to portray a dastard in his most effective colors. Some namby-pamby scribbler, who has in his time published a book that stopped with its first edition, or some prudish old maid of either sex, whose views of life have been obtained from a back window, may differ from me. The great majority of novel readers know that I am right.

The second book of mine that was seized is called "Speaking of Ellen." Nineteen-twentieths of it is a plea for a fairer distribution of the earnings of labor, and the rest tells how the beautiful humanity of the heroine brought a sister out of concubinage into wifehood. I can only suppose the agent of the society had never read it. The novel has earned me the commendation of thoughtful men and women, both here and in England; and I am prouder of having written it than of any other act of my life. The third book is a tale of the ruin that an unscrupulous woman brought upon two totally different men.

Nothing is so unsafe, in an alleged free country as to permit interference, on any light pretext, with a free press. What is agreeable to one may be offensive to another, but that

gives no excuse for police regulation. I am willing to confess that I have seen posters in New York that annoyed me. There are always photographs of women, and of prominent women, too, in Broadway windows, that pass the limits of my ideas of propriety. One cannot escape these things, as he can the book he does not want. They assail his eyes before he has time to avoid them. There have been at least two plays here this winter, and at most respectable houses, to which I would not care to take a lady. They were full of indelicate allusions and suggestive by-play, and yet they were presented by as reputable actors and actresses as we have, and they were popular enough to make long runs. I saw women of undoubted character applauding each bright, wicked expression of the brilliant dramatists as freely — indeed, rather more so, than their masculine escorts. I am not surprised that the professional conservators of morality find themselves puzzled where to draw the line. And I really wonder that they have never hit upon the excellent plan of letting everybody make the decision for himself.

"But the children," somebody is waiting to say.

Why should children interfere with the making of books any more than with the manufacture of powder? Brandy is not good for children, but it has its uses for their elders, and it is kept out of their way. Tobacco is injurious to a child, but to the grown man it is often a boon and a solace. Children should be guided in their reading as they necessarily are in other things. It must be a very dull library that has not some books in it that children ought not to read. It is a delicate question whether certain religious works are good food for the growing brain of a child. I have read somewhere that the Jews did not give all of their Scriptures to their young men until they were thirty years old. Even the daily newspaper is liable to contain things that set the thoughts of bright children into undesirable channels, as I once had occasion to note. It is evident that we should have a very silly literature if we limited it to what is adapted to the needs and comprehension of infants.

The reading public is broadening in its ideas. It is but a little while ago that women of refinement were afraid to admit that they had read certain books, which they now discuss with the utmost freedom and, I believe, to their benefit. The

time is near at hand when a real morality in literature will take the place of the sham we have had so long. In that day the novelist will not fear to discuss anything of public interest, if by so doing he can awaken thought. It is not revelation that is dangerous, but silence. It gives me pleasure to believe that I have done something toward hastening that better time, by portraying things as they are, in the face of severe criticism and misconception.

THE UNCLASSIFIED RESIDUUM. A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

BY C. VAN D. CHENOWETH.

THE richness of human thought, and the poverty of human expression! That old complaint of poet and of painter, of lover and of sage. A thought, instinct with divinity, is imprisoned in the rude device of speech, or chained to the page by the hieroglyphics of language, and we shudder to find that only the grosser part of the conception has thus been held captive, as we pass it despairingly to a friend, or sow it broadcast for the reading multitude.

The brush seizes some vision of genius, and, maimed and distorted, it struggles upon the canvas.

The austere chisel labors to fix it upon the unyielding stone, and leaves only enough of it there, alas! to make us weep above our immeasurable loss, in that which fled affrighted from before the clumsy artifice.

Music, perhaps, catches and conveys it with something less of reckless waste, through the sensitive ear, to the waiting soul.

Is this the end, then?

Is the human intelligence never to receive the human thought in pristine freshness? Must it still labor to reach us by way of tongue and book, picture, statue, or organ tone?

The poets, who have ever stood, watchman-like, upon the outer walls of human possibility, long since prophesied of better days to come.

And now at last, Science, argus-eyed, patient, steadfast, with one cautious eye fixed upon Poesy, and ninety and nine upon her scales and crucibles, her theories and tests, murmurs under her breath, "A clue, a clue!" then shrinks, alarmed lest she be harassed with flippant questions; or, which is more to the purpose, lest her clue prove too frail and fine for the sturdy grasp of the pioneer, over the dim, vast, untrodden way.

The poets are, in the main, trustworthy seers. And they have told us that there is a condition of sensitiveness conceivable, in which the emotions of the thinker may serve as the perfect vehicle for his thought.

Very good. Here is clearly a great gain over present methods.

This prophecy, arrived at fruition, will admit of a brooding silence over the great audience, while the orator, dependent no longer upon the medium of language, conveys to the attentive intelligences before him, unerringly, his glowing thoughts.

No waste now, and no toying with words to shield the reluctant, too honest sentiment. The chances for misapprehension are reduced to the minimum, and at last, indeed, "As the man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

But fancy the rude interpreter, speech, quite set aside; and a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Saint Paul, thus radiating his immortal visions before a comprehending people!

Wordsworth says:—

> "Words are but under-agents in such souls as these;
> When they are grasping in their greatest strength,
> They do not breathe among them."

It were only a more stupendous fancy to exclude the flesh — what we call the senses — from all seeming part in the *rapport*, and to receive the soul-satisfying thoughts unhindered, from England, Italy, Greece, or Paradise.

To triumph over the senses, without external aid, and over that stubborn obstacle, Space, would tax very distinctly indeed the portion of our being which we like to think of as immortal.

To know that this may be done were fresh earnest of immortality.

Nay, it would cheapen at last the jealous secrecy of that awful change which we call Death.

Science has already shown herself finely independent when she places two friends, three thousand miles apart, at the two ends of the wire stretched out between them, and bids them talk. Her next step is simply to *remove the wire*. How easy it sounds!

Psychology, daughter of Science, took note not long since of one arrived in a strange city, who forsook the only spot familiar, and scourged and driven to obedience by the im-

perious thought, stepped into the coach of a distant hotel, the very name of which was hitherto unknown to her, to find upon arrival at the hotel the friend dearest of all, who had not counted upon this welcome coming, but who had been directing most earnest longing to their anticipated meeting a day later, — elsewhere.

The untutored murmurs, "Fortunate coincidence!" the watchman upon the tower says plainly, "How unskilful! What a waste of nerve power was involved in that resistance to the awkwardly delivered knowledge concerning her friend's whereabouts! And upon both sides, how stupid not to be conscious of the nearness!"

A lovely woman lay ill in her darkened chamber. A furniture van drove up, and a mirror which had been ordered was carried into her parlor upon the floor below. Presently the invalid called to her nurse faintly, "Chollar's men are downstairs, and the mirror they have brought is too short. Let some one tell them it cannot do, and that another one must be made." The nurse, who naturally knew not what was going on outside of the sick chamber, hesitated, thought of delirium, then went herself, half dazed, upon the errand. The men, quite out of hearing, of course, as well as out of sight, were found standing perplexed over their measurements, and the unfortunate result, with the mirror unquestionably too short.

A mother sat upon her shaded piazza, occupied with sewing, and in conversation with her son, who an hour before had walked with his sister to the door of Christ Church Rectory, where the little girl attended school. "Loulie, dear!" exclaimed the mother with concern, turning slightly, and gazing in the doorway. "What is the trouble, that has brought you home?" "To whom are you speaking, mother?" asked the lad of sixteen, turning also toward the vacant doorway. "To your sister. Step into the house, please, and ask if she is ill." "Did you see her, mother?" "Certainly, I did. She stopped in the doorway, and is looking pale." A search failed to discover Loulie, and the youth, to quiet his mother's anxiety, hurried up to the rectory to learn whether his sister had returned there, since neither mother nor son now doubted her recent presence at home.

Loulie sat in her usual place, with one little hand bound

up in her pocket handkerchief. She had cut it with her penknife a while before; the blood had flowed somewhat freely, and she was still a trifle pale from the fright. But Loulie had not left her schoolroom.

Once more. In the days of our Civil War, a young officer was called by telegraph from his post at Nashville, upon the staff of the General commanding, to attend the funeral of his father, a clergyman in a neighboring State. Death had come swiftly, and had taken the godly man while upon his knees at prayer. Again and again the young man, said while on his homeward way, "I cannot take this in. I cannot realize this home going which will meet with no welcome from my father." In the gray dawn of the following morning, in his own familiar chamber in his father's house, he reached out a cautious hand, and placed it upon that of his wife, inquiring softly whether she were awake. "Do you see the various objects about the room unmistakably?" he asked, upon receiving her assurance. The light was sufficient for this. Everything was distinctly visible, and she said so. "Look now to your left, near the door which leads into the hall, and tell me what you see." She did as she was desired, but saw nothing unusual. "Can it be possible?" whispered the young man eagerly, lifting himself to his elbow, and bringing his eyes within the like range of vision with that of his wife. "Is it possible you do not see that?" again he asked in perplexity; then laid his head back upon his own pillow and continued to gaze in the direction indicated, with blessed satisfaction upon his countenance. When he spoke again, it was to say, with a sigh, that the vision of comfort had faded, but that for half an hour, as nearly as he could judge, he had been gazing upon his father's face, natural as in life. "And he gave me the old dear smile of welcome," said the bronzed young soldier, who had been living amid the grim realities of war through the three last hurrying years, amid stern fact which transcended the power of his imagination at many a point.

The foregoing illustrations are such as may be readily matched in the experience of many, and to my knowledge are trustworthy, through intimacy with those participating.

Doubtless the philosophy of an earlier day would carelessly explain them away, somewhat after this manner: — That a

sudden trick of fancy carried the rather timid traveller aside from the hotel which she knew, to a more distant, and wholly strange one; — with a singularly fortunate result. That the superfineness of the sick sense detected the arrival of the furniture wagon, which provoked the recollection of the order for the mirror. Following this came the reasonable desire that the vacant place in the drawing room should be worthily filled, and the natural conjecture, of course,— of disappointment. That the tender mother upon the piazza was misled by the flutter of some irrelevant garment, which stirred her quick imagination through her maternal anxiety; — and resulted in a third clever guess. And that the young army officer, sensitized by his bereavement, was the victim of a simple, optical illusion, so called, in which no trace of dual agency is discoverable.

Now the instance of the mirror is a very humble example, taken from the experience of a large-natured, clear-souled woman; a most successful educator, who has found her supersensitiveness to be of inestimable value, in dealing with the pupils committed to her care. A young lady is missing from her accustomed place; an offence comes to light, which no one has been willing to acknowledge; there are doubts touching the utter loyalty of some teacher in her employ; and a consequent dread of small seeds of dissension sown unawares. The instances are too numerous to mention, in which this justice-loving woman has succeeded, by a certain process of concentrated thought, in placing herself within touch of the incipient trouble. The missing young lady is told privately that she was out of place, and where. She admits the fact with regret, and promises to do better. The pretty offender is singled out unerringly from the group of blameless girls, and personally admonished; while the thoughtless assistant receives unquestionable evidence of her unwise conduct, and promises amendment.

My friend is not always successful in her efforts to ascertain, without awkward questions, the matter which she ought to know; but is so, often enough, to give her strong confidence in her power to govern, with little dread of unfair suspicion, or unjust censure. She has made of discipline a fine art, and her teaching is a poem.

Returning for a moment to my first, second, and fourth illustrations; the most superficial examination discloses the

analogy between them, in that they were all the spontaneous outgrowth of sympathy. That *wireless* connection, for which psychology is searching, had been manifestly established, and, however imperfectly, still gives earnest of the possibility of clearer communication when intelligent investigation has learned to overcome existing obstacles.

Oriental patience and skill long since found out the way; for it is not to be doubted that the baffling "Secret Mail," of India, is simply a clever system of mental telegraphy.

The earlier civilizations recognized, and reverenced, the intuitional power of man, and psychical knowledge was more perfectly formulated by the scholars of Egypt, India, and Greece, than was physical. But in the astounding advancement which has been made in purely physical science, the more delicate matters of the soul have been neglected, the fine touch of an earlier day is forgotten, and we beat about clumsily in our effort to deal with soul and spirit.

The statements to which our ignorance cannot yet find the key, we call superstition, or unholy magic, and easily class all which relates to experimental psychology among the novel and sensational attractions of the hour. With the key in hand it will all be taken up at a great advance over anything that has gone before. Let me return once more to my apparently accidental illustrations of intuitional power.

The woman turned aside from her chosen and familiar route at the powerful call of the love which pined for her presence, made herself blind and deaf to all else *beside* the call, and her obedient feet carried her straightway to the presence of the beloved.

I instance here two strong and finely tempered natures, singularly in harmony one with the other, and utterly simple, and unspoiled in their reverential love. The case cited is one of many in their experience; and yet when death separated these two, their conscious communion ceased.

The woman's faith, which had been so splendidly dominant when both were in the flesh, quailed before the awful mystery of Death, and refused to bear her beyond the border-land. But for this, she avers, there would be a finer sequel to her loving. One is fain to believe her.

The mother, who felt harm to her child upon a distant street, and who responded at once to Loulie's frightened cry for comfort, as the blood flowed from the ugly cut, was a woman

who was made wretched her life long, through her impressionable nature. With some scientific knowledge of her psychic gifts, and some fair training thereof, those who knew her most intimately feel that she must have developed unusual powers.

The young soldier, whose love and longing restored to him for a space the countenance of his father, so lifelike in each particular that the son never found himself able to doubt for a moment the dual character of the experience, was a college-bred, war-seasoned, world-trained man, whose deliberate and thoughtful testimony goes for much.

It is a noteworthy fact, which strikes agreeably the frugal side of human nature, that Science, through one of her handmaidens, now casts a protecting arm about just such psychological waifs as these, and places them in pound, so to speak, with a chance for their lives, upon definite proof of their value.

And here they wait, known comprehensively, if somewhat irresponsibly, as the "Unclassified Residuum," — a brilliant and suggestive bit of nomenclature.

Imagination is taxed by the conception of *rapport* between two, although a thing by no means unknown, while the loftiest ascription we can make to Deity is that of a perfect *rapport* with the Universe. Language endeavors to indicate this idea, by means of such words as Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent.

Christianity beautifully expresses the relationship of oneness between God and man, in many a text of comfort.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." St. John xiv. 23.

"Abide in me, and I in you." St. John v. 4.

"In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." St. John xiv. 20.

"For they are thine; and all things that are mine are thine; and thine are mine." St. John xvii. 10.

"Holy Father, keep them in thy name that they may be one, even as we are." St. John xvii. 11.

"That they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us." St. John xvii. 20.

Christianity is buoyant with this promise of oneness. The

dreamy mysticism of the East is laden with the hope of it, a promise and a hope, which taxes, and which represents, the supremest effort of the soul.

Upon the merely human plane, an open avenue of communication between two may mean so much, or so very little. When its field is limited to reading correctly the spots upon a chosen card, or to locating the hidden key or ring, one smiles, gives gentle applause with a murmur of "Clever, indeed," and privately questions, "To what purpose is all this?"

But when Love calls authoritatively over a thousand miles:—"Your work is wearing you out, and you are working at a frightful disadvantage. Pray drop the worry over your publisher, and kindly remove to a sleeping apartment some twenty feet farther from the ground, or I shall be obliged to leave my duties here, and come to nurse you through impending illness," there is no applause, and certainly the pertinent question, "To what purpose is all this?" does not arise.

Your wife, mother, sister, or friend is in that sublime condition of duality with yourself, which renders you two far more present one to the other, than are those who are simply face to face; and her warning message comes to you as timely, over the thousand intervening miles, and carries with it all the emphasis of love's dear authority.

Precisely what psychical conditions are necessary, in order to admit of the easy transfer of unuttered thought between two, are, I believe, nowhere definitely stated. At least they are no more clearly formulated than are the reasons for emotional affection.

It may be supposed, however, that profound sympathy, and an utter willingness upon both sides, constitute the strong beginning of this singular development; and that the attainment of any considerable degree of skill involves prolonged and laborious effort.

There can hardly be a differing opinion with regard to the general desirableness of such developments, under existing conditions of humanity.

Few natures are large enough, honest enough, fine enough, to really desire that each thought may be perfectly clear to a second person, however dear.

We love to believe, indeed, that our lives lie thus brightly

open before God, and to insist that the ever-present consciousness of their unworthiness keeps us humble upon the one hand, and fosters the loftiest aspiration upon the other.

We speak of the immortal life, as a condition of being, in which we shall know, even as we are known; but, when it is suggested that we cultivate that intimate knowledge, here and now, even between two, we shrink instinctively. It is too evident that the majority of us are not yet good enough, and that the imperfections which God still finds in us, are such as we are unwilling to trust with our most indulgent friend.

Fancy the barriers between us all swept quite aside, for even an hour! The arrogant self-assumption, the flimsy pretence, the stout bravado, and the timidity of self-depreciation,—all ruthlessly removed, and each standing fairly for what he is!

What a readjustment of our estimate of friends and neighbors would be called for! What a scurrying for solitude! Ay, what a groan that the very hills might fall upon us and hide us!

That the man of genius may, by the power of his dominant personality, be so able to open the inner sight of their understanding, as to give to his audience a vision of the immortal fires within him, as he strikes off his thoughts at white heat before them, untrammelled by the awkward aid of speech, were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Both the giving and receiving, simply an act of free-will; the power to withhold, or to accept. At the least, it confines the active power to one.

That two friends may take the risk of intercommunication, by erasing each the proud limits of individuality, and merge themselves thus into a common experience, has been too nearly done to admit of the doubt of its possibility. The power is God-like, but we, alas, are still finite men and women, and the benefit from it is at best questionable, though the strictest honesty be maintained upon both sides.

That a strong will may lead captive a feeble will, to its deadly hurt, opens before us all the dangers of hypnotic influence, increasing dangers, and threatenings from many directions, when exercised by the ignorant or unscrupulous.

It would not become me to here illustrate the marvellous

possibilities of telepathy, or thought transference, by means of the two most cogent statements which it is in my power to make; since they are mine only under the seal of strictest confidence, although I am not prohibited from stating that I possess such.

One carefully detailed experience covers *forty-five* closely written pages, and there seems to be *not one needed link missing* from the long chain of evidence, which begins at the very humblest beginning of the effort to develop power between two, and closes with instances, multiplied to weariness, of the ability to hold converse across a continent; or with one upon the main land, and the other in the midst of the islands of the sea. Both of the participants in this experience are intellectual students of books, and of character. Both have written and published books of their own, well received by the reading world.

But the ability to communicate accurately by means of thought alone, is still too unusual an accomplishment to be even generally accepted as a fact.

A few believe, because they *know*.

Professor Sidgwick said, in a recent address before the London Society for Psychical Research, "I feel that a part of my grounds for believing in telepathy, depending as it does on personal knowledge, cannot be communicated except in a weakened form to the ordinary reader of the printed statements which represent the evidence that has convinced me."

A mental message sent from New York to Boston, and accurately received, is an earnest of "a girdle around the globe" in that instant in which thought can compass it.

Such messages have been sent, and have been received, and even the ocean has proven to be no barrier between soul and soul.

I am well aware that one walks here upon a bewildering and a giddy height. But if, indeed, no physical sense is called to aid in transmitting these mental messages between distant points, why may not men at last find sure means of communication with the disembodied spirit?

If you, sitting there, utterly unaided by mechanical appliance, can speak with your friend in London, why may you not, by the like power of faith and will, speak to your beloved upon the shores eternal?

Nay, is it not easily conceivable, that the perfect harmony of being which has been achieved step by step, while in the body, assisted by the dear helps of eye, ear, tongue, and the clasp of loving hands, until it has grown finely independent of these, and become so powerful that neither darkness nor distance can avail to place a bar upon its messages,— is it not easily conceivable that souls so perfectly *en rapport* may be independent also of the intervention of dread Death itself?

A well known writer says: —"The world's progress from the dull externality of the senses, which relate to sunlight, to sound, and to physical force, into the realm of intuition and divine wisdom, depends upon the cultivation of the divine faculties in man, which bring him into connection with supernal wisdom, and realize in this life the wisdom of the angels.

"[Doubtless] while in the form we have all the faculties that we shall have when emancipated from the body; and whatever spirits can do in the way of intuitional perception, we can do likewise, with a freedom and success proportionate to our interior development."

It is a bold conjecture, and presages great things.

The author deals with what is commonly called spiritualistic manifestations, as a prophecy, rather than a fulfilment, dependent upon our own finer development.

To the Christian, whose faith embraces a conscious existence after death, the position seems tenable; and to those who doubt, the dawning wonders of psychology offer not only a substantial hope of immortality, but the only suggestion, moreover, of possible communication between the mortal and the disembodied spirit, which appeals for one instant to the *reasonableness* of the affections: — a direct and personal communication, born of intense sympathy.

All other is, to a refined sense, undesirable.

Nay, one seems abundantly justified in doubting whether there be any other way, than the divine way of need and supply, in the clear light of immortal living.

As I read my "In Memoriam," hushed to utter restfulness in its breadth, and height, and depth, I am powerless to ask, "Did young Arthur's spirit indeed respond to the poet's anguished cry for comfort?" As I read, I *know* that it did so.

In the hours when my Christian faith weakens under the strain which Reason imposes upon her; I turn for refreshment to the dawning wonders of Psychical Science; for in this direction lies, it seems to me, the stupendous hope for proof, while yet in the body, of such of the Master's teachings, as yearning, but powerless souls have found too hard to grasp.

With the nobler cultivation of the powers of the soul must come the more just appreciation of her capacity.

THE SWISS REFERENDUM.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN.

It has become somewhat of a commonplace assertion that our politics have reached the lowest stage to which they may safely go. There seems to be no longer any necessity to prove this proposition, for the general conviction has gone abroad, amply justified by the whole course of history, that no democracy can hope to withstand the corrupting influences, now at work in our midst, unless certain radical reforms are carried to a successful conclusion. Our calm, American complacency seems at length to have received a shock; our habitual optimism to have given place to a feeling of apprehension, lest the malignant forces, now uppermost in our national life, may not, after all, prove too strong for us; and a corresponding desire is being manifested to set in motion other benign forces, which shall save the state from destruction while there is yet time.

Unfortunately all attempts to probe the fundamental, first causes of our corruption are checked at the outset by the difficulty of bringing the popular will to bear upon public questions. Our whole administrative system, and all the methods by which the people are supposed to make known their desires, are perverted and diseased, so that the sovereign body are prevented by mere tricksters from exerting their legitimate control over the making of the laws which are to govern them. We are suffering, not only from deep-seated economic and social diseases, of which, perhaps, the most alarming symptom is the concentration of wealth into the hands of a few, but also from the rule of the Boss, and from the lamentable fact that the people at large are divorced from legislation. As a matter of fact nothing stands between us and the tyranny of Municipal, State, and Federal bosses, as unscrupulous as any feudal lordlings in the thirteenth century, except public opinion, imperfectly expressed by the press.

In the light of these facts, the question of the hour resolves itself into this: How best to bring our representa-

tive system to conform to the principle of popular sovereignty, now practically defied and violated.

Civil service reform and ballot reform, when once thoroughly applied, are destined to accomplish a great deal towards purifying our politics, but the crowning reform would be to restore to the people a direct influence and final verdict over legislation.

This end is attained in Switzerland by means of the two institutions of the *Referendum* and *Initiative*, the former already deeply engrained into the life of the Swiss people, the latter still in a measure on trial.

As a result the whole scheme of Swiss federalism is found to reduce the necessity for prominent political leaders to a minimum; as for the typical boss, he is unknown in the little confederation. There the people manage their own affairs collectively to a degree unknown in other countries, keeping their representatives wonderfully in hand, so that no echoes of strife reach the outside world, no wars of rival factions, or contests of great popular favorites; for the whole conduct of government is marked by the utmost moderation and sobriety.

In view of our present political condition nothing could be more encouraging and instructive than the study of this eminently successful form of federalism, especially as manifested in the Referendum and Initiative.

This term "Referendum" I take to be the gerund of the Latin "*refero*." It is part of the old formula, "*ad referendum et audiendum*," and means that laws and resolutions framed by the representatives must be submitted to the people for rejection or approval. A distinction is made between a *compulsory* and *optional* Referendum, *i. e.*, in some Cantons *all* laws must be submitted, in others only certain *kinds* or only those which are demanded by a certain number of voters. As far as the historical genesis of the Referendum is concerned, it appeared in a rudimentary form as early as the 16th century in the Cantons of *Graubünden* or *Grisons* and *Valais*, before those districts had become full-fledged members of the Swiss Confederation, and while they were still known as *Zugewandte Orte*, or Associated States. Delegates from their several communes met periodically, but were always obliged to *refer* their decisions to the communes themselves for final approval. In the same manner, the delegates from the various Cantons to the old federal Diet or Assembly of the Swiss

Confederation used to refer their measures to their home governments before they became laws. But in its present form the Referendum is a modern affair, the first steps towards its introduction having been made in 1831. To-day, every Canton, except priest-ridden, Ultramontane Fribourg, has either the compulsory or the optional Referendum incorporated into its constitution, and the central government in the Federal constitution, possesses the optional, *i. e.*, in the words of the text: "Federal laws as well as federal resolutions which are binding upon all, and which are not of such a nature that they must be despatched immediately, shall be laid before the people for acceptance or rejection when this is demanded by 30,000 Swiss voters or by eight Cantons."

Not satisfied, however, with passing judgment upon the laws made by their representatives, the people are now demanding the right of *proposing* measures themselves; this is the Initiative, or the right of any voter or body of voters to initiate proposals for the enactment of new laws, or for the alteration or abolition of existing laws. Although this institution has already been adopted by several of the Cantons, it has not yet been tested with sufficient precision to make an opinion upon its practical bearing of any value. The Referendum, on the other hand, is now old enough to have given definite results, and the general verdict is very much in its favor.

To all intents and purposes the people of the small pastoral Cantons have enjoyed the privileges of the Referendum and Initiative for centuries, although the institutions themselves have never existed amongst them. They govern directly in great annual Landsgemeinden, or open air legislative assemblies, which bear a striking resemblance to the Massachusetts March Town Meetings with which they are probably related through common Teutonic ancestry, although no connecting chain can be traced directly between them. In the years of 1888 and 1889 the writer attended the Landsgemeinde of Uri and saw the rude peasants legislate upon bills presented to them by the Cantonal Council much in the same way, someone has suggested, as the Pro-Boulentic Council at Athens in its day. This and the election of magistrates was determined in the most primitive fashion by a show of hands. It is in the more populous Cantons, which have been obliged to introduce representative systems, that

in order not to deprive the people of the benefits of direct government, the Referendum, and, here and there also, the Initiative have been adopted.

The working of the system varies in the different Cantons according as they have the optional or compulsory Referendum, and often according to local preference and prejudice. In the case of a revision of the Federal constitution where the compulsory method comes into play, the manner of procedure is as follows:—

If the two Houses, corresponding to our Senate and House of Representatives, agree upon the necessity of a revision, their task is very simple, the revised statute being submitted to the "yea" and "nay" of the people, and a majority of the whole body of voters, as well as of the twenty-two Cantons being necessary to make it become law. But if the Houses disagree, one desiring revision and the other not, or if 50,000 voters demand revision, then the question is first submitted to the people whether there shall be any revision at all. If the answer is in the negative, of course the whole matter is ended, but if in the affirmative, both Houses are dissolved and new elections take place. In the meantime, the Executive Council, which corresponds in general terms to our Cabinet, prepares the revised statute and submits the result of its labors to the newly elected Houses, whence, in turn, it is referred to the voters for final rejection or approval.

This Swiss Referendum must not be confounded with the French *plebiscite* and deserves none of the odium which attaches to that destructive institution. The latter is a temporary expedient, illegal and abnormal, used only at moments of great national excitement when the popular vote has been carefully prepared and ascertained by unscrupulous adventurers. The plebiscite has invariably proved itself to be a device invented by tyrants to entrap the people into giving assent to their usurpations, whereas the Referendum acts through regular channels, established by law, sanctioned by the people and, therefore, constitutional. It has always shown itself to be a guardian of natural rights, and of true democracy. Perhaps it has more likeness to the veto of the English sovereign when that royal prerogative was in use, than to any other historical institution. Indeed, a writer* in one of

* Frank H. Hill, Contemporary Review, Feb. '90. "The Future of English Monarchy."

the Reviews recently predicted the downfall of the English monarchy, unless the sovereign learned to appeal directly to the people for approval in some such manner as the Swiss Referendum provides. In this country the nearest approach which we have to this institution are the provisions in the various States for the revision of their constitutions by direct, popular vote. How inoperative some of these clauses often are, however, may be inferred from the fact that, although the people of the State of New York expressed the desire of revising their constitution as long ago as 1886, the reform has never been consummated, their representatives blocking the measure and defeating the popular will at every session. We shall be obliged before long to find relief from the tyrannies of our legislatures in some radical manner, and the simplest solution of the difficulty would be the gradual application of the Swiss Referendum. Modern parliamentary institutions, in so far as they have set up barriers between the people and legislation, have departed from their real function, which is to take the propositions emanating from the people and having examined and adjusted them to suit the peculiar requirements of the case, then to return them to the people for rejection or approval. It is the whole body of the sovereign people which composes the legislature of a state. By means of the Referendum a new principle would come into play — that representatives formulate laws but the people pass them.

As for the results already obtained by the Referendum in Switzerland, they are in every way most gratifying. Contrary to the expectations of many sinister prophets, it has proved distinctly conservative instead of revolutionary; in fact, the extraordinary caution and fear of innovation displayed by the voters might almost be made a cause of reproach to the system, for, out of seventeen bills submitted by the Referendum between 1874 and 1884, no less than thirteen were rejected by the people. It is interesting for us to notice that of these vetoed bills one was for appropriating an annual salary of two thousand dollars to a secretary of the Swiss legation at Washington. The Referendum is above all things fatal to anything like extravagance in the management of public funds; it discerns instantly and kills remorselessly all manner of jobs, and forbids favors lavished upon one district at the expense of the rest. This principle, that the people are the final arbiters, has many far-reaching con-

sequences. Politics cease to be a trade; for the power of the politicians is curtailed and there is no money in the business, no chance to devise deals and little give-and-take schemes when everything has to pass before the scrutinizing gaze of the tax payers. Moreover, second Houses, such as our Senate, tend to become superfluous, and if the Referendum were thoroughly applied would doubtless be abolished altogether. The people constitute a second House in which every bill must find its final verdict. Democracies have been justly reproached for the fact that their political offices are not always filled by men of recognized ability and unstained honor, that the best talent of the nation after a while yields the political field to adventurers. This is not the case in Switzerland, under the purifying working of the Referendum. Nowhere in the world are the government places occupied by men so well fitted for the work to be performed. The Referendum strikes a blow at party government in the narrow sense, in the sense in which offices are distributed only to party workers, irrespective of capacity for peculiar duties,—party government which produces an opposition whose business it is to oppose, never to co-operate. It would also modify our whole representative system which now practically endows the elected legislators with sovereign attributes. For these systems the Referendum substitutes a government based upon business principles, displaying ability and stability, simplicity and economy.

Besides these purely practical gains there are recommendations on the score of ethics which deserve to be noticed. Consider the educational effect of an institution which obliges every voter to investigate and pass judgment upon bills submitted to him. How much more likely it is under such circumstances that legislation will be treated on its merits, and not with a view towards keeping a certain party or certain persons in power. We have just had a striking proof of the extraordinary educational influence of the last presidential campaign in calling attention to the absurdities of our protective tariff. How much greater must be the results of a series of such campaigns, turning in succession upon all the subjects with which a good citizen should be familiar! Then think of how the Referendum invests the individual voter with a new dignity, and how it adds to the collective sovereign people the majesty of final appeal, of

which our representative system, as at present constituted, practically deprives them.

In the eyes of some people it will undoubtedly seem an objection to the Referendum that it seriously curtails the powers of legislatures. But when we remember that the people of several of our States have already found it necessary to do this by special enactments, and when we stop to imagine for one moment the mass of legislation, often contradictory and inconsistent, and generally useless if not absolutely harmful, which is being piled up in the legislatures of the various States and of the Federal government, it will be seen at a glance, what a boon the Referendum in reality might become, how valuable, nay, how providential a check it might be upon this reckless, regardless, wholesale rush of legislation! To-day reform lies in the direction of repeal rather than of further laws, of liberty rather than restriction.

Those who have no faith in the principles which underlie all genuine democracies, in the equality and brotherhood of man, and in his natural rights; who fear the people as an unreasoning beast which must be controlled; and therefore look to reform by means of artificial laws rather than by those of Nature,—such men will naturally dread anything which savors of direct government, and will, of course, find the Referendum a stumbling block and a bugbear.

But the increasing number of those who place their utmost confidence in the common sense of the people as a whole, unhampered and unperverted by bosses, will welcome the Referendum and its complement, the Initiative, as the most important contributions to the art of self government and the greatest triumphs over the peculiar dangers to which representative governments are exposed, which this century has yet seen.

DRUNKENNESS A CRIME.

BY HENRY A. HARTT, M. D.

A GENTLEMAN, in the July number of THE ARENA, expresses surprise that I, as a physician, consider drunkenness a crime; and advances the theory, that it is uniformly a disease derived from heredity, which he traces back as far as Noah and the Flood.

There can be no doubt that drunkenness becomes a disease in a certain class of cases, and it is so recognized by the medical faculty universally, under the title of dypsomania. But in all the instances of this malady which have come under my observation, it has invariably been the effect of a long course of wilful dissipation. I have never seen a man who was born with this infirmity, or who has not been able for many years of his life to use alcoholic liquors, or not, as he chose. The disease is always produced by a continuous habit of vicious indulgence for a length of time; and I am convinced that far too much importance is attached to heredity, both with respect to this and other maladies.

A man, for instance, may have an hereditary tendency to rheumatism, and yet may live many years, and often be exposed to the exciting causes of it, without having an attack; and he may be radically and permanently cured of it, even after it has affected him in a chronic form. Not long since, I saw a lad, eleven years of age, who had suffered from bronchitis and asthma from his infancy, and who, by appropriate treatment, was cured of both in three months. His father had been afflicted with a similar complication for many years, and is now, also, in perfect health. In both cases, heredity was held to be chiefly responsible, and they had long been pronounced by high authorities, incurable.

It is a significant fact that, throughout the Bible, drunkenness is denounced as a sin which deserves the severest punishment, and which, if not repented of and renounced, will inevitably exclude the subject of it from the kingdom of heaven; and that in no case is the remotest allusion made to

it as a disease from which he is suffering, nor any extenuating circumstances offered which should make him an object of sympathy, or relieve him from responsibility for guilt.

Theft is often due to disease, and may in like manner be traced, more or less, to heredity; and we have, also, a notable example of it in the case of one of the patriarchs who stole his brother's birthright. Whether this crime was prevalent among the Jews during the period of their nationality, I am not prepared to say. A few years before their dispersion we have a famous historical representative of it in Barabbas who was pardoned by Pilate at the request of the multitude. But it must be admitted that in the case of that people in this country, heredity has utterly failed; for in our heterogeneous nationality, they are, confessedly, pre-eminently distinguished, not only for benevolence and sobriety, but also for their immunity for crime of every description.

I am asked to prove that drunkenness is a crime. The inspired law-giver of Israel regarded it in this light, and in one class of cases affixed to it the penalty of death:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son who will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and who, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die."

Drunkenness is a voluntary lunacy, which causes three fourths of the crimes of violence, and, exclusive of itself, two thirds of all other crimes, and two thirds of the pauperism under which the people groan. If the doors of all the insane asylums in the land were thrown open, and the whole army of involuntary lunatics were let loose, it is doubtful whether they would produce one half the devastation and horrors which flow from this atrocious vice. Can any man of common sense ask if this is a crime, or question the right and duty of society to punish it, both for its own protection, and as a preventive?

My critic seems to imagine that it would be impossible

under such a law as I propose, to reach a rich offender, because he commits his crime, and enjoys the luxury of a drunken stupor and the demoniac visions of delirium tremens, in the privacy of his own house.

"The world," he says, "does not see him."

But where are the rich drunkards' households? They suffer all the more because he chooses to make his home the scene of his carousals. He soon becomes only an object of compassion, and his interest, as well as that of his family, demand that he should be put under surveillance and restraint. Besides, the law would now, as in all other cases of crime, forbid connivance, and impose an obligation of complaint.

For dypsomania special asylums should be provided, in which due medical care and treatment should be furnished; but the imprisonment in them should be compulsory, as in the cases of lunatics from other diseases.

The evils in this life arise, for the most part, from the abuse of that which is good. Drunkenness forms no exception to this rule. Wine and other alcoholic liquors are gifts of a beneficent Providence, which, when properly used, are sources of pleasure and profit to mankind. The vast majority of the people throughout the civilized world do use them in this manner, and I can see no reason why, because a man here and there chooses to form and indulge an unnatural appetite for them, and insanely pervert them to his own destruction, and to the injury of the community in which he lives, everybody else shall be kept in a state of continual agitation and excitement, or enter into bonds to renounce them at once and forever. Would it not be much wiser and better to do in this case just what we do in all others of a similar nature, and punish the culprit who commits the wrong?

The biblical and scientific arguments in favor of alcohol, and, by sequence, the liquors which contain it, are, in my opinion, conclusive; but however this may be, the simple fact that Christ, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, did put forth his divine power and miraculously convert water into wine, the superior excellence of which was affirmed by the governor of the feast, should be enough to silence all disputation among his followers with regard to the legitimacy of this article and the propriety of its use.

And now when Mr. Hardy lies at my feet wounded and half dead, another champion appears in THE ARENA, and with amazing assurance proclaims, that Dr. Hartt's theory proves ineffectual in actual practice, because the State of Vermont has had for several years a law on her statute book which makes drunkenness a crime; a law which *applies only to those who are found in a state of intoxication;* which provides that the prosecution must be commenced within thirty days after the offence is committed; which for the first two offences, imposes only a paltry fine and which is enacted for a community so thoroughly demoralized on this subject according to the testimony of my opponent, that "were a public prosecutor to display the *hardihood* to prosecute an infringement of this law by a citizen of good standing, unless the offence were committed under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, his zeal would serve only to arouse popular indignation, and, in all probability, bring about his own speedy political decapitation."

I had always supposed that Vermont was a singularly enlightened and law-abiding State, distinguished for her impartial administration of justice; but if the statement of Mr. Royce be not an unmitigated slander, she stands before the world with all her high pretensions polluted and disgraced, and utterly unworthy of association with the sisterhood of this great Republic.

What would be thought of a similar law, or, of a similar public sentiment, in relation to theft or forgery?

I marvel that any man of reason could fancy for a moment, that my theory has been tested and found wanting by this unprecedented caricature of jurisprudence, as it has been represented in Vermont.

The law which I advocate is not a partial or one-sided measure which shall apply only to a poor, besotted wretch who shall have fallen into the gutter; but a just statute, whose provisions shall apply equally to all classes, and which shall seize upon the intelligent and fashionable, as well as upon the ignorant and disreputable culprit. It shall brand drunkenness, not merely as a misdemeanor, subject to an insignificant fine, especially when it causes some disorder in the streets, but as a grievous and germinal crime, and shall affix to it a severe and an ignominious penalty. It may be well, perhaps, in the beginning, as in Minnesota, to adjudge

only a monetary sacrifice for the first two offences, until the people become thoroughly apprised of the existence of the law; but, afterwards the full punishment should be inflicted for the first violation, as in other crimes.

Insanity from drunkenness is more dangerous and injurious by far than insanity from disease. We cannot always tell, in either case, what individual lunatic will do mischief, but with respect to involuntary insanity, we place all the subjects of it indiscriminately under observation and restriction, not for the purpose of punishment, but for the protection of society. Here, however, is a class of lunatics who deliberately manufacture their own delusions, who wilfully pervert a beneficent gift of Providence into a poison and a curse, and make themselves the enemies and pests of their households, and the communities in which they live, scattering everywhere around them firebrands, arrows, and death. Shall they not, I ask, be incarcerated, not only for the safety of society, but, also, as a punishment for their crime?

It is obvious that there is no other way whereby this terrible evil under our present form of civilization can be suppressed. Prohibition is wrong in principle, and wholly impracticable. High license is unjust, anti-republican, and inefficient. Whatever natural aversion, then, we may feel to this method, as every true man must shrink from the idea of all punishment, especially when he contemplates the weaknesses of humanity and the fearful temptations to which it is liable in the present inharmonious and incongruous condition of things, and his own heart must bleed with sympathy, we are shut up to the necessity of adapting to this crime the treatment analagous to that which, from time immemorial, has been pursued in relation to every other; while we fervently pray that the glorious day will soon dawn, when a higher, and purer, and wiser system of ethics and economics will lift all classes of society above the trials and cares which now beset them.

THE MALUNGEONS.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

WERE you ever when a child half playfully told "The Malungeons will get you"? If not, you were never a Tennessee child, as some of our fathers were; they who tell us all that may be told of that strange, almost forgotten race, concerning whom history is strangely silent. Only upon the records of the State of Tennessee does the name appear. The records show that by act of the Constitutional Convention of 1834, when the "Race Question" played such a conspicuous part in the deliberations of that body, the Malungeon, as a "*free person of color*," was denied the right of suffrage. Right there he dropped from the public mind and interest. Of no value as a slave, with no voice as a citizen, what use could the public make of the Malungeon? When John Sèvier attempted to organize the State of Franklin, there was living in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee a colony of dark-skinned, reddish-brown complexioned people, supposed to be of Moorish descent, who affiliated with neither whites nor blacks, and who called themselves Malungeons, and claimed to be of Portuguese descent. They lived to themselves exclusively, and were looked upon neither as negroes nor Indians.

All the negroes ever brought to America came as slaves; the Malungeons were never slaves, and until 1834 enjoyed all the rights of citizenship. Even in the Convention which disfranchised them, they were referred to as "*free persons* of color" or "Malungeons."

Their condition from the organization of the State of Tennessee to the close of the civil war is most accurately described by John A. McKinley, of Hawkins County, who was chairman of the committee to which was referred all matters affecting these "*free persons of color.*"

Said he, speaking of *free persons* of color, "It means Malungeons if it means anything. Although 'fleecy locks and black complexion' do not forfeit Nature's claims, still it is true that those locks and that complexion mark every one of the

A TYPICAL MALUNGEON.

(Drawn from a photograph taken by Will Allen Dromgoole.)

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African race, so long as he remains among the white race, as a person doomed to live in the suburbs of society.

. . . . . .

"Unenviable as is the condition of the slave, unlovely as slavery is in all its aspects, bitter as is the draught the slave is doomed to drink, nevertheless, his condition is better than that of the '*free man of color*' in the midst of a community of white men with whom he has no interest, no fellow-feeling and no equality." So the Constitutional convention left these the most pitiable of all outcasts; denied their oath in court, and deprived of the testimony of their own color, left utterly helpless in all legal contests, they naturally, when the State set the brand of the outcast upon them, took to the hills, the isolated peaks of the uninhabited mountains, the corners of the earth, as it were, where, huddled together, they became a law unto themselves, a race indeed separate and distinct from the several races inhabiting the State of Tennessee.

So much, or so *little*, we glean from the records. From history we get nothing; not so much as the name,—Malungeons.

In the farther valleys they were soon forgotten: only now and then an old slave-mammy would frighten her rebellious charge into subjection with the threat,—"The Malungeons will get you if you aint pretty." But to the people of the foot hills and the nearer valleys they became a living terror; sweeping down upon them, stealing their cattle, their provisions, their very clothing, and household furniture.

They became shiftless, idle, thieving, and defiant of all law, distillers of brandy, almost to a man. The barren height upon which they located, offered hope of no other crop so much as fruit, and they were forced, it would appear, to utilize their one opportunity.

At the breaking out of the war, some few enlisted in the army, but the greater number remained with their stills, to pillage and plunder among the helpless women and children.

Their mountains became a terror to travellers; and not until within the last half decade has it been regarded safe to cross Malungeon territory.

Such they *were;* or so do they come to us through tradition and the State's records. As to what they *are* any who feel disposed may go and see. Opinion is divided concern-

ing them, and they have their own ideas as to their descent. A great many declare them mulattoes, and base their belief upon the ground that at the close of the civil war negroes and Malungeons stood upon precisely the same social footing, "*free men of color*" all; and that the fast vanishing handful opened their doors to the darker brother, also groaning under the brand of social ostracism. This might, at first glance, seem probable, indeed, reasonable.

Yet if we will consider a moment, we shall see that a race of mulattoes cannot exist as these Malungeons have existed. The race goes from mulattoes to quadroons, from quadroons to octoroons, and there it stops. The octoroon women bear no children, but in every cabin of the Malungeons may be found mothers and grandmothers, and very often great-grandmothers.

"Who are they, then?" you ask. I can only give you their own theory — if I may call it such — and to do this I must tell you how I found them, and something of my stay among them.

First. I saw in an old newspaper some slight mention of them. With this tiny clue I followed their trail for three years. The paper merely stated that "somewhere in the mountains of Tennessee there existed a remnant of people called Malungeons, having a distinct color, characteristics, and dialect." It seemed a very hopeless search, so utterly were the Malungeons forgotten, and I was laughed at no little for my "new crank." I was even called "a Malungeon" more than once, and was about to abandon my "crank" when a member of the Tennessee State Senate, of which I happened at that time to be engrossing clerk, spoke of a brother senator as being "tricky as a Malungeon."

I pounced upon him the moment his speech was completed. "Senator," I said, "what is a Malungeon?"

"A dirty Indian sneak," said he. "Go over yonder and ask Senator ——; they live in his district."

I went at once.

"Senator, what is a Malungeon?" I asked again.

"A Portuguese nigger," was the reply. "Representative T—— can tell you all about them, they live in his county."

From "district" to "county" was quick travelling, and into the House of Representatives I went, fast upon the lost trail of the forgotten Malungeons.

"Mr. ——," said I, "please tell me what is a Malungeon?"

"A Malungeon," said he, "isn't a nigger, and he isn't an Indian, and he isn't a white man. God only knows *what* he is. *I* should call him a *Democrat*, only he always votes the Republican ticket." I merely mention all this to show how the Malungeons of to-day are regarded, and to show how I tracked them to Newman's Ridge in Hancock County, where within four miles of one of the prettiest county towns in Tennessee, may be found all that remains of that outcast race whose descent is a riddle the historian has never solved. In appearance they bear a striking resemblance to the Cherokees, and they are believed by the people round about to be a kind of half-breed Indian.

Their complexion is a reddish brown, totally unlike the mulatto. The men are very tall and straight, with small, sharp eyes, high cheek bones, and straight black hair, worn rather long. The women are small, below the average height, coal black hair and eyes, high cheek bones, and the same red-brown complexion. The hands of the Malungeon women are quite shapely and pretty. Also their feet, despite the fact that they travel the sharp mountain trails barefoot, are short and shapely. Their features are wholly unlike those of the negro, except in cases where the two races have cohabited, as is sometimes the fact. These instances can be readily detected, as can those of cohabitation with the mountaineer; for the pure Malungeons present a characteristic and individual appearance. On the Ridge proper, one finds only the pure Malungeons; it is in the unsavory limits of Black Water Swamp and on Big Sycamore Creek, lying at the foot of the Ridge between it and Powell's Mountain, that the mixed races dwell.

In Western and Middle Tennessee the Malungeons are forgotten long ago. And indeed, so nearly complete has been the extinction of the race that in but few counties of Eastern Tennessee is it known. In Hancock you may hear them, and see them, almost the instant you cross into the county line. There they are distinguished as the "Ridgemanites," or pure "Malungeons." Those among whom the white or negro blood has entered are called the "*Black-Waters*." The Ridge is admirably adapted to the purpose of wild-cat distilling, being crossed by but one road and crowned with jungles of chinquapin, cedar, and wahoo.

Of very recent years the dogs of the law have proved too sharp-eyed and bold even for the lawless Malungeons, so that such of the furnace fires as have not been extinguished are built underground.

They are a great nuisance to the people of the county seat, where, on any public day, and especially on election days, they may be seen squatted about the streets, great strapping men, or little brown women baking themselves in the sun like mud figures set to dry.

The people of the town do not allow them to enter their dwellings, and even refuse to employ them as servants, owing to their filthy habit of chewing tobacco and spitting upon the floors, together with their ignorance or defiance of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

They are exceedingly shiftless, and in most cases filthy. They care for nothing except their pipe, their liquor, and a tramp "ter towin." They will walk to Sneedville and back sometimes twice in twelve hours, up a steep trail through an almost unbroken wilderness, and never seem to suffer the least fatigue.

They are not at all like the Tennessee mountaineer either in appearance or characteristics. The mountaineer, however poor, is clean,— cleanliness itself. He is honest (I speak of him as a class) he is generous, trustful, until once betrayed; truthful, brave, and possessing many of the noblest and keenest sensibilities. The Malungeons are filthy, their home is filthy. They are rogues, natural, "born rogues," close, suspicious, inhospitable, untruthful, cowardly, and, to use their own word "sneaky." They are exceedingly inquisitive too, and will trail a visitor to the Ridge for miles, through seemingly impenetrable jungles, to discover, if may be, the object of his visit. They expect remuneration for the slightest service. The mountaineer's door stands open, or at most the string of the latch dangles upon the "outside." He takes you for what you *seem* until you shall prove yourself otherwise.

In many things they resemble the negro. They are exceedingly immoral, yet are great shouters and advocates of

religion. They call themselves Baptists, although their mode of baptism is that of the Dunkard.

There are no churches on the Ridge, but the one I visited in Black Water Swamp was beyond question an inauguration of the colored element. At this church I saw white women with negro babies at their breasts — Malungeon women with white or with black husbands, and some, indeed, having the three separate races represented in their children, showing thereby the gross immorality that is practised among them. I saw an old negro whose wife was a white woman, and who had been several times arrested, and released on his plea of "Portygee" blood, which he declared had colored his skin, and not African.

The dialect of the Malungeons is a cross between that of the mountaineer and the negro,— a corruption, perhaps, of both. The letter R occupies but small place in their speech, and they have a peculiar habit of omitting the last letter, sometimes the last syllable of their words. For instance "good night" — is "goo' night." "Give" is "gi'" etc. They do not drawl like the mountaineers but, on the contrary, speak rapidly and talk a great deal. The laugh of the Malungeon woman is the most exquisitely musical jingle, a perfect ripple of sweet sound. Their dialect is exceedingly difficult to write, owing to their habit of curtailing their words.

The pure Malungeons, that is the *old* men and women, have no toleration for the negro, and nothing insults them so much as a suggestion of negro blood. Many pathetic stories are told of their battle against the black race, which they regard as the cause of their downfall, the annihilation, indeed, of the Malungeons, for when the races began to mix and to intermarry, and the expression, "A Malungeon-nigger" came into use, the last barrier vanished, and all were regarded as somewhat upon a social level.

They are very like the Indians in many respects,— their fleetness of foot, cupidity, cruelty (as practised during the days of their illicit distilling), their love for the forest, their custom of living without doors, one might almost say,— for truly the little hovels could not be called homes,— and their taste for liquor and tobacco.

They believe in witchcraft, "yarbs," and more than one

"*charmer*" may be found among them. They will "rub away" a wart or a mole for ten cents, and one old squaw assured me she had some "blood beads" that "wair bounter heàl all manner o' blood ailimints."

They are limited somewhat as to names: their principal families being the Mullins, Gorvens, Collins, and Gibbins.

They resort to a very peculiar method of distinguishing themselves. Jack Collins' wife for instance will be Mary Jack. His son will be Ben Jack. His daughters' names will be similar; Nancy Jack or Jane Jack, as the case may be, but always having the father's Christian name attached.

Their homes are miserable hovels, set here and there in the very heart of the wilderness. Very few of their cabins have windows, and some have only an opening cut through the wall for a door. In winter an old quilt is hung before it to shut out the cold. They do not welcome strangers among them, so that I went to the Ridge somewhat doubtful as to my reception. I went, however, determined to be one of them, so I wore a suit as nearly like their own as I could get it. I had some trouble securing board, but I did succeed at last in doing so by paying the enormous sum of fifteen cents a day. I was put to sleep in a little closet opening off the family room. My room had no windows, and but the one door. The latch was carefully removed before I went in, so that I had no means of egress, except through the family room, and no means by which to shut myself in. My bed was of straw, not the sweet-smelling straw we read of. The Malungeons go a long way for their straw, and they evidently make it go a long way when they do get it. I was called to breakfast the next morning while the gray mists still held the mountain in its arms. I asked for water to bathe my face and was sent to "ther branch," a beautiful little mountain stream crossing the trail some few hundred yards from the cabin.

Breakfast consisted of corn bread, wild honey, and bitter coffee. It was prepared and eaten in the garret, or roof-room, above the family room. A few chickens, the only fowl I saw on the Ridge, also occupied the roof room. Coffee is quite common among the Malungeons; they drink it without sweetening, and drink it cold at all hours of the day or night. They have no windows and no candles, consequently,

they retire with the going of the daylight. Many of their cabins have no floors other than that which Nature gave, but one that I remember had a floor made of trees slit in half, the bark still on, placed with the flat side to the ground. The people in this house slept on leaves with an old gray blanket for covering. Yet the master of the house, who claims to be an Indian, and who, without doubt, possesses Indian blood, draws a pension of twenty-nine dollars per month. He can neither read nor write, is a lazy fellow, fond of apple brandy and bitter coffee, has a rollicking good time with an old fiddle which he plays with his thumb, and boasts largely of his Cherokee grandfather and his government pension. In one part of his cabin (there are two rooms and a connecting shed) the very stumps of the trees still remain. I had my artist sketch him sitting upon the stump of a monster oak which stood in the very centre of the shed or hallway.

This family did their cooking at a rude fireplace built near the spring, as a matter of convenience.

Another family occupied one room, or apartment, of a stable. The stock fed in another (the stock belonged, let me say, to someone else) and the "cracks" between the logs of the separating partition were of such depth a small child could have rolled from the bed in one apartment into the trough in the other. How they exist among such squalor is a mystery.

Their dress consists, among the women, of a short loose calico skirt and a blouse that boasts of neither hook nor button. Some of these blouses were fastened with brass pins conspicuously bright. Others were tied together by means of strings tacked on either side. They wear neither shoes nor stockings in the summer, and many of them go barefoot all winter. The men wear jeans, and may be seen almost any day tramping barefoot across the mountain.

They are exceedingly illiterate, none of them being able to read. I found one school among them, taught by an old Malungeon, whose literary accomplishments amounted to a meagre knowledge of the alphabet and the spelling of words. Yet, he was very earnest, and called lustily to the "chillering" to "spry up," and to "learn the book."

This school was located in the loveliest spot my eyes ever rested upon. An eminence overlooking the beautiful valley of the Clinch and the purple peaks beyond. Billows and billows of mountains, so blue, so exquisitely wrapped in their delicate mist-veil, one almost doubts if they be hills or heaven. While through the slumbrous vale the silvery Clinch, the fairest of Tennessee's fair streams, creeps slowly, like a drowsy dream-river, among the purple distances.

The eminence itself is entirely barren save for one tall old cedar and the schoolmaster's little log building. It presents a very weird, wild, yet majestic scene, to the traveller as he climbs up from the valley.

Near the schoolhouse is a Malungeon grave-yard. The Malungeons are very careful for their dead. They build a kind of floorless house above each separate grave, many of the homes of the dead being far better than the dwellings of the living. The graveyard presents the appearance of a diminutive town, or settlement, and is kept with great nicety and care. They mourn their dead for years, and every friend and acquaintance is expected to join in the funeral arrangements. They follow the body to the grave, sometimes for miles, afoot, in single file. Their burial ceremonies are exceedingly interesting and peculiar.

They are an unforgiving people, although, unlike the sensitive mountaineer, they are slow to detect an insult, and expect to be spit upon. But injury to life or property they never forgive. Several odd and pathetic instances of Malungeon hate came under my observation while among them, but they would cover too much space in telling.

Within the last two years the railroad has struck within some thirty miles of them, and its effects are becoming very apparent. Now and then a band of surveyors, or a lone mineralogist will cross Powell's mountain, and pass through Mulberry Gap just beyond Newman's Ridge. So near, yet never nearer. The hills around are all said to be crammed with coal or iron, but Newman's Ridge can offer nothing to the capitalist. It would seem that the Malungeons had chosen the one spot, of all that magnificent creation, *not* to be desired.

Yet, they have heard of the railroad, the great bearer of commerce, and expect it, in a half-regretful, half-pathetic way.

They have four questions, always, for the stranger: —

"Whatcher name?"

"Wher'd yer come fum?"

"How old er yer?"

"Did yer hear en'thin' er ther railwa' comin' up ther Ridge?"

As if it might step into their midst any day.

The Malungeons believe themselves to be of Cherokee and Portuguese extraction. They cannot account for the Portuguese blood, but are very bold in declaring themselves a remnant of those tribes, or that tribe, still inhabiting the mountains of North Carolina, which refused to follow the tribes to the Reservation set aside for them.

There is a theory that the Portuguese pirates, known to have visited these waters, came ashore and located in the mountains of North Carolina. The Portuguese "streak" however, is scouted by those who claim for the Malungeons a drop of African blood, as, quite early in the settlement of Tennessee, runaway negroes settled among the Cherokees, or else were captured and adopted by them.

However, with all the light possible to be thrown upon them, the Malungeons are, and will remain, a mystery. A more pathetic case than theirs cannot be imagined. They are going, the little space of hills 'twixt earth and heaven allotted them, will soon be free of the dusky tribe, whose very name is a puzzle, and whose origin is a riddle no man has unravelled. The most that can be said of one of them is, "He is a Malungeon," a synonym for all that is doubtful and mysterious — and unclean.

THE TEST OF ELDER PILL.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

OLD man Bacon was pinching forked barbs on a wire fence one rainy day in July, when his neighbor Jennings came along the road on his way to town. Jennings never went to town "except when it rained too hard to work out doors," his neighbors said; and of old man Bacon it was said he "*never* rested *nights* n'r Sundays."

Jennings pulled up,— "Good morning, neighbor Bacon."

"Mornin'," rumbled the old man without looking up.

"Taking it easy, as usual, I see. Think it's going to clear up?"

"May, an' may not. Don't make much diffirunce t'me," growled Bacon, discouragingly.

"Heard about the plan for a church?"

"Naw."

"Well, we're goin' to hire Elder Pill from Douglass to come over and preach every Sunday afternoon at the schoolhouse, an' we want help t' pay him, — the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"Sometimes he is an' then agin he aint. Y' needn't look t'me f'r a dollar. I aint got no intrust in y'r church."

"Oh yes you have — besides y'r wife."

"She aint got no more time 'n I have t' go t' church. We're obleeged to do bout all we c'n stand t' pay our debts, let alone try'n' to support a preacher." And the old man shut the pinchers up on a barb with a vicious grip.

Easy going Mr. Jennings laughed in his silent way.

"I guess you'll help when the time comes," and clicking to his team drove off.

"I guess I won't," muttered the grizzled old giant as he went on with his work. Bacon was what is called a "land poor" in the West, that is he had more land than money; still he was able to give if he felt disposed. It remains to say that he was *not* disposed, being a "sceptic and a scoffer."

It angered him to have Jennings predict so confidently that he would help.

The sun was striking redly through a rift in the clouds, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Bacon saw a man coming up the lane walking on the grass at the side of the road, and whistling merrily. The old man looked at him from under his huge eyebrows with some curiosity. As he drew near the pedestrain ceased to whistle, and just as the farmer expected him to pass, he stopped and said in a free and easy style: —

"How de do. Give me a chaw t'baccer. I'm Pill the new minister. I take fine-cut when I can get it. Much obliged. How goes it?"

"Tollable, tollable," said the astounded farmer, looking hard at Pill.

"Yes, I'm the new minister sent around here to keep you fellows in the traces and out of hell-fire. Have y' fled from the wrath?"

"You are, eh?"

"I am just! How do you like that style of barb fence? Aint the twisted wire better?"

"I s'pose they be, but they cost more."

"Yes, costs more to go to heaven than to hell. You'll think so after I board with you a week. Narrow the road that leads to light and broad the way that leads—how's your soul anyway, brother?"

"Soul's all right. I find more trouble to keep m' body goun'."

"Give us your hand; so do I. All the same we must prepare for the next world. We're gittin' old; lay not up your treasures where moth and rust—"

Bacon was thoroughly interested in the preacher, and was studying him carefully. He was tall, straight, and superbly proportioned; broad-shouldered, wide-lunged, and thewed like a Greek racer. His rather small steel-blue eyes twinkled, and his shrewd face and small head set well back completed a remarkable figure. He wore his reddish beard in the usual way of western clergymen, with mustache chopped close.

Bacon spoke slowly:—

"You look like a good husky man to pitch in the barn yard; you've too much muscle f'r preachun."

"Come and hear me next Sunday and if you say so then,

I'll quit," replied Mr. Pill, quietly. "I give ye my word for it. I believe in preachers havin' a little of the flesh and the devil; they can sympathize better with the rest of ye." The sarcasm was lost on Bacon who continued to look at him. Suddenly he said, as if with an involuntary determination,—

"Where ye go'n' to stay t'night?"

"I don' know, do you?"

"I rec'on ye can hang out with me, 'f ye feel like ut. We aint very purty, ol' woman an' me, but we eat. You go along down the road and tell 'er I sent yeh—y'll find an' ol' dusty Bible round somer's—I s'pose ye spend y'r spare time read'n about Joshua an' Dan'l—"

"I spend more time read'n men—well, I'm off! I'm hungrier 'n a gray wolf in a bear trap," and off he went as he came.

Bacon felt as if he had made too much of a concession, and had a strong inclination to shout and retract his invitation; but he did not, only worked on with an occasional bear-like grin. There was something captivating in this fellow's free and easy way.

When he came up to the house an hour or two later, in singular good humor for him, he found the elder in the creamery, with "the old woman" and Marietta. Marietta was not more won by him than was Jane Bacon, he was so genial, and "put on no religious frills."

Mrs. Bacon never put on frills of any kind. She was a most frightful toiler, only excelled (if excelled at all) by her husband. She was still muscular in her age and shapelessness. Unlovely at her best, when about her work in her faded calico gown and flat shoes, hair wisped into a slovenly knot, she was depressing. But she was a good woman of sterling integrity, and ambitious for her girl.

Marietta was as attractive as her mother was depressing. She was young and had the physical perfection — at least as regards body — that her parents must have had. She was above the average height of woman, with strong swell of bosom and glorious erect carriage of head. Her features were coarse but regular and pleasing and her manner boyish.

Elder Pill was on the best of terms with them, as he watched the milk being skimmed out of the "submerged cans" ready for the "caaves and hawgs," as Mrs. Bacon called them.

"Dad told you t' come here 'nd stay t' supper, did he? What's come over him?" said the girl, with a sort of audacious humor.

"Dad has an awful grutch agin preachers," said Mrs. Bacon, as she wiped her hands on her apron. "I declare, I don't see how —"

"*Some* preachers, not *all* preachers," laughed Pill, in his mellow nasal. "There are preachers, and then again preachers. I'm one o' the t'other kind."

"I sh'd think y' was," laughed the girl.

"Now, Merry Etty, you run right t' the pig-pen with that milk, whilst I go in an' set the tea on." Mr. Pill seized the can of milk, saying, with a twang: —

"Show me the way that I may walk therein," and accompanied by the laughing girl made rapid way to the pig-pen just as the old man set up a ferocious shout to call the hired hand out of the corn-field.

"How'd y' come to send *him* here?" asked Mrs. Bacon, nodding toward Pill.

"Damfino! I kindo' liked him — no nonsense about him," answered Bacon, going into temporary eclipse behind his hands, as he washed his face at the cistern.

At the supper table Pill was "easy as an old shoe," ate with his knife, talked on fatting hogs, suggested a few points on raising clover, told of pioneer experiences in Michigan and soon winning them — hired man and all — to a most favorable opinion of himself. But he did not trench on religious matters at all.

The hired man in his shirt sleeves, and smelling frightfully of tobacco and sweat (as did Bacon), sat with open mouth, at times forgetting to eat, in his absorbing interest in the minister's yarns.

"Yes, I've got a family, too much of a family in fact — that is, I think so sometimes when I'm pinched. Our western people are so indigent — in plain terms poor — they *can't* do any better than they do. But we pull through — we pull through! John, you look like a stout fellow, but I'll bet a hat I can *down* you three out of five."

"I bet you can't," grinned the hired man. It was the climax of all, that bet.

"I'll take y' in hand an' flop y' both," roared Bacon, from his lion-like throat, his eyes glistening with rare good-

nature from the shadow of his gray brows. But he admired the minister's broad shoulders at the same time. If this fellow panned out as he promised, he was a rare specimen.

After supper he played a masterly game of croquet with Marietta, beating her with ease, then he wandered out to the barn and talked horses with the hired man, and finished by stripping off his coat and putting on one of Mrs. Bacon's aprons to help milk the cows.

But at breakfast the next morning when the family were about pitching into their food as usual without ceremony —

"*Wait!*" said the visitor, in an imperious tone, and with lifted hand.

"Let us look to the Lord for His blessing."

They waited till the grace was said, but it threw a depressing atmosphere over the meal; evidently they considered the trouble begun. At the end of the meal, the minister asked: —

"Have you a Bible in the house?"

"I rec'on there's one in the house somewhere. Merry, go'n see 'f y' can't raise one," said Mrs. Bacon, indifferently.

"Have you any objection to family devotion?" asked Pill, as the book was placed in his hands by the girl.

"No; have all you want," said Bacon, as he rose from the table and passed out the door. The hired man said he guessed he'd see the thing through. It wasn't just square to leave the women folks to bear the brunt of it.

It was shortly after breakfast that the elder concluded he'd walk up to Brother Jennings' and see about church matters.

"I shall expect you, Brother Bacon, to be at the service at 2.30."

"All right, go ahead expectun'," responded Bacon, with an inscrutable manner.

"You promised, you remember?"

"The — devil — I did!" the old man snarled.

The elder looked back with a smile, and went off whistling in the warm, bright morning.

II.

The schoolhouse down on the creek was known as "Hell's Corners" all through the county, because of the frequent rows that took place therein at "Corkuses" and the like, and also because of the number of teachers that had been

"ousted" by the boys. In fact, it was one of those places still to be found occasionally in the West, far from railroads and schools where the primitive ignorance and ferocity of men still prowl like the panthers which are also found sometimes in the deeps of the Iowa timber lands.

The most of this ignorance and ferocity, however, was centred in the family of Dixons, a dark-skinned unsavory group of Missourians. It consisted of old man Dixon and wife, and six sons, all man-grown, great, gaunt, sinewy, savage fellows, with no education, but superstitious as savages. If anything went wrong in "Hell's Corners," everybody knew that the Dixons were "on the rampage again." The schoolteachers were warned against the Dixons, and the preachers were besought to convert the Dixons.

In fact, John Jennings as he drove Pill to the schoolhouse next day, said: —

"If you can convert the Dixon boys, Elder, I'll give you the best horse in my barn."

"I work not for such hire," said Mr. Pill, with a look of deep solemnity on his face, belied indeed by a twinkle in his small, keen eye,— a twinkle which made Milton Jennings laugh candidly. He was a bright-faced young fellow, attending school in the county town of Rock River.

There was considerable curiosity expressed by a murmur of lips and voices, as the minister's tall figure entered the door and stood for a moment in a study of the scene before him. It was a characteristically Western scene. The women were rigidly on one side of the schoolroom, the men as rigidly on the other; the front seats were occupied by squirming boys and girls in their Sunday splendor.

On the back seat to the right were the young men in their best vests with paper collars and butterfly neckties, with their coats unbuttoned, hair plastered down in a fascinating wave on their brown foreheads. Not a few were in their shirt-sleeves. The older men sat intermediately between the youths and boys talking in hoarse whispers across the aisles about the state of the crops and the county ticket, while the women in much the same way conversed about children and raising onions and strawberries. It was their main recreation, this Sunday meeting.

"Brethren!" rang out the imperious voice of the minister, "let us pray."

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the Elder's prayer. He was certainly "gifted" in that direction, and his petition grew genuinely eloquent as his desires embraced the "ends of the earth and the utter-m'st parts of the seas, thereof." But in the midst of it a clatter was heard, and five or six strapping fellows filed in with loud thumpings of their brogans.

Shortly after they had settled themselves with elaborate impudence on the back seat the singing began. Just as they were singing the last verse, every individual voice wavered, and all but died out in astonishment to see William Bacon come in — an unheard of thing! And with a clean shirt, too! Bacon, to tell the truth, was feeling as much out of place as a cat in a bath-tub, and looked uncomfortable, even shamefaced, as he sidled in, his shapeless hat gripped nervously in both hands, coatless and collarless, his shirt open at his massive throat. The girls tittered of course, and the boys nearly "stove in" each other's ribs at the unusual sight. Milton Jennings sitting beside "Merry Etty," said: —

"Well! may I jump straight up and never come down!" And Shep Watson said: "May I never see the back o' my neck!" which pleased Marietta so much that she grew purple with efforts to conceal her laughter; she always enjoyed a joke on her father.

But all things have an end, and at last the room became quiet as Mr. Pill began to read the Scripture, wondering a little at the commotion. He suspected that those dark skinned grinning fellows on the back seat were the Dixon boys, and that they were bent on fun. The physique of the minister being carefully studied, the boys began whispering among themselves, and at last, just as the sermon opened, they began to push the line of young men on the long seat over toward the girls' side, squeezing Milton against Marietta. This pleasantry encouraged one of them to whack his neighbor over the head with his soft hat, causing great laughter and disturbance. The preacher stopped. His cool, penetrating voice sounded strangely unclerical as he said: —

"There are some fellows here to-day to have fun with me. If they don't keep quiet, they'll have more fun than they can hold." At this point a green crabapple bounded up the aisle. "I'm not to be bulldozed."

He pulled off his coat and laid it on the table before him,

and amid a wondering silence, took off his cuffs and collar saying: —

"I can preach the word of the Lord just as well without my coat. And I can throw rowdies out the door a little better in my shirt sleeves."

Had the Dixon boys been a little shrewder as readers of human character, or if they had known why old William Bacon was there, they would have kept quiet; but it was not long before they began to push again, and at last one of them gave a squeak and a tussle took place — the preacher was in the midst of a sentence: —

"An evil deed, brethren, is like unto a grain of mustard seed. It is small, but it grows steadily, absorbing its like from the earth and air, sending out roots and branches, till at last —"

There was a scuffle and a snicker. Mr. Pill paused, and gazed intently at Tom Dixon, who was the most impudent and strongest of the gang; then he moved slowly down on the astonished young savage. As he came, his eyes seemed to expand like those of an eagle in battle, steady, remorseless, unwavering, at the same time that his brows shut down over them, — a glance that hushed every breath. The awed and astounded ruffians sat as if paralyzed by the unuttered and yet terrible ferocious determination of the preacher's eyes. His right hand was raised, the other was clenched at his waist. There was a sort of solemnity in his approach, like a tiger creeping upon a foe.

At last, after what seemed minutes to the silent, motionless congregation, his raised hand came down on the shoulder of the leader with the exact, resistless precision of the tiger's paw, and the ruffian was snatched from his seat to the floor sprawling; before he could rise the steel-like grip of the roused preacher sent him half way to the door, and then out into the dirt of the road.

Turning, Pill came back down the aisle; as he came the half-risen congregation made way for him, curiously. As he came within reach of Dick, the fellow struck savagely out at the preacher, only to have his blow avoided by a lithe, lightning-swift movement of the body above the hips (a trained boxer's trick), and to find himself also lying bruised and dazed on the floor.

By this time the rest of the brothers had recovered

from their stupor, and with wild curses leapt over the benches toward the fearless Pill.

But now a new voice was heard in the sudden uproar — a new but familiar voice. It was the raucous snarl of William Bacon, known far and wide as a terrible antagonist, a man who had never been whipped. He was like a wild beast excited to primitive savagery by the smell of blood.

"*Stand back!* you hell-hounds," he said, leaping between them and the preacher. "You know me. Lay another hand on that man, an' by the livun' God you answer t' me. Back thear!"

Some of the men cheered, most stood irresolute. The women crowded together, the children began to scream with terror, while through it all Pill was dragging his last assailant toward the door.

Bacon made his way down to where the Dixons had halted, undecided what to do. If the preacher had the air and action of the tiger, Bacon looked the grizzly bear — his eyebrows working up and down, his hands clenched into frightful bludgeons, his breath rushing through his hairy nostrils.

"Git out o' h'yare," he growled. "You've run things here jest about long enough — git out."

His hands were now on the necks of two of the boys, and he was hustling them toward the door.

"If you want 'o whip the preacher, meet him in the public road — one at a time, he'll take care o' himself. Out with ye," he ended, kicking them out. "Show your faces here agin, an' I'll break ye in two."

The non-combative farmers now began to see the humor of the whole transaction and began to laugh; but they were cut short by the calm voice of the preacher at his desk: —

"But a *good* deed, brethren, is like unto a grain of wheat planted in good earth that bringeth forth fruit in due season an hundred fold."

III.

Mr. Pill, with all this seeming levity, was a "powerful hand at revivals," as was developed at the "protracted" meetings held at the Corners during December. Indeed, such was the ferocity of his zeal that a gloom was cast over the whole

township; the ordinary festivities stopped or did not begin at all.

The lyceum, which usually began by the first week in December, was put entirely out of the question, as were the spelling schools and "exhibitions." The boys, it is true, still drove the girls to meeting in the usual manner; but they all wore a furtive, uneasy air and their laughter was not quite genuine at its best, and died away altogether when they came near the schoolhouse, and they hardly recovered from the effects of the preaching till a mile or two had been spun behind the shining runners. It took all the magic of the jingle of the bells and the musical creak of the polished steel on the snow, to win them back to laughter.

As for Elder Pill, he was as a man transformed. He grew more intense each night, and strode back and forth behind his desk and pounded the Bible like an assassin. No more games with the boys, no more poking the girls under the chin. When he asked for a chew of tobacco now it was with an air which said: "I ask it as sustenance that will give me strength for the Lord's service," as if the demands of the flesh had weakened the spirit.

Old man Bacon overtook Milton Jennings early one Monday morning, as Milton was marching down toward the Seminary at Rock River. It was intensely cold and still, so cold and still that the ring of the cold steel of the heavy sleigh, the snort of the horses, and the old man's voice came with astonishing distinctness to the ears of the hurrying youth, and it seemed a very long time before the old man came up.

"Climb on!" he yelled, out of his frosty beard. He was seated on the "hind bob" of a wood-sleigh, on a couple of blankets. Milton clambered on, knowing well he'd freeze to death there.

"Reckon I heerd you prowlun around the front door with my girl last night," Bacon said at length. "The way you both 'tend out t' meetun' oughto sanctify yeh; must ' a' stayed to the after meetun', didn't yeh?"

"Nope. The front part was enough for —"

"Danged if I was any more fooled with a man in m' life. I bleeve the whole thing is a little scheme on the bretheren t' raise a dollar."

"Why so?"

"Wal y' see Pill aint got much out o' the appintment thus fur and he aint likely to, if he don't shake 'em up a leetle. Borrud ten dollars o' me t'other day."

Well, thought Milton, whatever his real motive is, Elder Pill is earning all he gets. Standing for two or three hours in his place night after night arguing, pleading, but mainly commanding them to be saved.

Milton was describing the scenes of the meeting to Douglas Radbourn the next day, and Radbourn, a senior at the Seminary, said:—

"I'd like to see him. He must be a character."

"Let's make up a party and go out," said Milton, eagerly.

"All right. I'll speak to Lily."

Accordingly, that evening a party of students in a large sleigh, drove out toward the schoolhouse,along the drifted lanes and through the beautiful aisles of the snowy woods. A merry party of young people, who had no sense of sin to weigh them down. Even Radbourn, so stern and grave ordinarily, joined in the songs which they sung to the swift clanging of the bells, until the lights of the schoolhouse burned redly through the frosty air.

Not a few of the older people present felt scandalized by the singing, and by the dancing eyes of the "town girls" who couldn't for the life of them take the thing seriously. The room was so little, and hot, and smoky, and the men looked so queer in their rough coats and hair every whichway.

But they took their seats demurely on the back seat, and joined in the opening songs, and listened to the halting prayers of the brethren and the sonorous prayers of the Elder, with commendable gravity. Miss Graham was a devout Congregationalist, and hushed the others into gravity when their eyes began to dance dangerously.

However, as Mr. Pill warmed to his work, the girls grew sober enough. He awed them, and frightened them with the savagery of his voice and manner. His small gray eyes were like daggers unsheathed, and his small, round head took on a cat-like ferocity, as he strode to and fro, hurling out his warnings and commands in a hoarse howl that terrified the sinner, and drew "amens" of admiration from the saints.

"Atavism, he has gone back to the era of the medicine man," Radbourn murmured.

As the speaker went on, foam came upon his thin lips, his lifted hand had prophecy and threatening in it, his eyes reflected flames, his voice had now the tone of the implacable, vindictive judge. He gloated on the pictures that his words called up. By the power of his imagination the walls widened, the floor was no longer felt, the crowded room grew still as death, every eye fixed on the speaker's face.

"I tell you, you must repent or die. I can see the great judgment angel now!" he said, stopping suddenly and pointing above the stove-pipe. "I can see him as he stands weighing your souls as a man 'ud weigh wheat and chaff. Wheat goes into the Father's garner; chaff is blown to hell's devouring flame! I can see him *now!* — he seizes a poor, damned, struggling soul by the *neck*, he holds him over the flaming forge of *hell* till his bones melt like wax; he shrivels like thread in the flame of a candle; he is nothing but a charred husk, and the angel flings him back into *outer darkness*, — life was not in him."

It was this astonishing figure, powerfully acted, that scared poor Tom Dixon into crying out for mercy. The effect on the rest was awful. To see so great a sinner fall terror-stricken seemed like a providential stroke of confirmatory evidence, and nearly a dozen other young people fell crying. Whereat the old people burst out into "amens" with unspeakable fervor. But the preacher, the wild light still in his eyes, tore up and down, crying above the tumult: —

"The Lord is come with *power!* His hand is visibly *here*. Shout *aloud* and spare *not*, fall before him as *dust* to his feet! Hypocrites, vipers, scoffers! the *lash* o' the *Lord* is on ye!"

In the intense pause which followed as he waited with expectant uplifted face — a pause so deep even the sobbing sinners held their breaths, — a dry, drawling, utterly matter-o'-fact voice broke the tense hush.

"S-a-y, Pill, aint you a bearun' down on the boys a *leetle* hard?"

The preacher's extended arm fell as if life had gone out of it. His face flushed and paled; the people laughed hysterically, some of them the tears of terror still on their cheeks; but Radbourn said, "Bravo, Bacon!"

Pill recovered himself.

"Not hard enough for *you*, neighbor Bacon."

Bacon rose, retaining the same dry, prosaic tone: —

"I aint bitin' that kind of a hook, an' I aint goin' to be *yanked* into heaven when I c'n *slide* into hell. Wal! I must be goin', I've got a new-milk's cow that needs tendin' to."

The effect of all this was indescribable. From being at the very mouth of the furnace, quivering with fear and captive to morbid imaginings, Bacon's dry intonation had brought them all back to earth again. They saw a little of the absurdity of the whole situation.

Pill was beaten for the first time in his life. He'd been struck below the belt by a good-natured giant. The best he could do, as Bacon shuffled calmly out, was to stammer: "Will some one please sing?" And while they sang, he stood in deep thought. Just as the last verse was quivering into silence, the full, deep tones of Radbourn's voice rose above the bustle of feet and clatter of seats:

"And all *that* he preaches in the name of Him who came bringing peace and good-will to men."

Radbourn's tone had in it reproach and a noble suggestion. The people looked at him curiously. The deacons nodded their heads together in counsel, and when they turned to the desk, Pill was gone!

"Gee whittaker! That was tough," said Milton to Radbourn; "knocked the wind out o' him like a cannon ball. What'll he do now?"

"He can't do anything but acknowledge his foolishness."

"You no business t' come here an' 'sturb the Lord's meetin'," cried old Daddy Brown to Radbourn. "You're a sinner and a scoffer."

"I thought Bacon was the disturbing ele — "

"You're just as bad!"

"He's all *right*," said William Councill; "I've got sick, m'self, of bein' *scared* into religion. I never was so fooled in a man in my life. If I'd tell you what Pill said to me the other day, when we was in Robie's store, you'd fall in a fit. An' to hear him talkin' here t' night, is enough to make a horse laugh."

"You're all in league with the devil," said the old man wildly, and so the battle raged on.

Milton and Radbourn escaped from it, and got out into the clear, cold, untainted night.

"The heat of the furnace don't reach as far as the horses," Radbourn moralized, as he aided in unhitching the shivering team. "In the vast calm spaces of the stars, among the animals, such scenes as we have just seen are impossible." He lifted his hand in a lofty gesture. The light fell on his pale face and dark eyes.

The girls were a little indignant and disposed to take the preacher's part. They thought Bacon had no right to speak out that way, and Miss Graham uttered her protest, as they whirled away on the homeward ride, with pleasant jangle of bells.

"But the secret of it all was," said Radbourn in answer, "Pill knew he was acting a part. I don't mean that he meant to deceive, but he got excited, and his audience responded as an audience does to an actor of the first class, and he was for the time in earnest; his imagination *did* see those horrors, — he was swept away by his own words. But when Bacon spoke, his dry tone and homely words brought everybody, preacher and all, back to the earth with a thump! Everybody saw that after weeping and wailing there for an hour, they'd go home, feed the calves, hang up the lantern, put out the cat, wind the clock, and go to bed. In other words they all came back out of their barbaric *powwow* to their natural modern selves."

This explanation had palpable truth, but Lily had a dim feeling that it had wider application than to the meeting they had just left.

"They'll be music around this clearing to-morrow," said Milton with a sigh; "wish I was at home this week."

"But what'll become of Mr. Pill?"

"Oh, he'll come out all right," Radbourn assured her, and Milton's clear tenor rang out as he drew Eileen closer to his side,

> "O silver moon, O silver moon,
> You set, you set too soon —
> The morrow day is far away,
> The night is but begun."

III.

The news, grotesquely exaggerated, flew about the next day, and at night, though it was very cold and windy, the house

was jammed to suffocation. On these lonely prairies life is so devoid of anything but work, dramatic entertainments are so few, and appetite so keen, that a temperature of twenty degrees below zero is no bar to a trip of ten miles. The protracted meeting was the only recreation for many of them, and the gossip before and after service was a delight not to be lost, and this last sensation was dramatic enough to bring out old men and women who had not dared to go to church in winter for ten years.

Long before seven o'clock, the schoolhouse blazed with light and buzzed with curious speech. Team after team drove up to the door, and as the drivers leaped out to receive the women, they said in low but eager tones to the bystanders,—

"Meeting begun, yet?"

"Nope!"

"What kind of a time y' havin' over here any way?"

"A mighty solumn time," somebody would reply to a low laugh.

By seven o'clock every inch of space was occupied; the air was frightful. The kerosene lamps gave off gas and smoke, the huge stove roared itself into an angry red on its jack-oak grubs, and still people crowded in at the door.

Discussion waxed hot as the stove; two or three Universalists boldly attacked everybody who came their way. A tall man stood on a bench in the corner, and thumping his Bible wildly with his fist, exclaimed at the top of his voice:—

"There is NO hell at ALL! The Bible says the WICKED perish UTTERLY. They are CONSUMED as ASHES when they die. They PERISH as DOGS!"

"What kind o' docterin' is that?" asked a short man of Councill.

"I'd know. It's ol' Sam Pilcher. Calls himself a Christian,—christadelphian 'r some new-fangled name."

At last people began to say, "Well, aint he comin'?"

"Most time f'r the Elder to come, aint it?"

"Oh, I guess he's preparin' a sermon."

John Jennings pushed anxiously to Daddy Brown.

"Aint the Elder comin'?"

"I'd know. He didn't stay at my house."

"He didn't?"

"No. Thought he went home with you."

"I aint seen 'im 't all. I'll ask Councill. Brother Councill, seen anything of the Elder?"

"No. Didn't he go home with Bensen?"

"I'd'n know. I'll see."

This was enough to start the news that "Pill had skipped." This the deacons denied saying, "He'd come or send word."

Outside, on the leeward side of the house, the young men who couldn't get in stood restlessly, now dancing a jig, now kicking their huge boots against the under-pinning to warm their toes. They talked spasmodically as they swung their arms about their chests, speaking from behind their huge buffalo-coat collars.

The wind roared through the creaking oaks, the horses stirred complainingly, the bells on their backs crying out querulously, the heads of the fortunates inside were shadowed outside on the snow and the restless young men amused themselves betting on which head was Bensen and which Councill.

At last some one pounded on the desk inside. The suffocating but lively crowd turned with painful adjustment toward the desk from whence Deacon Bensen's high smooth voice sounded.

"Brethren an' sisters, Elder Pill haint come — and as it's about eight o'clock, he probably won't come to-night. After the disturbances last night, it's — a — a — we're all the more determined to — th' a — need of reforming grace is more felt than ever. Let us hope nothing has happened to the Elder. I'll go see to-morrow, and if he is unable to come — I'll see Brother Wheat of Cresco. After prayer by Brother Jennings, we will adjourn till to-morrow night. Brother Jennings, will you lead us in prayer." (Some one snickered.) "I hope the disgraceful — a — scenes of last night will not be repeated."

"Where's Pill?" demanded a voice in the back part of the room. "That's what I want to know."

"He's a bad pill," said another, repeating a pun already old.

"I guess so! He borrowed twenty dollars o' me last week" said the first voice.

"He owes me for a pig," shouted a short man, excitedly. "I believe he's skipped to get rid o' his debts."

"So do I. I allus said he was a mighty queer preacher."

"He'd bear watchin' was my idee fust time I ever see him."

"Careful, brethren,— *careful*. He may come at any minute."

"I don't care if does. I'd bone him f'r pay f'r that shote, preacher 'r no preacher," said Bartlett, a little nervously.

High words followed this, and there was prospect of a fight. The pressure of the crowd, however, was so great it was well-nigh impossible for two belligerents to get at each other. The meeting broke up at last, and the people, chilly, soured, and disappointed at the lack of developments, went home saying "Pill was *scaly*. No preacher who chawed terbacker was to be trusted," and when it was learned that the horse and buggy he drove he owed Jennings and Bensen for, everybody said, "He's a fraud."

III.

In the meantime Andrew Pill was undergoing the most singular and awful mental revolution.

When he leaped blindly into his cutter and gave his horse the rein, he was wild with rage and shame, and a sort of fear. As he sat with bent head, he did not hear the tread of the horse, and did not see the trees glide past. The rabbit leaped away under the shadow of the thick groves of young oaks, the owl, scared from his perch, went fluttering off into the cold, crisp air; but he saw only the contemptuous, quizzical face of old William Bacon,— one shaggy eyebrow lifted, a smile showing through his shapeless beard.

He saw the colorless, handsome face of Douglass Radbourn, with a look of reproach and a note of suggestion,— Radbourn, one of the best thinkers and speakers in Rock River, the leading student at the seminary, and the most generally admired young man in Rock County.

When he saw and heard Bacon, his hurt pride flamed up in wrath, but the calm voice of Radbourn, and the look in his stern, accusing eyes, made his head fall in thought. As he rode, things grew clearer. As a matter of fact his whole system of religious thought was like the side of a shelving sand-bank,— in unstable equilibrium,— needing only a touch to send it slipping into a shapeless pile at the river's edge.

That touch had been given, and he was now in the midst of the motion of his falling faith. He didn't know how much would stand when the sloughing ended.

Andrew Pill had been a variety of things, a farmer, a dry goods merchant, and a travelling salesman, but in a revival quite like this of his own, he had "been converted" and his "life changed." He now desired to help his fellow-men to a better life, and willingly went out among the farmers where pay was small. It was not true, therefore, that he had gone into it because there was little work and good pay. He was really an able man, and would have been a success in almost anything he undertook; but his reading and thought, his easy intercourse with men like Bacon and Radbourn, had long since undermined any real faith in the current doctrine of retribution, and to-night, as he rode into the night he was feeling it all, and suffering it all, forced to acknowledge at last what had been long moving.

The horse took the wrong road, and plodded along steadily, carrying him away from his home, but he did not know it for a long time. When at last he looked up and saw the road leading out upon the wide plain between the belts of timber, leading away to Rock River, he gave a sigh of relief. He could not meet his wife, then; he must have a chance to think.

Over him, the glittering, infinite sky of winter midnight soared, passionless, yet accusing in its calmness, sweetness, and majesty. What was he that he could dogmatize on eternal life and the will of the Being who stood behind that veil? And then would come rushing back that scene in the schoolhouse, the smell of the steaming garments, the gases from the lamps, the roar of the stove, the sound of his own voice, strident, dominating, so alien to his present mood, he could only shudder at it.

He was worn out with the thinking when he drove into the stable at the Merchant's House, and roused up the sleeping hostler, who looked at him suspiciously, and demanded pay in advance. This seemed right in his present mood. He was not to be trusted.

When he flung himself face downward on his bed, the turmoil in his brain was still going on. He couldn't hold one thought or feeling long, all seemed slipping like water from his hands.

Radbourn was thinking about him two days after, as he sat in his friend McNabb's law office, poring over a volume of law. He saw that Bacon's treatment had been heroic; he couldn't get that pitiful confusion of the preacher's face out of his mind. But, after all, Bacon's seizing of just that instant was a stroke of genius.

Someone touched him on the arm.

"Why,— Elder,— Mr. Pill, how de do? Sit down. Draw up a chair."

There was trouble in the preacher's face. "Can I see you, Radbourn, alone?"

"Certainly; come right into this room. No one will disturb us there."

"Now what can I do for you?" he said, as they sat down.

"I want to talk with you about — about religion," said Pill, with a little timid pause in his voice.

Radbourn looked grave. "I'm afraid you've come to a dangerous man."

"I want you to tell me what you think. I know you're a student. I want to talk about my case," pursued the preacher, with a curious hesitancy. "I want to ask a few questions on things."

"Very well; sail in. I'll do the best I can," said Radbourn.

"I've been thinking a good deal since that night. I've come to the conclusion that I don't believe what I've been preaching. I thought I did but I didn't. I don't know *what* I believe. Seems as if the land had slid from under my feet. What am I to do?"

"Say so," replied Radbourn, his eyes kindling. "Say so, and get out of it. There's nothing worse than staying where you are. What have you saved from the general land-slide?"

Pill smiled a little. "I don't know."

"Want me to cross-examine you and see, eh? Very well, here goes." He settled back with a smile. "You believe in square-dealing between man and man?"

"Certainly."

"You believe in good deeds, candor, and steadfastness?"

"I do."

"You believe in justice, equality of opportunity, and in liberty?"

"Certainly I do."

"You believe, in short, that a man should do unto others as he'd have others do unto him; think right and live out his thoughts?"

"All that I steadfastly believe."

"Well, I guess your land-slide was mostly imaginary. The face of the eternal rock is laid bare. You didn't recognize it at first, that's all. One question more. You believe in truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, truth is only found from the generalizations of facts. Before calling a thing true, study carefully all accessible facts. Make your religion practical. The matter-of-fact tone of Bacon would have had no force if you had been preaching an earnest morality in place of an antiquated terrorism."

"I know it. I know it," sighed Pill, looking down.

"Well, now, go back and tell 'em so. And then, if you can't keep your place preaching what you do believe, get into something else. For the sake of all morality and manhood, don't go on damning yourself with hypocrisy."

Mr. Pill took a chew of tobacco rather distractedly, and said: —

"I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"No, not now. You think out your present position; find out just what you have saved from your land-slide, and come and see me again."

The elder man rose; he hardly seemed the same man who had dominated his people a few days before. He turned with still greater embarrassment.

"I want to ask a favor. I'm going back to my family. I'm going to say something of what you've said, to my people — but — I'm in debt — and the moment they know I'm a deserter, they're going to bear down on me pretty heavy. I'd like to be independent."

"I see. — How much do you need?" mused Radbourn.

"I guess two hundred would stave off the worst of them."

"I guess McNabb and I can fix that. Come in again tonight. Or no, I'll bring it round to you."

The two men parted with a silent pressure of the hand that meant more than any words.

When Mr. Pill told his wife that he could preach no more, she cried, and gasped, and scolded till she was in danger of

losing her breath entirely. She was a "guinea hen" sort of wife, as Councill called her.

"She can talk more, an' say less 'n any woman I ever see," was Bacon's verdict, after she had been at dinner at his house.

Mr. Pill silenced her at last with a note of impatience approaching a threat, and he drove away to the Corners to make his confession without her. It was Saturday night, and Elder Wheat was preaching as he entered the crowded room. A buzz and mumble of surprise stopped the orator for a few moments, and he shook hands with Mr. Pill dubiously, not knowing what to think of it all, but as he was in the midst of a very effective oratorical scene, he went on.

The silent man at his side felt as if he were witnessing a burlesque of himself, as he listened to the pitiless and lurid description of torment, which Elder Wheat poured forth — the same figures and threats he had used a hundred times. He stirred uneasily in his seat, while the audience paid so little attention, that the perspiring little orator finally called for a hymn, saying, "Elder Pill has returned from his unexpected absence, and will exhort in his proper place."

When the singing ended, Mr. Pill rose looking more like himself than since the previous Sunday. A quiet resolution was in his eyes and voice, as he said: —

"Elder Wheat has more right here than I have. I want 'o say that I'm going to give up my church in Cresco and —" here a murmur broke out, which he silenced with his raised hand. "I find I don't believe any longer what I've been believing and preaching. Hold on! let me go on. I don't quite know where I'll bring up, but I think my religion will simmer down finally to about this: a full half-bushel to the half-bushel and sixteen ounces to the pound" [here two or three cheered]; "Do unto others as you'd have others do unto you." [Cheers from several, quickly suppressed as the speaker went on, Elder Wheat listening as if petrified, with his mouth open.]

"I'm going out of preaching,— at least for the present. After things get into shape with me again, I may set up to teach people how to live, but just now I can't do it. I've got all I can do to instruct myself. Just one thing more. I owe two or three of you here. I've got the money for William Bacon, James Bartlett, and John Jennings. I turn

the mare and cutter over to Jacob Bensen, for the note he holds. I hain't got much religion left, but I've got some morality. That's all I want to say now."

When he sat down there was a profound hush, then Bacon arose.

"That's man's talk, that is! An' I jest want 'o say, Andrew Pill, that you jest forgit you owe me anything. An' if ye want any help come to me. Y're jest gettun ready to preach, 'n' I'm ready to give yeh my support."

"That's the talk," said Councill. "I'm with yeh on that."

Pill shook his head. The painful silence which followed was broken by the effusive voice of Wheat.

"Let us pray, and remember our lost brother."

The urgings of the people were of no avail. Mr. Pill settled up his affairs, and moved to Cresco, where he went back into trade with a friend, and for three years tended silently to his customers, lived down their curiosity and studied anew the problem of life. Then he moved away, and no one knew whither.

One day, last year, Bacon met Jennings on the road.

"Heerd anything o' Pill lately?"

"No; have you?"

"Waal, yes. McNabb told me he ran acrost him down in Eelinoy, doun well."

"In dry goods?"

"No, preachun."

"Preachin'?"

"So McNabb said. Kind of a free f'r all church, I rec'on from what Mac told me. Built a new church, fills it twice a Sunday. I'd like to hear him but he's got t' be too big a gun f'r us. Ben studyin', they say, went t' school."

Jennings drove sadly and thoughtfully on.

"Rather stumps Brother Jennings," laughed Bacon, in his leonine fashion.

BY THE RIVER.

NO-NAME PAPER, NUMBER THREE.

Dear town! How peacefully it sleeps
  Clasping the river in its arms,
While Time, as softly by he creeps,
  Wakes with no sound its drowsy charms!

Still sleeps my vanished childhood there;
  I but go back, and all is mine:
My playmates' shouts rise free from care,
  And endless afternoons still shine!

The elm trees still stand by the brink
  And look down in the river clear;
They know me, as of old, I think,
  And murmur as I nestle near.

And thou, just there across the road,
  Old Meeting House, where unseen feet
Still haunt the place where once there glowed
  Devotion's flame with Calvin's heat, —

The fire burns not, as once of yore,
  Upon thine altar: as flows on
The river to return no more,
  The prestige of thy past is gone!

The shadowy form of Change flits by
  On wings that, passing, brush my eyes,
And lo! in vision I descry
  The outlines of the centuries.

I see the fetich-worshipper;
  I see piled graves to altars grown;
The Ganges flashes; then there stir
  The priests around some blood-stained stone.

The buried shapes of Egypt start;
Assyria, India, Greece and Rome;
Old temples glorified by art,
With sky, man-copied, for a dome.

I see, above Gehenna's vale,
The gold-tipt pinnacles aflame,
'Neath which blood-writes the awful tale
That celebrates Jehovah's name.

Then, while the temple stone from stone
Is rent in ruin, o'er the loss,
As lightning 'gainst a cloud is shown,
There flashes high th' avenging cross.

So ages pass. The gentle souls
Who gave their lives in gentle deeds,
With background oft of priestly stoles,
Or fagots shaped to cruel creeds.

A Torquemada's hate I see,
A Bruno rapt in vision high,
A Luther loud for liberty,
Servetus glad for truth to die!

Then, swept by blasts of hate more strong
Than biting Winter's bitter breath,
I see a ship that flees from wrong,
And fears a falsehood more than death.

These, bearing seed whose future yield
Shall leave their cherished faiths outgrown,
Storm-driven, plough the watery field,
As oft God's sowers do, alone!

So tread I in my vision dim,
The pathway that the race has trod,
Past crumbled altar, voiceless hymn,
The shades of many a long-dead god!

But, dying into higher life,
I see the wondrous process lead
The stumbling race, through peace and strife,
To nobler thought and grander deed!

The heart of Evolution opes
And shows the secret it conceals;
Still loftier lives and sweeter hopes
And higher worships it reveals.

'Tis God then all the way, more near
Than is the day's light or the air;
And when He seems to disappear,
Lo! He surrounds us everywhere!

Roused from my revery, I turned:
Beneath the elms, across the street,
The windows in the old church burned
To gold as sunk the sunset sweet.

I heard the old-time worship there,—
The preacher's voice, the sounds of praise:
I saw gray heads bowed low in prayer,
And lived again my childhood's days!

Then said I, "They would count it loss
To see their forms and faith decay;
'Twould seem denial of the cross—
These new thoughts of the later day.

"But I can smile as Calvin's face
Fades out the pulpit there above,
While Law is lifted to its place—
A law whose inmost heart is love.

"And as I look on, up the years,
I muse not on the old that's gone,
I gladly see, o'er cloudy fears,
The flushes of a fairer dawn!"

So flow, sweet river, from the hills,
Flow down and far and out to sea;
I, in the faith my heart now fills,
From past to future go with thee!

So, like the river, flow O years!
From God to God thy course must run!
Through toil, blood, rest, hopes, smiles, and tears,
Some day shall finish what's begun!

I love my childhood's pictured dreams,
I love the pieties of yore,
But up the years I catch the gleams
Of promises that lure me more!

Would I go back? Nay, nothing's lost;
The good of all the past is fair
In life's great future; so, at cost
Of shadows, I will find it there!

NOBILITY.

ELLA FRANCES WELLMAN.

All Nature holds the promise deep,
Injustice shall be downward hurled;
But now all see Nobility
Walks handcuffed through the world.

Grandly she moves with flashing eye,
Honor and chains her lofty choice;
Not either arm she lifts to strike,
But all the cowards know her voice.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HOME INFLUENCE AND THE CHILD.

ASIDE from the mysterious influence of the little understood law of heredity, nothing exerts so potent a power in moulding the character of the young, as the influence which emanates from the home. The fireside of to-day may rule civilization to-morrow. Little appreciation, however, is evinced by parents at the present time for the measureless influence that lies in their hands, and which they are morally bound to conscientiously exert upon the lives they have called into being. Children will grow strong in spirit, mind, and body who from their earliest years have been taught the vital truth underlying the statement, "The pure in heart shall see God"; taught that not only in another life will purity of soul blossom in perfection amid the holiest and grandest intelligences of the upper sphere, but in this life, the God-principle, the good of life, will open to the soul of one who is absolutely pure in heart, with a richer fragrance, a more subtle beauty than can be experienced by a nature rendered coarse by unholy thought, poisoned by dwelling on vicious themes. To him who is pure in soul, pleasures are unalloyed: there is no after-bitter taste, no haunting of conscience, no contagion of moral death following in his wake. Life is fragrant, inspiring, uplifting, and his influence, likewise, is a message from a higher sphere to the struggling lives below, who have not been started wisely. I would, therefore, instil these thoughts into the heart of the child, pointing the twig toward the sun of absolute purity. The supreme glory of Jesus' ethical teachings lay in this,—he made no appeal for man-made laws; he addressed himself solely to the conscience of the individual; he went behind the commission of the sin, which is the accidental result, that may or may not be manifest, and assailed the *thought* which prompted the deed. Here lay the sin, here the evil that must be overcome.

Not he alone that committeth adultery, but he that looketh on a woman to lust after her, in the eyes of the great Galilean, had committed sin. This thought must be emphasized. The hearts of the young must be made to imbibe purity at the fountain. This does not mean that they shall be kept in ignorance of vice in a world reeking in iniquity, for herein lies the vicious fault, the fatal error through which, for many decades, thousands of the most innocent lives have been swallowed in the maelstrom of immorality. If the smallpox was raging in a section of the city which a child desired to traverse in order to reach a desired goal, the wise parent, rather than allow the child to wander forth

through streets filled with the loathsome contagion, would warn him of the danger, and, lest the wish of the youth to reach the desired destination be so great as to overcome his fear, the loathsome and dangerous character of the disease would be explained. Precisely so should the thoughtful parent explain to his child the fact that the world is reeking in vice, sin, and immorality; that temptations will be found on every side; that the wages, or results, mean physical disease, mental enervation, and moral or spiritual death.

A child thus warned goes forth clad in a coat of mail. It is not the prohibitory mandates of the Mosaic reign, but the frank, manly, and loving appeal to reason and conscience, which clothes his soul. Thus also should the child be taught self-control, tolerance, love, honesty, candor, and all those splendid virtues which make manhood and womanhood worthy of an immortality of endless progression.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN FREEDOM.

The life and work of Father Kniepp, of Wörishofen, Bavaria, illustrates most strikingly the beneficence of liberty, contrasting boldly the freedom enjoyed by the people in many European principalities with the infamous class tyranny which has robbed the masses in many states of this Republic of their just rights, as surely as the clergy in the dark ages robbed the people of the inalienable right of religious freedom. So remarkable is the work of this pure-minded priest, who has already cured thousands of persons, pronounced by the flower of the European profession incurable, and who numbers among his patients such distinguished characters as the Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, that a brief outline of his life and work will enable me to better emphasize the vital truth which I desire to impress. Father Kneipp, when a young man, conceived an ardent desire to enter the ministry. His health, however, failed, and all medical aid proved fruitless in its efforts to restore him. One day there came into his hands a copy of one of Priessnitz's works on Water Cure. He devoured its contents as a sinking seaman would grasp at a plank that offered hope of rescue. He put in practice its directions and suggestions and was restored to health. Another student was said to be dying. Young Kneipp persuaded him to adopt water treatment. He, too, was soon restored. When Father Kneipp settled in Wörishofen he set to work teaching what seemed to him to be the Divine word of God and healing the sick. First, the poor flocked to him, for he treated them gratuitously. His cures were remarkable. Soon others of means came. At length his fame spread through Austria and Germany, later over Europe. Incurables flocked to him and were cured. Thousands are annually now thronging the little town, who are given up by the flower of the European regular profession, a large per cent. of whom, it is said, return restored. Last year he published a work, giving his methods of treating disease. More than a hundred and twenty thousand copies

of this work have been sold. Numbers of physicians have gone to study his mode of treatment, after becoming cognizant of his marvellous cures; the envious in the profession, while being unable to gainsay his cures, raised the convenient cry of prejudice and ignorance,—quack, impostor, charlatan. In point of fact, however, Father Kneipp is exactly the opposite of these. Unlike his co-laborer in the medical world, Professor Koch, who so long carefully concealed the composition of his poisonous lymph from his medical brethren, Father Kneipp has no secrets: the simple remedies he uses are not couched in Latin terms: he names them in his native tongue, but he largely depends on water. The manner of using and reasons for so employing, are readily given to all inquirers. He makes no boasts, but he cures. He seems filled with divine love; consumed with a holy desire to save life, increase happiness, and lessen sorrow. The poor he treats free: from the rich he will only receive enough to enable himself to supply his very frugal demands. Had he chosen to accept half that has been offered he would be a rich man. His life and teachings are simple, sincere, and effective. His cures are so striking and so numerous that his fame has spread over the continent. Says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine:*

During the nine weeks, which at two different intervals I spent there last summer, I took care to question many of the other patients about the cures effected, and certainly some which came under my notice were most striking. It was very evident that a great number of the patients who assembled there had sought in vain for help from doctors, and many, as I know, came, having had their death-warrant, so to say, signed. Far from being intimidated by such cases, the Pfarrer openly said he undertook these in preference to others; and if I were to describe all which came directly under my notice, I could write pages. Here, in the town from which I write, a monk was dying in one of the convents, and the doctor declaring his case hopeless, advised the Superior to send him home so that he might end his days among his own people. Instead of following his advice, the Superior sent him to Wörishofen, and he was entirely restored to health. On the same day on which I reached the village, a lad of ten to twelve years was brought there, suffering from some complaint of the knee, which, as the doctor declared, rendered amputation necessary. Before I left, at the end of a month, I saw this same boy able to play about with the village urchins, the healthy color in his cheeks contrasting vividly with the striking pallor they had borne on his arrival. One patient, a Baron S——, suffering from disease of the spinal marrow and pronounced incurable, had to be wheeled in a bath-chair when he arrived at Wörishofen. The Pfarrer at once told him that by the end of a fortnight he would be on his feet again, and this actually came true. Naturally, however, as charity begins at home, I was most drawn to the whole thing by the marvellous effect it had upon myself. Not only was the root of the evil discovered, but the most distressing symptoms were removed; and I have every prospect of being entirely restored to health in the course of a few months — in fact, regenerated, as the Pfarrer calls it. To return to other cases, I will only name a few to show how very varied they are. Just before I came, a child of eleven had been brought there, all cased in an iron frame, with a distorted hip, and utterly unable to walk. This child had been under the treatment of one of the most celebrated surgeons in

Germany, who had failed to cure it. From the first moment, the Pfarrer was certain of his success in the case. He is one of the most genial of men and thoroughly enjoys a little joke, so he laid a wager with a gentleman who was present when the child was brought, that in three weeks' time it would come on foot through the village to his house. Just as he had said, three weeks later the child actually walked through the village, accompanied by a crowd of people. I repeatedly visited it myself and learned the full details of this case. Another cure which took place whilst I was there, was one of a man who had completely lost his voice, and who could only speak in a hoarse whisper. He had quite recovered it before I left.

Such is the splendid work of a pure-souled man, filled with the spirit of Jesus, who lives to bless his fellowmen. If, however, he should come to our land of freedom, in order to reach the suffering poor in the New World, and should, on landing in the Empire State, begin to teach and to heal as did the great Galilean of old, he would be arrested and thrown into prison as a common felon. If he persisted, he would be sent to the penitentiary to enjoy the companionship of murderers and thieves — for what? Healing the poor. Why? Because he would have violated an unconstitutional statute. A class law, planned, framed, and lobbied through the New York legislature by regular physicians, ostensibly for the protection of the people,— in reality for the protection of a monopoly, Thus would this holy man, whose life is a benediction, be made a felon in the land of liberty; not for any crime, but because he had robbed the grave instead of allowing the regular profession to relieve the pockets of the sick, in disregard of a law conceived, framed, and lobbied through the legislature by this same regular profession for its protection. Hence it has become criminal in many States of the Union to cure the sick. *

In bold contrast to these class statutes, is the law of Bavaria, which was enacted for the people, rather than for the medical profession, and which provides that any person may practice the healing art, provided he uses no secret medicines or compounds. When various substitutes of this character have been offered in lieu of monopolistic medical laws, they have been invariably opposed by the regular medical profession, demonstrating the fact that the profession was sailing under false colors

*A striking illustration of the practical working of these unjust class laws was illustrated at McGregor, Iowa, some time since, when Mrs. Geo. B. Freeman after being unsuccessfully treated by a leading regular physician was finally given up by the doctor, after which the husband or a friend of the supposed dying woman, sent to Dubuque, Iowa, for a Christian Science physician, a Mrs. Lottie Post, who came to the bedside, and the invalid recovered. So striking was the result that Mrs. Post was called to see a child in a critical condition. The child also recovered, when at the instigation of the Board of Censors, or some physicians on the Board, Mrs. Post was arrested and fined fifty dollars, for, *to use the exact words of the warrant*, "*Performing the act of healing on one Mrs. Geo. B. Freeman and others, contrary to the statutes of the State of Iowa.*" A criminal for "performing" a cure! Was travesty on justice ever more flagrant? Was liberty ever more outraged? Yet this is a single illustration of a number of cases which could be cited, to illustrate the injustice and essential wrong of this class of laws, which, while hypocritically clothed in the garb of public protection, rob the intelligent citizen of his inherent right to select his own physician, and places him in the hands of a protected class, who have secured the passage of a law for their special benefit, and in open disregard to the rights of the people.

and that its real object was class laws for self aggrandizement and profit.*

CLASS INTERESTS AND THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

The history of medical class laws in America is substantially a repetition of the history of railroad and other monopolistic measures which have, during the past generation, been lobbied through the legislatures of almost every State. Yet, through their passage a greater wrong has been perpetrated than in the enactment of most class laws, which while un-American, unjust, and obnoxious, only affected the pockets of the people. Medical class legislation infringes on the dearest rights of the citizen, a right as sacred as religious liberty,—the right to choose whomsoever he desires to wait upon him in the solemn hour of sickness and death. The monstrous features of this class legislation are all the more striking when it is remembered that all the alleged protection for the people which these laws claim to provide, could be rendered every whit as effective, without abridging the freedom of the masses or legislating in the interests of any class.

Class legislation is essentially unjust. The protection of the few at the expense of the liberty of the multitude, even though accomplished under the cloak of "Protection for the people," must sooner or later work irreparable injury to the republic.

It destroys all respect for law in the minds of the people, who are far too wise to be hoodwinked by specious sophistry. The people are long-suffering, but they are not easily deceived, and every invasion of their rights, every enactment of a law which is framed in the interest of a class or classes, and which curtails the rights of other citizens or works in any unjust manner, also works a subtle, but none the less positive injury to the republic. When, for example, the people observe a certain class arrayed openly, or engaged secretly, in securing class or protective laws, ostensibly in the interest of the public weal, and later find this same philanthropic class seeking to defeat the passage of laws which would accomplish for the public safety all they claim is desired, simply because the measures have been shorn of the class protective feature and thus

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*A few years ago, when the physicians of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts endeavored to secure a medical class law, ostensibly for the "protection of the people," the attorney for the remonstrants urged, in lieu of the proposed measure, that "the people be allowed to remain as free to select their physican as they were their spiritual adviser; but that all persons professing to cure, be compelled to place upon their signs and cards the school from which they graduated; or if a graduate of no school, to so state it." The proposition was opposed by the profession, who chose to have no law, rather than one that was not a class protective measure. Again last year, when another attempt was made to secure a law, the remonstrants urged, in lieu of any monopolistic law or measure, which would abridge the freedom of the people, a bill, providing that every person who claimed to cure the sick, be compelled to file a copy of his diploma with the county official; or, if he had none, to so state to the officials, who were to give him a statement of his qualifications, which should be hung in the office of the practitioner. Again the profession chose to have no law, rather than this, because this measure was not a class law that would benefit their members by compelling the people to employ only those physicans to whom their Board granted certificates.

preserved the former liberty of the people intact, they behold hypocrisy crouching under the mantle of philanthropy; self-interest masquerading as the embodiment of unselfishness; monopoly parading as the benefactor of its victims.

HERBERT SPENCER'S ARRAIGNMENT OF CLASS MEDICAL LAWS.

But there are other dangers, perhaps more significant and portentous than the abridgment of the inherent right of the people, in these medical class laws. They are of that brood of paternalistic measures, which has been imported from the dying despotisms of the Old World, and which, when once securely fastened upon our statute books, will advance with steady and dogged determination, destroying with every step rights deemed sacred by the founders of the Republic; liberties zealously guarded for generations, and which have contributed so largely to the prestige of our Republic, in the vanguard of progressive nations. Of the nature and gravity of these evils, few men have written more ably or intelligently than Herbert Spencer, who in his "Social Statics" observes: —

"There is a manifest analogy between committing to government guardianship the physical health of the people, and committing to it their moral health. The two proceedings are equally reasonable, may be defended by similar arguments, and must stand or fall together. If the welfare of men's souls can be fitly dealt with by acts of Parliament, why, then, the welfare of their bodies can be fitly dealt with likewise. He who thinks the state commissioned to administer spiritual remedies, may consistently think that it should administer material ones. The disinfecting society from vice may naturally be quoted as a precedent for disinfecting it from pestilence. Purifying the haunts of men from noxious vapors may be held quite as legitimate as purifying their moral atmosphere. The fear that false doctrines may be instilled by unauthorized preachers, has its analogue in the fear that unauthorized practitioners may give deleterious medicines or advice. And the persecutions once committed to prevent the one evil, countenance the penalties used to put down the other. Contrariwise, the arguments employed by the dissenter, to show that the moral sanity of the people is not a matter for state superintendence, are applicable, with a slight change of terms, to their physical sanity also.

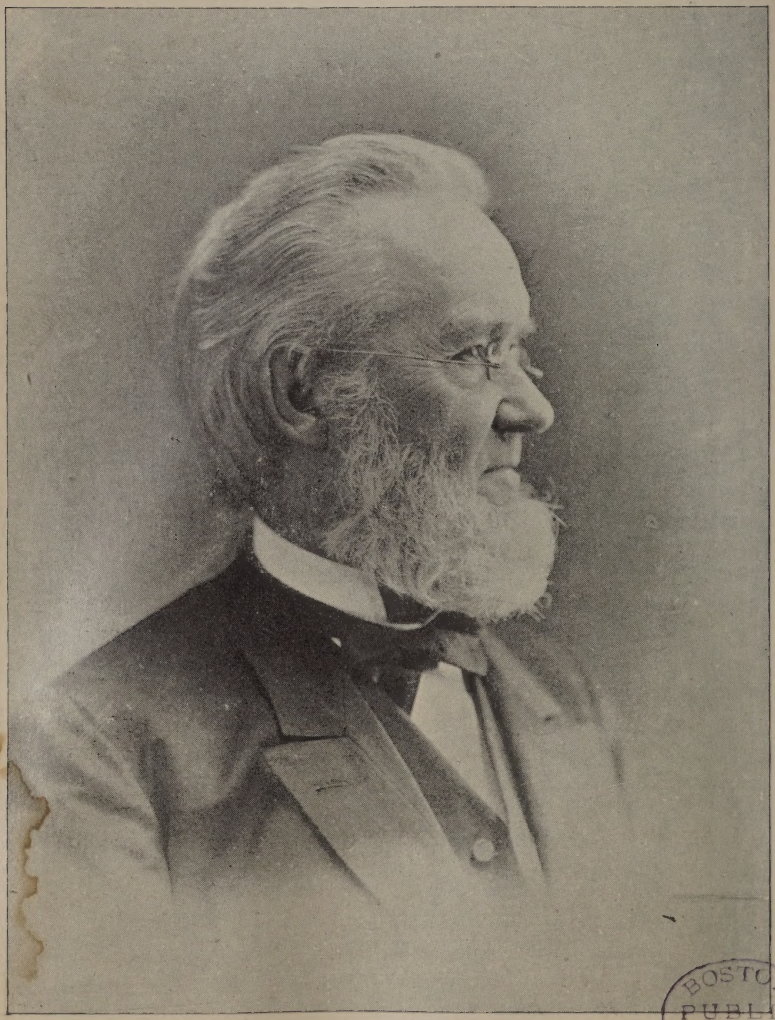
"Let no one think this analogy imaginary. The two notions are not only theoretically related; we have facts proving that they tend to embody themselves in similar institutions. There is an evident inclination, on the part of the medical profession, to get itself organized after the fashion of the clerisy, — moved as are the projectors of a railway, who, whilst secretly hoping for salaries, persuade themselves and others that the proposed railway will be beneficial to the public, — moved as all men are under such circumstances, by nine parts of self-interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy. Little do the public at large know how actively professional publications are agitating for State-appointed overseers of the public health.

"Whoever has watched how institutions grow, how by little and little a very innocent-looking infancy unfolds into a formidable maturity,

with vested interests, political influence, and a strong instinct of self-preservation, will see that the germs here peeping forth are quite capable, under favorable circumstances, of developing into such an organization. He will see further, that favorable circumstances are not wanting — that the prevalence of unemployed professional men, with whom these proposals for sanitary inspectors and public surgeons mostly originate, is likely to continue.

"The most specious excuse for not extending to medical advice the principles of free trade, is the same as that given for not leaving education to be diffused under them; namely, that the judgment of the consumer is not a sufficient guarantee for the goodness of the commodity. The intolerance shown by orthodox surgeons and physicians toward unordained followers of their calling, is to be understood as arising from a desire to defend the public against quackery. Ignorant people say they cannot distinguish good treatment from bad, or skilful advisers from unskilful ones: hence it is needful that the choice be made for them. And then, following in the track of priesthoods, for whose persecutions a similar defence has always been set up, they agitate for more stringent regulations against unlicensed practitioners, and descant upon the dangers to which men are exposed by an unrestricted system."

There is already a healthy reaction taking place: the people have become alarmed at the wealth, power, and audacity of law-fortified trusts, monopolies, and class-protected professions. The word is going forth that class legislation must not only cease, but the special privilege feature of existing laws must be eliminated. If this awakening proves general, the Republic will yet be saved from falling into the follies and iniquities of decaying monarchical governments and nations whose, people have for thousands of years been under the baleful spell of wealth and caste. In wider freedom, juster laws, more perfect equity, lies the hope of our people. Upon this blessed trinity must patriotism rivet its eyes. The more she triumphs the more perfect will be our government and the happier the whole people.



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THE FUTURE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM WINTERBURN, M. D.

ALL philosophy originates in the human propensity to ask questions. Whenever a child demands the meaning of anything, or the reason for anything, he becomes unconsciously a neophyte in metaphysics, and this long before he is able to understand hard words used to describe simple matters. It is a popular delusion that philosophy is a pursuit in which erudite professors at renowned seats of learning are alone capable of acquiring skill; that it is not a matter about which ordinary men and women need concern themselves, or with which they are competent to deal. As commonly understood philosophy consists of abstrusely metaphysical speculations, having less to do with the universe than with the laws of knowledge or cognition, and with those scholastic subtleties, foreign to practical life — such, for example, as the inquiry that has for centuries interested metaphysical dreamers: Is there a sensible universe, and have we any real knowledge of it? or, is all we believe to exist simply successive states of consciousness, which produce the illusion within the mind of exterior phenomena? This class of speculations, inherited from the juvenile period of civilization is not yet entirely obsolete, but lingers in the university and library, with about as much influence on rational progress as the mythology of Greece.

Philosophy is a permanent necessity of the human mind, and its history is the story of an ever-evolving, ever-developing process. The present intellectual and moral ideas of the race are the result of ages of gradual growth, elaboration,

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and rectification; a development from within, modified by influences from without. The moral and intellectual ideas now dominant are the heritage which has come down to the present generation from the very beginnings of humanity, with the sanction of an immeasurable past, the prestige of remotest antiquity. But while we are thus linked to all preceding ages by unbreakable chains, it is absolutely inevitable that all our philosophical ideas must undergo modification and change; that they must develop as they have developed; this is not only certain, but is a bright harbinger of hope; a gracious omen of illumination on the horizon of the future.

The simplest conversation on common things involves, to some extent at least, the why and wherefore; that is to say, their philosophy; and it is not a question whether we shall philosophize or not, but merely whether we shall deal wisely or foolishly with the problems which constantly beset us.

Philosophy, then, is not a thing apart from daily life and ordinary interest, not a subtlety of schoolmen; but it is that intimate understanding of all that is known, which makes us familiar with the causes of things and the inter-relation of all phenomena; an understanding which implies the adult development of the human mind, as distinguished from that childish immaturity which sees and recollects but does not understand. And the question now before us is not whether the adult moral judgments and sentiments of the race have been preceded by rudimentary ones, and will yet ripen into maturer and mellower ones, but whether we have now put aside childish ways of looking at things, whether now we base our philosophy of life, as we do our knowledge of fact, upon the solid rock of scientific accuracy?

Philosophy — the interior comprehension and understanding of the universe — necessarily implies extensive knowledge. We cannot perceive relations until we know the things that are related; and the intimacy of our knowledge of the things will be the measure of our conception of the relation. Philosophy is, therefore, evolved from science, from positive and accurate knowledge, and the height of the possible superstructure of philosophy depends upon the breadth of its basis in science. As science develops knowledge of facts, philosophy correlates them; science advances and philosophy follows in her footsteps, as frontier life pre-

cedes and makes possible urban civilization. There was no physical philosophy of the universe before the Copernican or heliocentric conception was developed; nor any terrene philosophy until chemistry and geology had had their nineteenth century development, and thus furnished an accurate basis for accurate thinking. Astronomers, with every observant faculty alert, are reaching out into the unexplored regions of space for a broader basis of stellar science, and are beginning to hope that something tangible may be learned not only of the composition of solar worlds, but of their genesis and destiny. Universal philosophy, or cosmogony, reaching thus out into space toward the infinite, with a persistent but probably never-to-be-accomplished grasp, is beginning to assume a somewhat definite outline; but whether it can yet deserve to be called a stellar philosophy may well be doubted. Nor have we more than a good beginning of geological philosophy, for as yet we conjecture but vaguely as to the vast ages preceding organic life.

With all our vaunted advance in accuracy of knowledge during recent decades, precious as this is truly, and pregnant with hope for further illumination, we are yet merely upon the outermost rim of high philosophy concerning the limitless universe, even upon its material aspect; and in this ultimate sense it is premature to speak of philosophy as existent, or claim to be philosophers. Let us examine this matter a little more closely that we may realize fully the juvenile condition in which philosophy exists to-day. There are two worlds co-terminous, intermingled, and infinitely related to each other; the world of death and the world of life. Zoic existence on our planet has been superadded slowly and wonderfully to azoic; and zoic existence alone has value. From a human point of view, a world without man and the animal and vegetable kingdoms would be absolutely worthless, and unworthy of an intelligent Great First Cause. Zoic existence is greater, more varied, more complex, and more interesting than azoic existence; but what is known in universities in regard to the world of the non-living, excels in its grasp of accurate knowledge what is known of the world of life. The schools of science teach us nothing of the origin of either; and have never solved the problem whether one arises from the other, or whether they are infinitely co-existent, or what is their inherent relation. Spontaneous generation being

generally abandoned by scientists, the origin of life is as obscure to-day as when man first walked this earth, and asked himself, Whence? Whither? We but see what passes before us, and humbly or bitterly according to the temper of the individual mind confess our ignorance of its past and future, its origin and destiny.

The philosophy of the living is that which chiefly concerns us, for it illumines our own life and makes known our destiny; but the living and the non-living are inseparable; they must be studied together. The health and diseases of man are inseparably connected with the anatomy and chemistry of his body, and the advancing accuracy of the physical sciences gives a substantial basis for the study of the vital sciences. Bland Sutton, in *Evolution and Disease*, has recently shown how numerous are the aberrations from health occasioned by the presence in the body of functionless (vestigial) ducts, glands, and other tissue; that functionless parts are more apt to be diseased than useful ones; and that the effects of disuse in producing vestigial structures in complex organizations, as for instance, the pineal body, is a constant menace to the integrity of the whole structure. The physical constituents and the vital processes are continually reacting on each other, and therefore must be studied together, with a realizing sense of the grandeur of the problems involved, and with a hopeful faith that when we fix our attention upon this reaction of the physical upon the vital, and the vital upon the physical, the inter-relation of the zoic with the azoic, we may attain a better conception of the whole, and of each part, than if we had confined ourselves to one direction of investigation. We put ourselves, as it were, in an attitude of expectant attention in the centre of the universe, at the meeting point of the two worlds; the living and the non-living, looking out upon each without losing our hold upon the other.

Life and death, mind and matter, are utterly unlike, and yet so strangely analogous, so antithetical, and yet so intimately related, that every discovery in one casts a broad, strong side-light on the other. The spiritual and the material are, to our understanding, equally infinite. The visible universe, the invisible realm of mind, and the infinite realm of Universal Causation, or divine energy, transcend all human comprehension, but they do not defy human

study. We may never know the ultimate constitution of the sun, but we may enjoy its warmth and light, and draw therefrom many rational inferences. In like manner, all the worlds of life and matter which are open to our cognition may be investigated, and from them we may learn, by the same patient methods which have gradually developed our knowledge of photographic stellar specula, all but that which defies research, the ultimate basic nature of each, which Divinity alone can comprehend. If by such methods we can carry the point of investigation up to and within the threshold of causal relations, and discover that the spiritual produces the material, or the material is the source of the spiritual, or that they interblend in the reciprocal action of alternate causation, such discovery will enable us to take our stand at that point where all the radii of knowledge meet, and we will then, and only then, formulate that profound philosophy of all things, which shall be as eternal as space and time, because it is as eternally true.

Such is the direction in which the spirit of philosophy leads us. It is not at the outskirts but in the centre of existence that we are to find the meaning of all knowledge, for philosophy comprehends not simply the sum of all acquirable knowledge, but the whole as related to itself. The elaborate mathematical calculations of *Mecanique Celeste* reach in one direction, and the equally elaborated theories of theology reach in another, as far apart as they can well be, treading upon the very outmost verge of the conceivable, while the proper territory of philosophy is left in impenetrable darkness. It is not by exploring Arctic and Antarctic regions that we comprehend the globe, nor by sailing around the "Dark Continent," or making chance settlements here and there upon its coasts, do we sense its mysteries. It is not from unembodied force nor from matter in motionless inertia that we can derive workable theories. It is only where life and matter interact in phenomena that we can attain to knowledge and philosophy. Dead matter is the foundation of all things terrestrial, the "mudsill" of the world, very necessary but comparatively uninteresting and unattractive, laborious in investigation and wearisome in comprehension. Life is the sphere of love, of joy and of power.

The unprofitable and bewildering mistake of our predecessors has been that they have studied the two extremes of ex-

istence, which have thus seemed incomprehensible; for neither of these exists for itself alone, and either of which implies the other and explains it. Without taking cognizance of the eternal and necessary correlation between these opposite aspects of the universe, no just philosophy can be formed. Those who see only one aspect quarrel with those who in equal ignorance look only at its opposite. They must necessarily differ as much as the blind men who investigated the elephant in a similar manner; the one who caught his tail declaring with great confidence that the elephant was like a rope, and the one who grasped his leg insisting with equal zeal that the elephant was like a column. Evidently the naturalist who is to describe the elephant correctly must not blindly clutch at the first portion presented and confine himself to that. This figurative illustration of philosopher's philosophy may be a little exaggerated, but in making a cartoon it is necessary to emphasize somewhat that the likeness may be readily identified. It is not slanderously unjust to compare the extreme psychic or the extreme materialistic philosophers to the blind students of the elephant. Take, for example, DesCartes and Huxley, the former considered by his followers a very prince of philosophers, and the latter recognized to-day as a royal leader in the realms of science, a teacher who knows that matter does all things by its chemical potencies. DesCartes published, and Huxley has revamped and reuttered the theory, that matter does all things for animals solely by means of chemical reaction. According to Huxley, the dog in chasing the fox, the fox in his cunning escape, and the dove in the maternal fidelity with which it feeds and rears its offspring, are merely illustrations of complex mechanism, and just as unconscious as a clock or a typewriter. Philosophers, such as these, have evidently only caught the tail of the elephant, and are apparently so fascinated by that rope-like appendage as to be unable to grasp anything higher.

The spiritualistic philosophers have greater self-confidence, a wider range, and higher aim. They begin at headquarters, examining the top of the elephant's trunk and flapping his pendulous ears, discovering immense powers and singular pliability. They have had but small toleration for the materialists. From the remotest period of the history of philosophy, the spiritual speculators have overwhelmed the world with their vagaries. Plato had an invisible realm in

which wise men ascended until they poked their heads through some kind of a revolving roof, and getting out upon its surface took very large views of universal life; and Plato was called a philosopher, and has had many imitators.

Oriental philosophy has been, during the decade just terminated, an occidental fad, though its exploiters prefer to call it a cult. Those remarkable mystics — not these fantastic faddists, but the genuine Indian article — have fancied that by living a very unnatural life, isolating themselves from their families to the complete neglect of their social duties, and by contemplating their navel, etc., they might become so godlike as to be able to enter into the deepest mysteries of the universe. The huge volumes of stupefying trash, which are known as oriental literature, illustrate the extent of this folly, while the degraded condition of India, where this literature is the only representative of so many centuries of its best thought, shows its tendency.

It may seem very iconoclastic to say that Europe has fared but little better than Asia at the hands of her philosophers; but not one of all the so-called philosophies, from that of Plato to that of Hegel, has materially assisted the progress of civilization, or done much except to hinder the rational investigation of nature, and thus assist in prolonging the reign of superstition. The writings of Plotinus, Porphyry, and Iamblichus are to-day laid away in dusty alcoves untouched and unregarded; and Liebnitz, the most illustrious leader in the metaphysical school, has no other merit to-day but that gained by his matchless skill in mathematics. As applied to such philosophers, the elephantine illustration is not unjust; but it does not apply to all who have discussed and endeavored to determine the meaning of things. There is a very different class of writers to-day, of whom Mill and Spencer are the best representatives, who would base philosophy upon scientific knowledge. If a sufficiently broad base of the right kind of knowledge has been chosen, we may see erected thereon a temple of philosophy that will endure through the ages. The most rational and hopeful attempt is that of Spencer.

It would be far beyond the scope of this paper to examine the bearing, the extent, and the accuracy of the Spencerian philosophy. That task belongs more properly to one, an American writer, who has attained a juster comprehension of

the universe than even Spencer, and who has taken possession of the true centre of knowledge, and has founded his philosophy on what his predecessors seemed to have deemed inaccessible. The commanding centre of all philosophy is that at which the psychic or divine element comes into that most intimate, most complete, most perfect correlation with matter; in which condition we find exemplified the infinite problems of life and death, mind and matter, God and man, and may, perhaps, discover the purpose and plan of creation. That centre is in man; in whom life and intelligence, in the highest state visible to us, is thoroughly blended with the matter which it controls; so completely blended, indeed, that superficial observers see only the matter.

All that we can conceive of the psychic, of conscious intelligence, and of emotion, is found in man. So, likewise, in him is found the most complex exhibition of the laws of matter, in its most refined conditions, under the control of life. If, then, we would approach the infinite psychic, or infinite life, which we call divine, the only avenue of approach is through man, in whom the divine is immanent as the sunshine in the landscape. A knowledge of absolute life in its relations to matter can only be acquired by rational experimental investigation. When that much has been accomplished we may hope to solve the universal problems of life in its infinite relations, which have, until the present century, confronted the greatest thinkers as an Himmalayan height in the distance, the base of which they hesitated to approach. For until the present century we have had no *science of man*, and, therefore, but little need for the word anthropology. Nor is there to-day in our universities, or in our medical schools, or in our philosophical literature, any adequate exposition of the threefold constitution of man: soul, brain, and body; a conception as essential to philosophy as the heliocentric doctrine to astronomy, or the atomic doctrine to chemistry.

To enlarge the boundaries of knowledge by solving the *mystery of man*, is, then, the problem that confronts us; or, rather, to open our eyes to the fact that the mystery has been solved. The views just presented are a part of that demonstrable and demonstrated philosophy which has been evolved by the life-long labors of the venerable Joseph Rodes Buchanan, formerly of Kentucky, but now a resident

of Boston. Dr. Buchanan is the most original and most successful explorer of nature that this century has produced. Darwin and Wallace have worked along lines of thought already well marked out before they were born; and the success which their evolutionary theories have achieved has been due to the fact that the universal student mind had been prepared by Lamarck and others, groping along the same road through the eighteenth century. Dr. Buchanan has not merely developed an unexplored territory, but he has discovered whole continents which were undreamt of before his time. The extent of these discoveries, and their revolutionary character, has prevented their serious consideration by any colleges, except the Indiana State University, and several medical schools, in which he has taught *ex cathedra* with cordial acceptance. In the nature of things, a truly original genius is a rebellion against intellectual authority, and can look for little appreciation at endowed seats of learning, where conservatism must of necessity reign.

To Dr. Buchanan, whose vigorous thought and expression are well-known to the readers of THE ARENA, the world is indebted for the first and only systematic or complete *anthropology* that has ever been published. This impressive presentation of an immensely massive science has attracted very little attention, partly because it has never been adequately advertised, and partly because it is so novel and revolutionary that its acceptance involves the destruction of the greater part of what is called philosophy in the universities, and the annihilation of many of the most cherished dogmas of the medical schools, which the faculty would resist as resolutely as an assault upon the walls of their college buildings.

A magazine essay permits only the briefest possible statement of the new philosophy, which those who have become familiar with it regard as the most important intellectual achievement of the century, destined to mark the beginning of a new era, not only in philosophy, but in science; for Dr. Buchanan offers no philosophy but what rests on a broad basis of demonstrated science; and his erection of a grand philosophy is due to the fact that he has not, like Spencer and others of recent date, built upon the accepted sciences of the colleges, but has gained a broader foundation by evolving new sciences which make a new philosophy possible.

Our summary of his doctrines and discoveries may be too concise to be satisfactory to the reader; but that defect may easily be removed by reference to his works, the *Manual of Psychometry*, *Therapeutic Sarcognomy*, *The New Education*, and the promised *Syllabus of Anthropology*, which may be expected during the current year, and which will stimulate the profoundest thought of which the reader is capable.

Briefly, then, it may be shown that philosophy has a future, though it can hardly be said to have a past worth remembering except as an historical curiosity; and that future, if it is to have a definite beginning, may date from April, 1841, when Dr. Buchanan discovered and announced that the human brain was susceptible of local organic excitement, by which the function of every organ could be demonstrated as clearly as the function of the spinal nerves were shown by Magendie; or it may date from 1842, when he published his chart and revealed, with wonderful perspicuity, the threefold sympathy of soul, brain, and body; the sympathy of soul and brain constituting the science of *Cerebral Psychology*, and the sympathy of the brain and body constituting the new science of *Sarcognomy*. This was the presentation of three new and original sciences of vast extent; an intellectual achievement which has no parallel in the history of the human mind. The three sciences are the *psychology*, which he derived from elaborate and long repeated experiments; the organology, or *cerebral science*, specifying the functions of all parts of the brain, both psychic and physiological; and the *sarcognomy* showing how every part of the body has a definite relation to the brain, and through the brain to the soul, thus making the mysterious sympathy of mind and body a matter of exact science, and furnishing a new basis for medical philosophy in many constitutional sympathies heretofore unknown.

The psychology differs widely from anything ever suggested before, the nearest approach ever made to it being by the Scotch philosopher Reid. The cerebral science differs widely from that of Gall and Spurzheim, being vastly more comprehensive, but confirms most of their discoveries as being substantially correct, though rejecting some decided errors. Not only does it differ widely in psychology so as to justify his rejection of the word phrenology, but it considers the brain also as the governing organ of the body, the seat of our phys-

iological energies, instead of confining it solely to mental operations. It is remarkable that the searching investigations of the brain by Ferrier and others have brought nothing to light contradictory to the prior discoveries of Buchanan, but much to confirm them.

The doctrines of sarcognomy and cerebral physiology appear as the final consummation of physiological science, showing not only how each portion of the brain sympathizes with a special portion of the body, but how in consequence of this sympathy of each organ and surface of the body with a certain portion of the brain, it comes also into sympathy with the corresponding psychic faculty. The existence of these sympathies is not only demonstrated by electric and nervauric experiments on healthy and rational persons, but by the experience of patients in all manner of diseases, as recorded by the best physicians. These sympathies of soul and body in disease might well have been arranged into a system of psychic pathology by a competent investigator; but this has not been done, and now it comes to us in a more exact shape as the deduction from physiological experiments illustrated by pathological experience.

Discoveries so remarkable and so extensive must be fruitful of practical results in therapeutics. They give us a philosophy of the reciprocal relations and sympathies of all parts of the constitution, and consequently of all diseases. They show also the relation of every part of the surface of the body to the vital forces, and what might be called the natural capacities for, or tendency toward disease; and hence the proper application of electricity, and all other external stimulants, to invigorate each healthy function, and to modify abnormal conditions where these exist. In short, Sarcognomy gives us a new but well-demonstrated system of electro-therapeutics, much of which will gratifyingly astonish those who have used electricity without discovering anything beyond the old anatomy and physiology. Such, for example, as the possibility, by certain electrical currents, of promoting sleep or wakefulness, of producing heat or cooling a fever, of exalting or depressing the animal spirits, and of developing highly morbid conditions, or checking them. All this is embodied in the volume recently issued by Dr. Buchanan entitled *Therapeutic Sarcognomy*, a volume of revolutionary tendency in therapeutics, which will interest every progres-

sive physician, and do much to increase his professional resources. It is entirely based on experiments, with which the writer is familiar, and which no one discredits who has attended Dr. Buchanan's instructions, for which this volume may be considered a substitute.

This brief statement will show that enough has been developed and demonstrated by Dr. Buchanan to mark the beginning of a new era in medical philosophy, and in biology, and the methods of therapeutics, of which biology is the basis. As to psychic philosophy, and those far-reaching conceptions which include the idea of the Divine, and of all His works, the discoveries of Dr. Buchanan have been carried to what seems now the utmost limit of human thought, making here even a far greater revolution in the attitude of philosophy to these themes than his physiological researches in biology have done. But this is too great a subject to enter upon here. The new philosophy will require many volumes for its complete elucidation. It is to be earnestly hoped that its indefatigable author, now in the last quarter of his century, may have strength and length of days vouchsafed to him that he may complete them.

Upon the broad basis of anthropology, as outlined by Buchanan, arise not only new systems of education, ethics, therapeutics, ethnology, and sociology, but a system of experimental psychology, styled *Psychometry*, which investigates the invisible world, determines the relation of man to the divine, and the degree of truth in all the religions and philosophies that have ruled the world. But it is not necessary to dilate upon this. I have said enough to awaken, in the minds of those who are prepared for it, a desire to know more of Buchanan and his work, and have indicated the source from whence that desire may be satisfied. I have known Dr. Buchanan personally for more than a quarter of a century; that knowledge has been of high service to me, both in my work and in my inner life; and in making him known to a greater circle of readers and thinkers, I but repay a solemn debt, which I am happy to acknowledge.

CROOKED TAXATION.

BY THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Experience shows that names are often equivalent to things for some important purposes. There is no time now for illustrations; but indeed none are needed. The long and universal popularity of methods of taxation, which in fact oppress and even plunder those among whom they are most popular, is the best possible illustration of the value of a name. For not merely the popularity of these forms of taxation, but even their endurance for a single year, out of the centuries during which they have existed, is due entirely to the judicious selection of a name.

"Indirect taxation" has a not unpleasing sound. There is nothing in it suggestive of fraud, oppression, or inequality. It seems to stand at least upon a footing of equality with direct taxation; and when it is explained as a method by which taxes are collected in small amounts, at the convenience of the taxpayer, while direct taxation requires payment in large amounts, at the convenience of the State, indirect taxation appears in the light of a positive boon to the masses of the people.

"Crooked taxation," on the contrary, has a very unpleasant sound. Yet is not this a far more accurate definition of the thing which is really meant by the other name?

There is in existence, in nearly all nations, a system of taxation, which bears certain uniform characteristics.

The taxes under this system are always paid to the government by persons who are authorized and expected to recover the amount from some one else, with interest and a profit, upon which the law places no limit.

No one can ever tell the precise amount actually contributed to the support of government by any one person, under this system.

No one can tell how much of the money paid by the final taxpayer goes to the support of government, or how much goes into the private purses of individuals.

A large portion of the final tax-burden is invariably perverted to private use; while, in many cases, nine tenths and even nineteen twentieths are thus perverted.

Private property is thus forcibly taken for private use, an operation which every court in civilized countries declares in so many words to be "robbery under the forms of law."

The amount of the tax has only a remote connection with the actual needs or expenses of government. It may be and in fact has been, in several countries, for ten or twenty years together, either much more or much less than the government needed. Where this is the sole method of taxation, taxpayers often pay a lighter tax for years together under an extravagant and even corrupt government than they pay under one rigorously economical and honest. This is no accident; it is inherent in the system.

The pressure of such taxation, therefore, has almost no effect in educating the people to demand or appreciate good government.

The more wisely and honestly such a system is administered, the more popular does it make public extravagance and the more unpopular public economy.

Under such a system, a few persons make large profits, and easily concentrate their power to perpetuate and extend it, in such ways as more and more to diminish the proportion of revenue which goes to the public use and to increase the proportion in which it is diverted to private use.

Under such a system, the persons who thus profit by what all courts of justice describe as "robbery, under the forms of law," acquire "vested interests," interference with which is regarded by multitudes of honest and unselfish men as something positively wicked.

Thus, as a necessary result of this system, the right to live by robbery grows to be not merely equal but even superior to the right to live by work. For the right of work is not recognized by law or public opinion, while the right of robbery is.

Under this system, honest men are often forced to abandon honest labor and to live upon legalized robbery. At first, this application of force is merely incidental; but eventually it is intentional and deliberate. It has been intentionally thus applied for a century in America, and for at least two centuries in Europe.

The whole burden of such taxes rests upon consumption and not at all upon wealth. The system absolutely exempts property from the support of government, and draws taxes only from those who have to spend, and in proportion to their expenses.

Inasmuch as the necessary expenses of the very poor are a hundred times as large, in proportion to their wealth, as the necessary expenses of the very rich, these taxes bear with a hundredfold severity upon the very poor, as compared with the very rich.

Averaging all classes of society under this system, the poor, as a class, invariably pay ten times their proper share of taxes; while the rich pay much less than one tenth of their proper share.

In addition to this, the system generally, though not invariably, adds to the cost of supporting the government a private profit, so large as to far exceed the whole amount of taxes paid by the rich as a class.

The whole of this private profit goes to a portion of the richer class; thus exempting them as a class from all taxation, and giving them a large net profit from the very fact of taxation.

This system, therefore, perpetually increases the natural savings of the rich; while it almost swallows up the natural savings of the poor.

The tendency of this method of taxation is, therefore:

1. To make the rich richer and the poor poorer;

2. To shift the burden of taxation from those best able to bear it to those least able;

3. To remove all checks upon the extravagance of government, by making the only persons who know that they pay taxes indifferent as to the amount of taxes, if not actually interested in maintaining *needless* taxes, for the sake of a profit upon their collection;

4. To force into existence a class of wealthy men, whose income depends upon legalized robbery;

5. To complicate the business of the country with taxation, so that enormous burdens are kept upon the people, for fear that "vested interests" will suffer, if these burdens are lightened;

6. To promote bribery and corruption, by making business profits directly dependent upon political action.

A system of taxation which invariably produces such results is fitly described by the name of Crooked Taxation. It is crooked in its operation, crooked in its form, crooked in its motives, crooked in its aims, crooked in its effects, and as fits a system inherently crooked, it is especially crooked in its influence upon the well-being of society.

It is not merely indirect. A curve is indirect. A right angle is indirect. Yet each is regular in its form and leads to results which can be clearly foreseen and which are frankly acknowledged. But so-called indirect taxation is never uniform in rates or operation. It never proceeds upon any fixed line, whether straight or curved. It never arrives at the point which is its professed aim; and it is never meant to arrive there, by those who control it. It never produces the chief results which are expected from it, even by its inventors, and never produces any of the results which they publicly profess to expect from it, except in rare cases in which their secret calculations are entirely at fault. Its line of working is pulled up and down by selfish interests, at a thousand points, until it becomes so hopelessly crooked that nothing short of omniscience can foresee its results. It gives rise to endless frauds; and every effort to repress these frauds involves some new oppression upon the honest and the poor. Invented originally to enable governors to defraud the people, it has no political support except the desire of the governing class to deceive the tax-payers as to the cost of government, the desire of the governed to evade their just share of taxation, and the determination of a small section of the people to use it as a means of plundering all the rest. Undoubtedly a few doctrinaires sincerely advocate this system, from honest motives; but their support counts for absolutely nothing, except as a convenient excuse in the mouths of those who have selfish reasons for quoting them.

Can such taxes be so levied, under the most honest administration, as to be "limited to the needs of government, economically administered," to quote the favorite phrase of the advocates of revenue tariffs? The needs of government, thus defined, will often rise $40,000,000 in one year and fall $30,000,000 in the next. Suppose the entire revenue to be derived from sugar and whiskey, which will serve just as well as to refer to a thousand similar taxes, now existing — shall

the taxes on these articles be instantly increased, by $20,000,000 each? Such things have been done, but with what result? Speculators learn that the increase is to be made; and they make gigantic fortunes, at the expense of the poor, who cannot buy more than their daily needs. With irony, all the more bitter, because it was so unconscious, our simple-minded second Franklin used to ask why farmers, clerks, and day laborers, who objected to a tax on pig iron, did not forthwith build hundred thousand dollar furnaces, so as to participate in the profits of iron-making. And perhaps some other philosopher may ask why sewing-women do not buy sugar by the ton, at low prices, to feed their children.

Again, it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the effect of a reduction of crooked taxation. A very heavy reduction of the tariff in 1846 produced a large increase of revenue. But a much smaller reduction in 1857, produced a permanent deficit in revenue. Corrections of treasury rulings, reducing duties upon steel blooms at one time, and upon steel wire at another time, increased the revenue upon each of these articles from a few hundred dollars to about two millions. Crooked taxes are like crooked rifles; the only thing of which you can be sure is that they will *not* produce the effect which you expect of them.

The result is that crooked taxes forever produce either a great deal too much or a great deal too little. And as no government can go on under a perpetual deficiency, every government which depends entirely upon crooked taxation, keeps up excessive taxes, and surplus revenues, with the inevitable consequences, extravagance, waste, and corruption. The total abolition of protective duties would make no difference upon this point. Public waste and corruption are the necessary results of exclusive dependence upon crooked taxation.

Enough has been said upon these points although much more might well be added. The limits of this paper will only permit the addition of a brief explanation of the effect of crooked taxation, in tending to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

It will not be here asserted that the poor are actually growing poorer. Whether true or false, that statement is not here in issue. The point made is that crooked taxation makes the poor poorer than they would be under direct taxation, and

continually widens the disparity between the rich and the poor.

What is the whole burden cast upon the people, by the present system of taxation? In addition to the revenue of the government, reckoning must be made of the profit which a few of the rich make at the expense of the rest of the community, out of so-called protective taxes. The most moderate estimate of this item places it at three times the amount of the duties actually collected by the government. As those who dispute this estimate assert that a protective tariff imposes no burden at all upon the people of the protected country, but that Europe pays all the protective taxes of America on European products, while America pays all the protective taxes of Europe on American products, there is no advantage in offering any compromise on this estimate. It may be taken as it is, or rejected altogether. It is included in the computations of this paper; but, if rejected, it would not reduce the estimate of the effects of indirect taxation by so much as one half.

The amount which should be allowed for the effect of internal taxes upon domestic production is much more difficult to estimate. That such taxes do increase the cost to the consumer, far in excess of the mere tax paid to the State, is very clear. The history of the match-tax alone is sufficient to prove this. Levied solely for revenue, it soon ruined all small manufacturers and created a monopoly, which increased the price, not only by the one cent per box, paid to the government, but by another cent; the cost to consumers falling two cents, in consequence of the repeal of a tax of one cent. And for nearly two years this whole increase went into private pockets; but it is not probable that all excise taxes operate quite so severely. Their influence in checking production, however, and the wholly unforeseen ways in which they hinder improvements and petrify industry, to the common loss, are well known. It would be a moderate estimate to put the indirect cost of such taxes at one fourth of the amount collected.

The profits of dealers upon indirect taxes, paid by them in the first instance, are plainly a charge upon consumers.

To call the general average of mercantile profits, before the consumer is reached, only fifteen per cent., is ridiculously low. No estimate, of which the writer is aware, puts it

lower than twenty-five per cent. Nevertheless, the lowest conceivable figure shall be here accepted.

The profits collected upon local taxes on buildings and chattels must be put still lower. Let them stand at only five per cent.

AMERICAN TAX BURDENS OF 1880.

Import duties	$186,500,000	
Internal revenue, etc. . .	147,000,000	
Increased prices domestic protected goods . . .	559,500,000	
Total	893,000,000	
Dealers' profits 15% . . .	134,000,000	$1,027,000,000
Local taxes	312,000,000	
Landlords' and dealers' profits 5%	15,600,000	327,600,000
Grand total		$1,354,600,000

Out of what fund can these taxes and profits thereon be paid? Not out of what the people spend, but out of what, but for these charges, they would save.

In proportion to what are they paid? Not in proportion to what is saved, but strictly in proportion to personal and family expenses.

Adopting the census of 1880 as the basis, as we must at present, there were then about 17,400,000 producers, supporting each a group of three persons, disregarding fractions. The average earnings of 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 farm laborers, in the census year 1879, were shown by the Agricultural Report to be less than $194, including the cost of their living. The earnings of 4,000,000 farmers were less than $300 each. The earnings of 2,700,000 artisans averaged $346. This includes the earnings upon which a group of three only are supported. The average family numbering five, this income represents an average family income of $577. So far from being too low, this is actually much too high. It is much more than the average earnings of mechanics' families in cities. It is $62 more than the

average railroad employee could earn, if employed for 313 full days in the year.* $450 would be an ample estimate of the average income of four fifths of American families. Nevertheless, the excessive amount of $300 for each worker (equal to $500 for each family) will be here accepted as the lowest range of average income, with $400 for each worker, or $666 for each family, in the next grade.

What were the total earnings of the whole people? The officials, who had themselves taken a large part of the census of 1880, and who remained in office after General Walker retired, became alarmed at its showing upon this point. By no manipulation, consistent with the figures, could it be made to show a gross production of much more than $5,000,000,000 per annum. One census-taker then guessed that farm products were under-estimated by $1,400,000,000; while another guessed that manufactures were under-estimated by $3,400,000,000. The agriculturist was not so wise as the manufacturer, and gave reasons for his guess. Of course the reasons cut down the guess at least one third. The manufacturing guess shows too much evidence of manufacture upon its face Still, the real census figures are undoubtedly too low. We have to guess. Building up from the foundation of a minimum average earning of $300 for each worker, or $500 for each family (which is decidedly too much), allowing an average of $1,300 for each of 1,100,000 workers in the centre (which is again too much), and making the smallest reasonable allowance for the large incomes of the richer classes, we reach the conclusion that the actual production of the nation, in 1880, was between $8,300,000,000 and $9,000,000,000. Professor W. T. Harris, after analyzing the original and amended census figures, estimates the same income at only $7,300,000,000 (*Forum*, July, 1887). If the average income of the basic 13,000,000 workers was only $225 instead of $300, Prof. Harris' estimate is probably correct. Knowing, as we do, that several millions of them did not average even $200, it is quite possible that he is correct. But as, upon this basis, the disproportion between the burdens imposed upon the rich and the poor would become too startling for belief, it is better to err upon the safe side, and to assume that the earnings of farmers and mechanics were far greater than any one has ever been able to prove them to be.

* United States Labor Report, 1889, p. 160.

It is much to be regretted that no complete statistics of the incomes of the people of the United States, during the years when an income tax was levied, seem to be attainable. Only some suggestions towards a correct result can be gathered from any of these figures. In 1866, under a law exempting $600 and house rent, incomes were returned, from business profits and salaries, by 460,000 persons, to the gross amount of about $885,333,000; which, after adding the $600 exempted, and an estimated house rent of $100 minimum and $400 average, which is none too much, would make a total income of $1,345,000,000.

Of these 460,000 taxpayers, about 57,000 (or 8 per cent.) acknowledged incomes exceeding $5,600 and house rent, which, in their cases, must be estimated at fully $900 additional. This would make their incomes exceed $6,500. Their total incomes amounted to over $312,000,000, including house rent. This is somewhat less than 25 per cent. of the whole; but, as the proportion was much larger in 1865, 25 per cent. will be a fair average.

In the city of Brooklyn, in 1865, 1,734 persons returned incomes exceeding $5,600 and house rent; of whom 801 returned incomes exceeding $10,600 and rent. It will be reasonable to classify them into incomes of $6,500 and of $12,500 minimum, respectively. In the poorer district of Brooklyn, the richer class constituted 40 per cent. of the whole class above $6,500; in the wealthier district the proportion was 48 per cent. It will be a very moderate estimate to put the incomes of the whole country, exceeding $10,000, at 37½ per cent. of all exceeding $5,000. In Great Britain, the proportion considerably exceeds 40 per cent.

Even in those European countries where the income tax is most rigorously and honestly enforced, it is universally conceded that at least one third of the assessable income is never returned. In the United States, there can be no doubt that less than half of the tax really due was ever collected. The administration of the law was corrupt everywhere, and was a mere farce in most of the Western and Southern States. It is a moderate estimate, to assume that there were really more than 800,000 persons in receipt of incomes exceeding $700, in 1866, and that their aggregate income exceeded $2,500,000 at about $3,000 each on an average. These may be divided into three classes, viz.: I. 720,000 at $700

to $5,000; II. 50,000 at $5,000 to $10,000; III. 30,000 over $10,000.

The increase of wealth in the United States, between 1866 and 1880, according to the valuation of real estate (which is the only safe test), was 65 per cent. The increase of population was about 35 per cent. Taking the medium figure of 50 per cent. as the increase in the number of large incomes (which is supported by British experience), the result would be as follows:

AMERICAN INCOMES OVER $700.

Incomes.	Persons. 1866.	1880.
$700 to $5,000	720,000	1,100,000
5,000 to 10,000	50,000	75,000
10,000 upwards.	30,000	45,000
	800,000	1,220,000

We must collect any further light upon the classification of incomes from a study of the British income tax returns. The following table shows the official return of

BRITISH BUSINESS INCOMES IN 1884.

Persons.	Income.	Average Income.
104	£50,000 and over	£91,783
1,192	10,000 to 50,000	17,644
1,871	5,000 to 10,000	6,553
1,117	4,000 to 5,000	4,270
1,947	3,000 to 4,000	3,266
4,202	2,000 to 3,000	2,282
13,268	1,000 to 2,000	1,277
32,769	500 to 1,000	541
19,996	400 to 500	
48,572	300 to 400	367
110,626	200 to 300	197
163,736	150 to 200	
399,400		

These returns represent only earnings from personal services and profits derived from business other than farming. Rents and incomes from corporate investments, mining, farm-

ing, etc., are not included. As 67,000 farmers and at least as many landlords also made returns, it is obvious that the list is a very incomplete statement of the income taxpayers. Not less than 200,000 British families live upon their investments alone; and the whole number of incomes above £550 must have exceeded 600,000 in 1884.

Let us now estimate the probable savings of each class, in 1880, after all taxes were paid.

Labor commissioners have repeatedly inquired into the savings of laborers, with the result of fixing these at not more than five per cent. of such incomes under $500, after all taxes have been paid. As taxes consume, directly and indirectly, at least fifteen per cent. of a laborer's average income, the average laborer is not so thriftless as he might at first appear. He does not spend more than eighty per cent. of his earnings. A paternal government takes care of that. The middle class find it difficult to save more than ten per cent. But the savings of the rich proceed upon a rapidly increasing ratio, until we reach some men who save, with ease, ninety-five per cent. of their income. This is not common; but there are well-known instances of persons whose income exceeds $1,000,000, whose expenditures do not equal two per cent. of their income. Such persons are practically exempt from all taxation by the federal government.

Mr. Gannett's census estimate of $1,300,000,000 may be accepted as the probable savings of the census year 1880, although Mr. Atkinson thinks it much too large.

Constructing a table upon the foundations thus afforded, taking American statistics so far as they go, and using British statistics only for the purpose of supplementing and classifying American figures, the following is the result:

American Incomes. Expenses and Savings, 1880.

Class.	Persons.	Income. Range.	Average.	Expenses.	Savings.
I.	50	$1,000,000	$1,500,000	$250,000	$1,250,000
II.	500	250,000 to $1,000,000	450,000	100,000	350,000
III.	5,000	50,000 to 250,000	88,000	40,000	48,000
IV.	12,500	20,000 to 50,000	27,500	15,000	12,500
V.	27,000	10,000 to 20,000	14,000	9,000	5,000
VI.	75,000	5,000 to 10,000	6,400	5,000	1,400
VII.	250,000	2,000 to 5,000	2,700	2,300	400
VIII.	850,000	700 to 2,000	1,000	850	150
IX.	2,500,000	350 to 700	400	380	20
X.	13,672,000	Under 350	300	285	15

It is now necessary to show the aggregate expenses and savings of each class.

AMERICAN INCOME, EXPENSES AND SAVINGS, 1880.

Class.	Persons.	Income.	Expenses.	Savings.
I.	50	$75,000,000	$12,500,000	$62,500,000
II.	500	225,000,000	50,000,000	175,000,000
III.	5,000	440,000,000	200,000,000	200,000,000
IV.	12,500	343,750,000	187,500,000	156,250,000
V.	27,000	378,000,000	243,000,000	135,000,000
VI.	75,000	580,000,000	375,000,000	105,000,000
VII.	250,000	675,000,000	575,000,000	100,000,000
VIII.	850,000	850,000,000	722,500,000	127,500,000
IX.	2,500,000	1,000,000,000	950,000,000	50,000,000
X.	13,672,000	4,101,600,000	3,896,520,000	205,080,000
	17,392,050	$8,568,350,000	$7,212,020,000	$1,366,330,000

The incidence of taxation is now to be considered. The gross expense of the people's living has been estimated, as above, at $7,212,000,000 for the year. Taxation is now distributed nearly pro rata upon this. The whole burden of taxation, including its intended and unintended effects, has been shown to be $1,350,000,000. This is equal to 18 7-10 per cent. on expenses. As the total savings, before taxes are deducted, would amount to $2,700,000,000, the ultimate burden imposed by taxation and its effects is 50 per cent. of all the national savings.

But, while this is the average, that average is based on a vast disproportion of burdens. The tax of 18 7-10 per cent. upon expenses means a tax of less than 4 per cent. upon the easy savings of the richest class, but of 78 per cent. upon the hard savings of the poorer class.

This will appear by the next table; in which are given:

1. The annual expenses of each class;
2. The tax burden at 18 7-10 per cent. on such expenses; and
3. The savings which each class could make, with no greater self-denial than at present, if it were relieved from all taxation.

American Tax Burdens, 1880.

Class.	Persons.	Total Income.	Expenses.	Tax Burden 18 7-10%.	Taxable Savings.	Savings left after Taxation.
I.	50	$75,000,000	$12,500,000	$2,337,500	$64,837,500	$62,500,000
II.	500	225,000,000	50,000,000	9,350,000	184,350,000	175,000,000
III.	5,000	440,000,000	200,000,000	37,400,000	277,400,000	240,000,000
IV.	12,500	343,750,000	187,500,000	35,062,500	191,312,500	156,250,000
V.	27,000	378,000,000	243,000,000	45,441,000	180,441,000	135,000,000
VI.	75,000	480,000,000	375,000,000	70,125,000	175,125,000	105,000,000
VII.	250,000	675,000,000	575,000,000	107,525,000	207,525,000	100,000,000
VIII.	850,000	850,000,000	722,500,000	135,107,500	262,607,500	127,500,000
IX.	2,500,000	1,000,000,000	950,000,000	177,650,000	227,650,000	50,000,000
X.	13,672,000	4,101,600,000	3,896,520,000	728,649,240	933,729,240	205,080,000
	17,392,050	$8,568,350,000	$7,212,020,000	$1,348,647,840	$2,704,977,740	$1,356,330,000

The general effect of this inequality of taxation will be better understood by dividing the community into three classes, as is done in other countries, calling them the rich, the middle, and the laboring classes.

Under the present system of taxation, the stored-up wealth of the community is annually divided about as follows :

ANNUAL ACCUMULATIONS.

Class.	Persons.	Accumulations.
Rich	120,000	$873,750,000
Middle	1,100,000	227,500,000
Laboring	16,172,000	255,000,000
Total	17,392,000	$1,356,330,000

If these calculations are at all correct, they demonstrate that fully half of the accumulated wealth of the country was, in 1880, passing into the hands of less than 27,000 persons, and three fifths of it into the hands of less than 75,000 persons.

But, it will be asked, is this the result of indirect taxation? Certainly it is. If taxation were direct and exactly equal, the annual savings of each class should bear the same proportion to each other after taxation that they did before. Taxation, in short, should at least not make the poor relatively poorer than the richer classes. Let us see, then, how the case would stand, if there were no taxes, no bounties, and no favoritism.

NATURAL SAVINGS, 1880.

Class.	Persons.	Untaxed Savings.
Rich	120,000	$1,073,466,000
Middle	1,100,000	470,132,500
Laboring	16,172,000	1,161,379,240
Total	17,392,000	$2,704,977,740

On this basis, it will be seen the laboring masses would gain forty-three per cent. of all the wealth instead of less than nineteen per cent, as at present; while the middle and

laboring classes together would gain sixty per cent. instead of thirty-six per cent.

But upon what principle of equity or economic science ought the masses of men, whose incomes fall below $400 to a family, to be taxed at all? Why should not taxation fall upon property instead of labor? Why should it be taken out of the means necessary to a bare living? It is idle to say that taxation of labor promotes economical government. It never has done so, and it never will. Indirect taxes are maintained for the very purpose of convincing the vast majority that they are *not* taxed and that they have no interest in economical and prudent government. It is absurd to contend that they must be maintained, in order to secure the votes of the majority for good and cheap government, when their chief object is to prevent these voters from feeling any personal interest in that question.

Under direct taxation, the tax burden of the American people would have fallen, in 1880, from over $1,350,000,000 to less than $600,000,000; because that sum would have paid for all the cost of government. Production would have increased at least twenty-five per cent. The national savings would have increased far more. The laboring masses could have saved $1,200,000,000, instead of $250,000,000. But all this is just as true now. The abolition of crooked taxation to-day would diminish our burdens more than half. It would multiply the savings of the masses more than threefold, while allowing them to spend much more than they do now. The rich would continue to grow richer, as it is desirable that they should; but the poor would rapidly become comparatively rich. Many reforms are needed in this favored republic. But none can compare in importance or in far-reaching effects with this: *Let crooked taxation be utterly destroyed!*

CONCERNING A PSYCHIC MEDIUM IN HYPNOTISM.

BY R. OSGOOD MASON, A. M., M. D.

It is not the purpose of this paper to recount the history nor to discuss the ordinary phenomena of hypnotism. Its history from the time when, under a different name, it first came into notice a hundred years ago, is known, and is not widely different from that of many other important discoveries; nor are the truth and genuineness of its ordinary phenomena any longer matters of doubt; they are, at length, admitted by all who intelligently interest themselves in their study. Still wide differences of opinion exist, and warm discussions occur concerning methods and concerning theories which relate to the essential nature of hypnotism and its more rare phenomena. Regarding the production of the hypnotic condition, a broad view of the facts tends to the following conclusions.

First. The condition occurs spontaneously and in persons in ordinary health.

Second. It occurs in disease, as in hysteria and some forms of fever, and it is sometimes caused by severe injury to the nervous system as the result of severe accidents.

Third. It is self-induced — some persons being able to go into the condition voluntarily and almost at will.

Fourth. It was produced by the mesmerists by means of passes, soothing manipulations, the imposition of hands, and by mental effort.

Fifth. It is produced by abstraction, expectant attention, and gazing at a bright object, accompanied or not by suggestion.

Sixth. It is produced in hysterical patients by the "massive stimulation" of the concealed and suddenly sounded gong, or by the sudden display of the electric light.

Seventh. It is produced by suggestion.

Then there are the "monotonous stimulation" of regularly repeated sounds, as, for example, the ticking of a watch; the "local stimulation" of certain points of the body called "hypnogenous zones;" and, in addition to all these methods, we have constantly presented to us in the various journals, both professional and secular, most particular directions for inducing the condition by means of various manœuvres which are supposed to be both useful and original. It is a notable fact, however, that the condition itself, whether automatic, mesmeric, hypnotic, or produced by any one of the score of different possible methods is essentially and substantially the same.

Another notable fact is this; that however existing, or by whatever method produced, certain phenomena are likely to occur spontaneously and without any interference whatever by an operator; nevertheless, in order that special phenomena may with uniformity or certainty be produced artificially or be modified when they arise spontaneously, it is necessary that a second person should come into a certain mental communication with the hypnotic subject, different from that existing between the subject and other persons about him. This special power of communication has been named *rapport*, or the relationship existing between the hypnotic subject and the person who influences or hypnotizes him. This peculiar relationship, while one of the most subtle and important, is at the same time one of the least studied and least understood subjects connected with hypnotism.

Bernheim and the Nancy school distinctively, while accepting a hypnotic *influence* which they do not characterize, and a *rapport* or relationship which they recognize and name, but do not describe nor define, make suggestion the all-powerful agent in producing both the condition and phenomena of hypnotism; and in a milder form the same dogma is held with individual exceptions by the whole modern school of hypnotism.

There are facts, however, which tend to show the insufficiency of suggestion to cover the ground, and which point to some other definite influence as efficient in hypnotic processes can little more than catalogue these facts.

First. Infants, and even animals, such as fowls, frogs, serpents, the vertebrate fishes, and even crayfish and shrimp,—creatures of so low organization that the supposition that they

are acted upon by suggestion is, to most minds, absurd, can all be hypnotized, becoming by that process anæsthetic and insensible. This was done by Czermak in 1873, by Preyer in 1878, and by Professor Danilewski and others, within the past two years.

Second. The hypnotic sleep, on the supposition that it is suggested, should be of such a kind, and only such as the person who receives the suggestion has knowledge of, namely, normal sleep. But the sleep or condition actually induced is often accompanied by such phenomena as inability to open the eyes, though perfectly conscious and anxious to do so, and also by anæsthesia and catalepsy,— conditions quite foreign to sleep, such as the subject has experience of, and quite unknown to him in any manner.

Third. Some persons can be hypnotized when suggestion or any thought of sleep is carefully excluded, and they are led to believe that some other effect and not sleep is desired; and certainly in the sudden and violent methods sometimes practised at the Salpêtrière, little time is afforded for suggestion.

Fourth. Some one person can operate successfully upon a certain subject, while another person can produce no effect upon the same subject.

Fifth. If A only can hypnotize B, or can come into *rapport* with him, then usually A alone can awaken B, and return him to his normal condition.

Such are a few of the facts which suggestion, in any ordinary acceptation of the term, does not account for.

Another class of facts and experiments illustrates still more clearly the insufficiency of suggestion, and also illustrates the peculiar relationship which exists between the subject and the operator. Before entering upon the examination of these facts, however, I wish to say a word relative to the character of the evidence which I shall adduce.

In 1882 there was formed in London an association of scientific and literary persons — physicians, professors in scientific institutions, members of learned societies, members of parliament, etc., under the name of "The Society for Psychical Research." Amongst those so associated were Professor Henry Sedgwick, President of the Society, W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, Prof. Balfour Stewart, LL. D., F. R.

S., A. T. Myers, M. D., F. W. H. Myers, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Hon. Secretary of the Society, and Edmund Gurney, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the most prominent literary workers in the Society. I mention these names because they are associated with the reports from which I shall derive some of the facts to which I may refer. I wish to add one more statement. In August, 1889, there assembled in Paris a body of representative men, eminent in psychological study, under the name of "The International Congress of Experimental Psychology." The Congress was convened under the presidency of Professor Charcot although his health did not admit of his being present. Delegates were there from almost every civilized nation in the world, amongst whom were Professor Ribot, who presided in place of Professor Charcot, Professors Richet, Bernheim, Binet, Delbœuf, Pierre, and Jules Janet, Forel, and Danilewsky. Professors James and Jastrow were present from the United States, and Prof. Sedgwick, Dr. Myers, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and others, were the English representatives of the Society for Psychical Research.

Prof. Charles Richet, the Secretary, in laying out the work for the Congress, made mention of the work accomplished by the English Society for Psychical Research, and especially of that done by Mr. Edmund Gurney, "whose premature death," he said, "science deplores."

It was before this body of men that reports were read and discussed based upon some of the same facts and experiments as those which I here present.

The first experiments described will be those relating to *Community of Sensation between subject and operator;* that is, where substances tasted or pains felt by the operator are perceived by the subject. First experiment, selected from Mr. Gurney's report, was observed by himself and Dr. Myers,— subject, Mr. C., operator, Mr. S. There was no contact between them. C. was in the hynotic state, and was not informed beforehand of the nature of the experiment. The operator stood behind the subject, and Mr. Gurney standing behind the operator handed him the different substances, and he placed them in his mouth. First, salt was placed in the operator's mouth; the subject, C., instantly and loudly exclaimed, "What's that salt stuff?" Sugar was then given. C. replies, "Sweeter; not so bad as before."

Citric acid given. C. replies, "Bitter; something worse; reminds me a little of Cayenne — sweety." A raspberry drop. Reply, "A sweetish taste like sugar." Salt given again. Reply, "I told you I liked sweet things, not salt; such a mixture!" Powdered ginger. Reply, "Hot; dries up your mouth — reminds me of mustard." Sugar was given again. Reply, "A little better — a sweetish taste." A variety of other substances were tasted with similar results, the last being vinegar, when the subject had sunk into a deeper hypnotic sleep and made no reply.

As a second experiment I will introduce some remarks made by Dr. William A. Hammond, at Washington. Dr. Hammond said: "A most remarkable fact is that some few subjects of hypnotism experience sensations from impressions made upon the hypnotizer. Thus there is a subject on whom I sometimes operate whom I can shut up in a room with an observer, while I go into another closed room at a distance of a hundred feet or more with another observer. This one, for instance, scratches my hand with a pin, and instantly the hypnotized subject rubs his corresponding hand, and says, 'Don't scratch my hand so'; or my hair is pulled, and immediately he puts his hand to his head, and says, 'Don't pull my hair'; and so on feeling every sensation that I experience."

Dr. Hammond has since assured me that the above remarks were correctly quoted and that he had often repeated the experiment in the presence of many of the most intelligent and distinguished people in Washington.

The second class of experiments to which I would call attention relates to the subject of *hypnotizing at a distance*, or Telepathic Hypnotism. The following experiments, by Professor Pierre Janet, of Havre, in conjunction with Dr. Gibert, one of the most distinguished physicians of the same city, were first reported by Prof. Janet, in the *Revu Philosophique*.

The subject, Madame B., was a marked example of close *rapport* with her hypnotizer. While in the deep sleep and perfectly insensible to ordinary stimuli, contact or proximity of her hypnotizer's hand caused contractures which a light touch from him would also remove. No one else could produce the slightest effect. After about ten minutes in this deep trance, she usually passed into the alert or

somnambulic stage, from which no one but the operator could rouse her. Hypnotization was difficult or impossible unless the operator concentrated his thoughts upon the desired result, but by simply willing, without passes or any physical means whatever, the hypnotic condition was easily induced.

Various experiments in simply willing post hypnotic acts without suggestion through any of the ordinary channels of sensation were also perfectly successful. Dr. Gibert then made three experiments in putting the subject to sleep when she was in another street or part of the town distant from the operator, and at a time fixed by a third person; the experiment being wholly unsuspected by the subject.

On two of these occasions a few minutes after the willing of sleep by Dr. Gibert, Prof. Janet found the subject in a deep trance from which her hypnotizer only could rouse her. In the third experiment the subject experienced the hypnotic influence and desire to sleep but resisted it and kept herself awake by putting her hands in cold water.

During a second series of experiments made with the same subject several members of the Society for Psychical Research were present.

Apart from experiments made in the same or in an adjoining room, twenty-one trials were made when the subject was at distances varying from one half to three fourths of a mile from her hypnotizer. Of these twenty-one experiments, six were reckoned as failures or only partial successes; there remained then fifteen perfect successes in which the subject, Madame B., was found entranced fifteen minutes after the willing or mental suggestion.

Another series of experiments was made by Dr. Héricourt, one of Dr. Richet's coadjutors. Subject, Madame D. Ordinary physical processes without fixing the mind upon the desired result were entirely ineffectual. The experiments included the gradual extension of the distance through which the willing power was efficient, first to another room and then to another street and a distant part of the city. One day, while attempting to hypnotize her in another street three hundred yards distant, at three o'clock P. M., he was suddenly called away to attend a patient, and forgot all about his hypnotic subject. Afterwards he remembered that he was to meet her at half-past four and went to keep his appointment; but

not finding her he thought possibly the experiment which had been interrupted might, after all, have proved successful. Upon this supposition, at five o'clock he willed her to wake.

That evening, without being questioned at all, she gave this account of herself: At three P. M. she was overcome by an irresistible desire to sleep; a most unusual thing for her at that hour. She went into an adjoining room, fell insensible upon a sofa, where she was afterwards found by her servant, cold and motionless, as if dead. Attempts on the part of the servant to rouse her were ineffectual, but gave her distress. She woke spontaneously and free from pain at five o'clock.

The class of experiments which I will next present relates to

THOUGHT–TRANSFERENCE.

A series of experiments were made relating to this subject by Mr. Malcom Guthrie and James Birchall, Honorable Secretary of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, and are included in the reports of the Society for Psychical Research.

The experiments were made with persons who were found to be sensitive, but without hypnotization and without contact.

The subject or percipient being out of the room, some article was produced and carefully examined by the operator or agent and those engaged in the experiment. The percipient then being re-admitted, blindfolded, and isolated, she was asked to name the object examined. For example, a ladies' purse with bright metallic frame and steel bar handle above was thus described: "It is something not quite square. Something bright in the middle. It's a purse; there is something very bright at the top."

A watch chain worn by one of the gentlemen, examined and concealed, was thus described: "It is a chain, a watch chain, hanging from the pocket like this," making a curve in the air with her hand similar to that formed by the chain. Imaginary objects thought of by the company, or by the agent or operator alone, were named and described; and names, both real and fanciful were given. Numbers were thought

of and rightly named. Diagrams were used in the following manner.

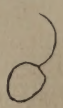
The percipient being blindfolded is seated at a table with his back to the operator, without contact and in perfect silence. A diagram drawn by a third person is then shown to the operator who looks at it steadily, in silence and with concentrated attention. The impression of the diagram received by the operator is gradually perceived by the subject, who after a time, varying from a few seconds to one or two minutes, declares himself ready. The bandage is then removed from his eyes, and he draws the impression which came to his mind while blindfolded. The following diagrams are from drawings and reproductions actually made in the manner here described: —

No. 1, Original Drawing.

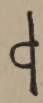
No. 1, Reproduction.

No. 2, Original Drawing.

No. 2, Reproduction.



No. 3, Original Drawing.



No. 3, Reproduction.

There are two more classes of experiments to which I wish briefly to refer.

First. Experiments made by Charcot at the Salpêtrière where a hemiplegic, hysterical patient was placed on one side of a screen and a hypnotized subject on the other, neither knowing of the presence of the other. In one or two minutes the hypnotized subject had acquired the hemiplegia and the other was free from it. Daily repetition of the experiment for four or five days resulted in the cure of the original hemiplegic patient. Other similar cases were also successful.

Second. Experiments where, under strict conditions, a hypnotic subject, sensitive but in his normal state, was able to detect amongst many similar objects, as, for instance, a set of books of ten volumes, the one over which his hypnotizer had simply made passes without contact.

It is evident that we have before us a series of facts and experiments of no ordinary character and of no ordinary importance in their bearing upon the study of psychology. What deductions can be fairly drawn from them, or to what conclusions do they fairly lead?

From the statements introduced at the commencement of this paper, it may fairly be inferred, first, that suggestion in any ordinary acceptation of the term does not cover the field of observed facts in regard to the production of the hypnotic condition, but while they do not invalidate the theory that suggestion is *an* agent in the production of this condition, they show that it is also produced by other means and under circumstances where suggestion is excluded.

A second inference is, that the method by which the hypnotic condition is secured is not important; but that in the production of the various phenomena of induced hypnotism the condition of rapport or relationship between subject and hypnotizer is essential. Before proceeding to make the deductions which the experiments afterwards described seem to warrant, it is proper to point out definitely the bearing which these experiments have upon the three principal subjects to which they relate, namely, Thought-transference, Telepathy, or the production of definite effects at a distance by willing, and Community of Sensation between the hypnotic subject and the hypnotizer.

By recurring to these experiments, it will be noticed that each of these subjects involves the transmission of impressions or sensations from one person to another by some other means than through the recognized channels of sensation. For if the agent or operator look steadily at a diagram, as, for instance, a triangle with a circle in the centre, and if blindfolded, without contact with the agent or any other person, and in perfect silence, the percipient, either hypnotized or unhypnotized, receive a distinct mental impression or picture of the same figure, and is able to reproduce it by drawing, and if this occur time after time with difficult or unusual figures, there is reason to suppose that the idea or mental

picture of the triangle or other figures is conveyed from agent to percipient in some other manner than by the recognized channels of sensation.

So, also, if under test conditions the hypnotizer, when at a distance of half a mile from his subject, simply by willing, causes that subject to go into the hypnotic sleep, does this at unusual and unexpected times designated by a third person, there is reason to believe that the idea of sleep, or some influence causing sleep, is conveyed from the operator to the subject otherwise than by the ordinary, recognized channels of sense communication. Furthermore, if when the hypnotized subject and hypnotizer are placed in separate, closed rooms in parts of a large house, widely separated from each other, the subject tastes the sugar or the salt which is placed upon his hypnotizer's tongue, or feels in his own right ear the pinch which is administered to the right ear of his hypnotizer, there is reason to conclude that sensation is conveyed from the operator to the subject by some other means than through the recognized channels of sensation.

The facts and experiments relating to each of these supposed cases are numerous; I have presented a few of them. They were observed by men of intelligence and education, and with special training fitting them for their work; they have been repeated time after time, and reported to and discussed by scientific bodies specially interested in such phenomena, and specially informed regarding them. And while they do not as yet claim to place the theories to which they relate beyond all possible doubt, they do render the probabilities that sensations, perceptions, and ideas are conveyed from operator to subject otherwise than by the ordinary channels of sensation simply overwhelming, and render the conclusion that sensations and perceptions are so conveyed almost irresistible.

So much being granted, are their grounds furnished either by analogy or facts upon which to base a judgment as to what this unusual or supersensuous mode of communication may be? First of analogous facts in nature.

When the beaten drum puts the adjacent atmosphere into vibrations which reach the percipient ear as sound, we have an example of sensation received from a distant source by means of an intervening medium. In this case the medium is the atmosphere; it is altogether and without doubt physi-

cal; it can be examined and analyzed, and its properties ascertained in such a way as to satisfy the most acute and sceptical scientist.

Again, an impulse starts from the sun or from far off Sirius, travels with tremendous speed, and impinging upon the prepared and sensitive retina gives the sensation of light, or reflected from surrounding objects gives the idea of form and proportion without the aid of any other sense. This impulse or influence or effluence comes to us through a vibratory medium concerning whose physical qualities we know absolutely nothing. The scientist accepts it on account of the sensible phenomena which he witnesses in connection with it, and he stimulates his imagination to the point of realizing it in consciousness.

When Newton saw the apple fall he realized that a body was moving in space without any apparent cause; and thence a grand idea and principle were evolved. Now looking a little way out into space we behold a whole system of worlds spinning about a common centre and all held as if in leading strings by some invisible force, and we know that that same force acting and reacting, regulates with mathematical precision the behavior of each distant world and of every particle of matter in a universe. We call the force gravitation; it acts invisibly, silently, and at immense distances; but by what virtue or through what medium we do not know. In electricity we have another subtle, invisible agent, acting with incredible power and swiftness, and in ways still very little known to us.

In the permanent magnet we see an influence producing its silent effect through an intervening space and intervening substances, drawing lighter particles of steel or iron to itself and also imparting or transferring to them its own virtue.

In living organisms sensation is conveyed from the periphery to the brain, and orders transmitted from the brain to the periphery; we know the fact but in our satisfaction in the knowledge we possess of the *afferent* and *efferent* action of the nerves themselves we do not fully realize the swift, silent, mysterious messenger which flies back and forth upon this beautiful highway, laden with its important messages. When, therefore, we observe the facts described as Community of Sensation, Telepathy, and Thought-transference, all involving simply effects produced by a distant cause through means and media with which we are not well

acquainted, we see abundant examples of analogous — nay, almost identical phenomena in nature produced through agencies acting at least through distances equally great and media equally mysterious.

The experiments in thought-transference, telepathy, and community of sensation involve one of three methods of communication.

First, direct transference of impressions without reference to media of any kind.

Second, a vibratory medium of some sort extending at least between operator and subject, perhaps even pervading space, through which impressions are transferred.

Third, a transmission from operator to subject of some rare effluence, of whatever nature it may be, ether, vital force, od, emanation, — something which carries with it the power of producing sense impressions upon the subject.

The first of these theories, that of transference without medium, may be dismissed as involving suppositions at variance with all our ideas concerning the transference of force. Both the other theories involve the idea of a medium, whether it be constant and existing without special reference to its actual use by subject and operator or existing as an attribute of living sentient beings, always in use to some degree and under favoring conditions producing what seems to us marvelous phenomena.

Let it be admitted, then, that community of sensation, for instance, sometimes actually exists between the hypnotizer and the hypnotic subject when they are separated from each other in such a way that the *ordinary* channels of communication cannot be used. Then there necessarily exists some other channel of communication between them of some *extraordinary* kind by means of which sense impressions are transferred; otherwise, salt placed upon the tongue of the operator alone could not be tasted by the subject, nor a pinch administered to the operator be felt by the subject.

If, then, community of sensation actually exist, and a means of communication other than that through the recognized channels of sense communication be necessary, it should at least have a designation and a name; and as this means of communication, in accordance with analogy, is in the nature of a medium, whatever its character and whatever its mode of action, I would propose that it be named

THE PSYCHIC MEDIUM.

To dogmatize concerning the nature of this psychic medium were at present unprofitable and unwise; but to accept provisionally facts which seem to be established by carefully conducted experiments, to invite further experiment and to form theories which bring the new facts into harmony with already fully established facts, this is a legitimate method of scientific work.

Admitting, then, the existence of a psychic medium, glance a moment at its applicability to various problems and facts which have hitherto refused to be solved or to fall into line with other established facts in accordance with any accepted theory.

First. It furnishes the needed medium by means of which impressions pass from agent to percipient in thought transference in the normal state.

Second. It constitutes the rapport or relationship existing between the hypnotic subject and the hypnotizer.

Third. It is the medium through which the sensitive subject recognizes amongst many similar objects, the one over which the operator who is accustomed to hypnotize him has simply made passes without contact.

Fourth. It is the medium by which community of sensation is established between hypnotizer and subject.

Fifth. It is the medium by which hypnotic sleep is induced and hypnotic suggestions are realized through distances far too great to allow suggestion to reach even the most sensitive subject by any of the ordinary channels of sense communication.

Sixth. It furnishes the means, generally, by which that potent factor in hypnotism, namely, suggestion, can be taken from a field more marvellous than any supernaturalism, and brought within a field where reasonable study can be applied to it.

Seventh. In its widest sense, it is the medium of influence which manifests itself throughout the world of organic life, from the simple cell to reasoning man; from diatom to prince, philosopher, or poet; the medium through which qualities are perceived, opinions formed, and loves established, independent of knowledge gained by ordinary sense perceptions or any process of reasoning. It is the medium of *intuition*.

A medium or agent fulfilling so many important missions, one so necessary to the understanding of so many occult phenomena, is at least entitled to recognition, a name, and careful scientific study.

What is its future? Charcot and the schools at Salpêtrière took for a fundamental idea the pathological nature of the hypnotic state. The experimental methods used were for the most part hard and mechanical; the deductions made were from a narrow range of facts; but an important work was accomplished. The great name of Charcot, scarcely less than his important work, placed the main facts connected with the hypnotic state upon a scientific basis and invited the study of the scientific world.

The Nancy School, with Bernheim as its powerful exponent, assumed the physiological nature of hypnotism. Its methods were gentle and therapeutic; its deductions were made from a larger range of facts; its results were most important. It established the immense power of suggestion and it attracted the whole scientific world by the fascination of its teachings and the wonderful and brilliant results of its experiments. It has eclipsed the glories of the Salpêtrière.

But a grave doubt is springing up in the minds of careful and thoughtful observers regarding the universal application of suggestion as claimed by the Nancy School. The coming school will modify materially the present teaching on that subject. It will take for its fundamental idea the reality of a psychic medium, or a psychic force; it will generalize from a still wider field of facts and experiments, and it will show an extent of application and a brilliancy of results which in its turn will dim the splendor of its great predecessor. I do not at present assume to point out the exact course upon which this principle will lead, but to those who are interesting themselves in the New Psychology with its experimental methods, I desire to express my firm conviction that no more fruitful field of investigation is at present open to the student, than that which has been here imperfectly outlined; and I am well assured that those who there diligently seek will joyfully discover that "Truth lies that way."

BUDDHISM IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

In the January number of THE ARENA, Dr. Felix L. Oswald gives us, under the startling title, "Was Christ a Buddhist?" a very bold, ingenious, and plausible argument in proof (*not* of the foregoing proposition, which is a thesis appearing only in the title, not the text, but) that the New Testament was of East Indian origin. This, however, is startling enough. In support of it, twenty traditional analogies and a large number of dogmatic and ceremonial observances are adduced; and it is argued that as Buddhism came upon the stage of history four hundred years before Christianity, there can be no question but what the Gospel accounts were derived from Buddhism; and it is hinted that only ecclesiastical bias or ignorance of Oriental religions can account for such suppression of the truth, as a denial of this East Indian origin of the New Testament.

As one who has made a pretty careful study of Buddhism, and who is willing to admit the existence of certain legendary elements and pagan influences in the New Testament, I yet wish, in the name of sound scholarship, to protest against Dr. Oswald's theory and expose its fallacies. Though the Buddhistic theory of the origin of the Gospels is new to the public, scholars have, however, already weighed and tested it, as presented by Ernest de Bunsen, Arthur Lillie, Dr. Seydel, and others, and have found it destitute of solid foundations.

First, the resemblances alleged by Dr. Oswald, even if granted, would be insufficient to prove his case. For if the New Testament had a Buddhist source, then the resemblances would have been much greater and far more thorough-going than they are. The differences between the Gospel and Buddhism run deeper and are more positive than the likenesses.

Christianity has, as its central doctrine, the Fatherhood of a personal God, with whom the human soul comes into communion, and with whom it looks forward to dwell in an eternal life in the mansions of heaven. In Buddhism, on the contrary, there is no belief in a personal Supreme Being. If not atheistic, Buddhism is at least agnostic on this point. The belief in the soul, or a personal self in man, and desire for heaven are each branded by Buddhism as two of the chief fetters which a true Buddhist must break. (110 Rhys Davids' Manual.) Heaven as well as earth, and personal consciousness and individuality, just as much as human or animal body, are considered impermanent and subject to change and decay.

Again Christianity takes a cheerful view of life, bidding men rejoice, and Christ proclaims that he came that men might have life and have it more abundantly. Christ discourages, to be sure, over-anxiety about earthly satisfactions, but declares that the Heavenly Father "knoweth that ye have need of these things." The world is not to be shunned, but to be overcome.

Buddhism, on the contrary, is a pessimism which proclaims the universal reign of sorrow, and that life is an evil in itself, and that men ought so absolutely to extinguish all desires that in Nirvana, the doom of reincarnation and continued existence may be escaped. The true Buddhist must withdraw from the world and live as a monk.

Once more, Buddhism is founded upon the doctrine of reincarnation, and that misfortunes in the present life are retributions for sins in some preceding life. Yet when Jesus was asked, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" (John ix. 2), Jesus expressly denied the Buddhistic doctrine.

Christianity looks upon marriage as honorable and undefiled. Peter was not obliged to put away his wife. Christ honored weddings with his presence, and blessed the little children; and Paul, John, and the Master all teach that love is the very culmination of the religious life.

Buddhism, on the contrary, bids its disciples shun married life as if it were a burning pit of living coals; and if before conversion they are married, then they should abandon wife and children; and it teaches us that to attain the highest state, love, like all other feelings, should be extinguished.

Lastly, to bring an end to a catalogue of contrasts that might be indefinitely prolonged, the Buddhist disciples were forbidden to work in the fields, and were to get their food by begging; they must avoid meat and wine.

Christ, on the contrary, encouraged work, and Paul supported himself by his own hands. The New Testament bids men be diligent in business. Jesus bought his food, not begged it, ate the Paschal lamb and drank wine, and Paul recommended it to Timothy.

Such are a few of the many contrasts between the two religions. Now if Christ had been a Buddhist or the New Testament of Buddhistic origin, it is incredible that the chief doctrines of Buddhism should thus have been contradicted in the gospels and epistles, sprung from it.

2dly. Not only is it true that in general, the resemblances between the two religions are much less than the differences, but even in the particular cases of alleged analogy, cited by Dr. Oswald, careful investigation shows that the coincidence is a superficial and exaggerated one. Take as tests, the four most striking cases of all, — those most often adduced, numbered 1, 8, 13, 14, by Dr. Oswald, and it will be seen that there is quite as much difference as likeness.

Dr. Oswald's first and strongest card among these traditional analogies is that (No. 1) "Both Buddha and Christ were of royal lineage and born of a mother who, though married, was still a virgin."

Now, Prof. Oldenberg (p. 99) has shown that in the older tradition the Buddha's father was only a wealthy landowner; and Jesus had no royal rank, only a very distant descent from David and was merely a carpenter's son. As to the birth of both from a virgin, this was *not* true of Buddha, according to any early or good authority.

In the most reliable of the lives of Buddha known in China, the *Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king*, dating from 420 A. D., it is expressly said that the king was his *father*. "So now, the king, having *begotten* a royal prince," etc. (ch. i. 143.) In the *Lalita Vistara* it is taught very distinctly that Buddha's mother lived with her husband as his wife, in ordinary marital relations, for many years, only childless, until the conception of Buddha. So in Wong-puh's life of Buddha it is expressly said that Suddhadana was selected as Buddha's father by the

heavenly powers. (Beal's Buddhism p. 131.) Csoma Korösi, the Thibetan scholar, says that he "does not find in the Thibetan books any mention of that virginity of Maya upon which the Mongolian accounts lay so much stress," and Prof. Rhys Davids clinches this nail still firmer by his own statement that Korösi's reference to a belief of the later Mongolian Buddhists, that Maya was a virgin, "has *not* been confirmed." (Buddhism p. 183.) Thus collapses analogy No. 1.

Dr. Oswald's eighth analogy in a similar way, quite disappears when we look at the original account and see that in the Abhinishkramana Sutra, to which we are referred, this fear of the King of Magadha took place when Buddha was over twenty years old,— not before the birth of the child, as with Herod; and secondly, that there was no proposal to exterminate any one else than the youth himself; and thirdly, that the proposal to destroy the young man was not accepted, but rejected by the king. How much of this analogy is thus really left?

So in Dr. Oswald's thirteenth analogy, again, Buddha's bath in the river is no religious baptism, but the daily oriental washing, and no more to be compared with John's baptism of Jesus than the legend of the shower of flowers, dropped by the divas, is to be likened to the descent of the Holy Spirit as a dove.

It is the same, once more with No. 14, in which Dr. Oswald likens Buddha's temptation to that of Jesus, as a temptation of offers of wealth and earthly glory, repelled by quoting passages from the Vedas. His authority must be a very late and unreliable one, for in the earlier accounts, such as the *Maha-para-nibbana Sutta*, the temptation described is that of entering Nirvana before he had published his doctrine to the world. In most of the later accounts, as in the *Lalita Vistara*,, and the account of Wong-Puh, it is the pleasures of voluptuousness and female charms that are resisted.

Thus we might go through almost the whole list of alleged analogies, if we had time, and show that on examination, there are discrepancies in every case quite or even more noticeable and essential than the resemblances.

3d. The date when the Buddhistic narratives on which Dr. Oswald relies were written is *quite too late to sustain his argument.*

Dr. Oswald tells us that not one of the early fathers before Irenæus quotes a single passage of the New Testament in its present form; and that there is no doubt that all the essential doctrines and traditions of Buddhism were recorded before the subversion of the Persian Empire, and therefore he assumes that these analogies between Christianity and Buddhism prove that the New Testament is of Buddhistic origin.

Now, it would be easy to show, what all reputable New Testament critics admit, that Matthew, Mark, and Luke were in existence by 100 A. D. But I am contented to take as the basis of argument what Dr. Oswald admits, that our Gospels were in existence in their present form in the time of Irenæus, 177 A. D.; and I reply that it *cannot be shown, even on this basis, that the Buddhist traditions* (from which the parallels that have been made so much of, are drawn) *are earlier than our Christian Gospels.*

Omitting from the argument analogies Nos. 7 and 12, and their authorities, inasmuch as the fact of Buddha's fasting in the desert (No. 12) and that a prophet predicts Buddha's mission to save the world, are both of them too natural coincidences to weigh anything in the argument,— omitting, I say, these two coincidences and their authorities out of the twenty he has given — then, *every other Buddhist document* that Dr. Oswald cites in support *of his parallelisms, is of later date than Irenæus.*

Dr. Oswald's chief authority is the *Rgya-Cher-rol-pan* which he cites seven times, and which probably is the source from which the many other analogies, for which no authority is cited, have been drawn. Now what is the *Rgya-Cher-rol-pan?* It is the Thibetan version of the *Lalita Vistara.* M. Foucaux, who translated the Thibetan version into French, assigns this to the middle of the Sixth Century A. D. The Sanskrit text, called the Lalita Vistara, is somewhat older, but just how much older is admitted to be quite uncertain. Prof. Rhys Davids says (p. 197, Hibbert Lectures) it is "the work of a Buddhist poet who lived somewhere between 600 and 1000 years after the birth of Buddha; and that birth, Prof. Davids dates about 500 B. C. Foucaux has assigned the Sanskrit original to *Kanishka's* council about the beginning of the Christian era, but Prof. Davids says "*without any evidence whatever.*" It is a work full of extravagant poetical fictions, and "as evidence of what early Buddhism was, is of about the

same value as some mediæval poem would be, of the real facts of the Gospel history." (p. 197, Davids' Hibbert Lectures.)

So much for Dr. Oswald's chief authority. His others are not better. *Lefmann*, quoted for the "Star in the East," is a German translation of this same *Lalita Vistara*, from the Sanskrit text. As to the *Abhinish kramana Sutra*, Professor Davids says, the date of the Sanskrit is unknown. The translation into Chinese (by which it is known in Europe through Samuel Beal's translation of that into English), was made in the sixth century A. D.

The *Buddhist Birth Stories*, quoted in No. 17, is dated by Professor Davids, as written in Ceylon about the middle of the fifth century of our era. (p. 13, Manual of Buddhism.) The *Lotus*, cited in No. 5, is still later.

The Dhammapadam cited in No. 14 is *not* the well-known Sanskrit work, where no such account is given, but is the so-called *Chinese Dhammapadam* (though Dr. Oswald seems himself to be ignorant of it), and this Chinese work, with a similar title, was written, says Professor Davids, several centuries later. There is no proof that it is earlier than Irenæus, and it is probably much later. Certainly it is later than the Christian era, as Buddhism was not introduced into China till after 62 A. D.

The Divya Avadana of Burnouf, cited in No. 19, belongs to the Nepalese translations discovered by Hodgson. The word *Avadana* means legend, and it is a late account, written later than the sixth century of our era, as it was in that century when Nepal was becoming Buddhist, and the first Buddhist king of Thibet sent to India for holy scriptures in 632 A. D. (Davids' Manual of Buddhism, p. 247.)

The *Mahayana* Sutra quoted in No. 20 is also one of the later Sutras of the *Great Vehicle*, the later form of Buddhism which diffused itself, after the Christian era among the Northern Buddhists, and in which Samuel Beal, the great authority upon Chinese Buddhism, says he traces the influence of Christian ideas. This Sutra, says Burnouf, is not written in pure Sanskrit, but in a mixed dialect and a later and embellished style. It cannot be shown to be earlier than Irenæus, but is probably several centuries later.

Finally, the account of Buddhism, given by Köppen, who is also several times quoted, is drawn from these later Thi-

betan, Nepalese or Chinese Traditions, based on the Lalita Vistara, which, as we have seen, cannot be shown to have existed in its present form before the sixth century A. D.

Thus we have *gone through the whole list and every document is later than Irenæus.*

The same flaw vitiates the whole force of Dr. Oswald's argument drawn from the ceremonial resemblances of Thibetan Buddhism to Christian rites. For, as we have seen, it was not till the sixth century after Christ that the Thibetans became Buddhists. Thibetan Lamaism, with its peculiar doctrinal and ecclesiastical resemblances to Catholicism, sprang up about the year 1000 A. D. The creator of the first Lamaistic pope was *Khubilai.* (1259–1294 A. D.) Monier Williams, "Buddhism," 275 and 276.

And not only has Dr. Oswald not quoted any early Buddhist narrative, containing the supernatural and romantic incidents of Buddha's birth and growth (from which he draws his charge of plagiarism by Christianity) but *there are no such accounts to be quoted which can be certainly dated before the Christian era.* No Chinese document can possibly be earlier than A. D. 62 when Ming-Ti sent to India the embassy that first introduced Buddhism into China. The Burmese and Siamese works used by Spence, Hardy, Bigandet, and Alabaster are several centuries later than the Thibetan or the Chinese, ranging from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries of our era.

No narrative of Buddha's birth and youth is mentioned in the list of scriptures reverenced by King Asoka (250 B. C.) as holy scripture (p. 225 Beal's Manual). The oldest authority on Buddha's life, dating probably from the fourth century B. C., the Mahaparinibbana Sutta, relates only Buddha's last days, and contains none of the romantic incidents. It is evident, therefore, how unfounded is Dr. Oswald's statement that "There is no doubt that all the essential doctrines and traditions of Buddhism were recorded before the subversion of the Persian Empire."

4th. Equally unfounded is Dr. Oswald's next declaration that, "The successors of Alexander the Great witnessed the invasion of Western Asia, by a zealous band of Buddhist missionaries," — that is, if Dr. Oswald means by Western Asia what he seems to mean, and what is necessary for his argument, viz., the neighborhood of Judea. On the contrary,

we have no such evidence of literary or religious inter-communication between India and the Mediterranean countries as would explain the alleged derivation of the New Testament from Buddhism. Buddhist monks may have been planted about the Christian era "beyond the Indus and in Baktria," but that leaves Buddhism over a thousand miles short of Judea. Even if a Buddhist embassador visited Athens, that avails little to prove that a Judean peasant, of whom it was said, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" had any acquaintance with it, or that the Galilean fishermen who wrote the Gospels were familiar with the romantic legend of the Buddha. Dr. Oswald quotes the edict of Girnar, by King Asoka, as establishing the fact that this Buddhist king sent missionary embassies to the *Yona* and *Yavana* kings, Antiochus, Ptolemâus, Antigonus and Magas, and these kings, Dr. Oswald assumes in a parenthesis which he inserts, were *Ionian* or *Greek* kings. But Prof. Estlin Carpenter of London, an eminent authority, declares on the contrary that "the term *Yona* or *Yavana* land in *Pali* literature refers to *Baktria* and *cannot* be extended to the lands of the *Mediterranean*." Also that "the inscription is too mutilated to throw much light on the purpose for which these names are introduced, and the evidence is entirely insufficient to support the idea that he had negotiated any treaties with these princes for the introduction of Buddhism into their dominions." Prinsep, it is true, translated the inscriptions in such a way as to favor this interpretation. But "more accurate copies of the inscriptions and more cautious scholarship have thrown doubt on Prinsep's rendering." (p. 980 Nineteenth Century, 1880, December.)

Important as was the commerce between the Mediterranean and India, it was carried on through Arab intermediaries; Europeans rarely went personally to India; it did not serve as a medium for the spread of ideas. How infrequent and barren was communication between East and West we may see by the complaint of Strabo in the reign of Augustus, a complaint which Pliny later repeated, that the merchants were so few and uneducated that they contributed nothing to the exact knowledge of the land to which they sailed, and in default of it, Strabo had to fall back on the old accounts of Megasthenes in Alexander's time. As for the Roman knowledge of Hindu religion, Plutarch is still

content to repeat that the Indians worshipped Hercules, and it is not till the time of Clement of Alexandria that we get the very first mention of Buddha, of whom, all Clement has heard is, that on account of his eminent holiness, "the Hindus honor him as a god."

"The Buddhist system," says Prof. Estlin Carpenter, "has not left the faintest impression on the subsequent literature of Christ's nation."

The facts, it seems to me, then, speak most decisively and all sufficiently against this alleged derivation of the New Testament traditions from Buddhism; but if one desires the verdict of a competent authority, to whom can we turn for judgment better than to the veteran Buddhist scholar, Prof. Rhys Davids? And his verdict, after carefully examining all the arguments with a mind quite open to conviction, he tells us, is that "*there does not seem to me to be the slightest evidence of any historical connection between them.*" Vol. IX, Sacred Books of the East, p. 164; also Hibbert Lectures, p. 151.

5th. But perhaps it will be said, the analogies are facts and must be explained in some way. If the Buddhistic origin be rejected, is there any other probable explanation of these striking similarities?

It is both reasonable and interesting to ask this question. What better solution, then, can be offered? There is one that is urged with quite as much plausibility as the Buddhistic origin of Christianity. This is the Christian origin of the similar features found in Buddhism. We have, as Dr. Kellogg has pointed out, positive and independent testimony to the existence of Christian churches on the Malabar coast by the middle of the fourth century," a date earlier than that of any of the existing authorities for the legend of the Buddha which Dr. Oswald quotes. See Kurtz, Kirchengeschichte, s. 190.

It is also matter of undisputed history that the Nestorian Christians had before A. D. 500, sent forth a great many missionaries into Eastern and Central Asia. We have, in particular, the testimony of a Syriac inscription in China, accepted by scholars like Huc, Abel Remusat, and others, that the Gospel was preached in China in 636 A. D. by a Nestorian Christian, of the name of Clopen. In the century following we read of the appointment of a Nestorian patriarch

of Samarkand and China, showing many churches in this region. If the agreements between the romantic legend of Buddha and that of Christ are due to borrowing of the one from the other, we may, therefore, with quite as much plausibility, turn the argument round and assert that the Thibetan narrative, the Rgya-Cher-rol-pan, from which Dr. Oswald draws most of his analogies, written as it was not earlier than the sixth century A. D., was itself embellished and interpolated with incidents drawn from the New Testament.

But this theory of a Christian origin for the similarities no more commends itself to impartial scholars than the theory of a Buddhistic origin.

A more philosophical and more natural one should be found. And this is only to be found in the independent origin of the two, under similar intellectual, social, and religious conditions.

In the first place, many of these similarities that have been made so much of, are the most natural coincidences in the world. Both Christ and Buddha were orientals, leaders of reform, preachers to the people, and in a hot country, preaching, of course, in the open air. Is it anything, then, to occasion surprise that both of them should fast, and seek solitude in which to pray, or take a bath, or that in both the New Testament and the Pali Suttas there should be mention of rest under a fig tree?

They both preached on mounts or hillsides. But for open-air services, such as are held in hot climates, what more natural? They both chose disciples. Do not all teachers and reformers? And if one, in each case deserted in the hour of trial to the other side, was not that also natural?

They both had inward struggles and temptations before devoting their lives to their work, and believed, or popular fancy believed, that it was the work of the Evil One. Well, so had Luther, and flung his inkstand at the Devil. But must we think the story derived from Buddhism, therefore?

The argument reminds one of Herr Leuenfell's demonstration in the "Buchholz family," that Schiller copied Shakespeare: "In Hamlet, we find the word 'Farewell,' and in Schiller's 'Cabale und Liebe,' the same word, 'Farewell.' In Hamlet, we find 'There comes the king,' and in Schiller's 'Jungfrau' precisely the same words. And his Louise says

Oh! and Ophelia says Oh! 'Whom can we trust nowadays?' I exclaimed in dismay. 'Everything is false!'"

Verily, Dr. Oswald's "analogies" are equally conclusive!

But can the marvellous incidents in both the life of Christ and that of the Buddha be regarded as similar natural coincidences? Can the supernatural birth, related of each, the prediction, of their coming glory, the rejoicings in heaven at their advent, the miracles, and signs, and wonders innumerable that attended each life,— can these also be referred to natural causes and independent sources? Why not? Are not these just the kind of fables that popular fancy has always delighted to weave about all the greatest names of history? They are told about Buddha's predecessors, Lao-tsee and Zarathushtra, just as much as about the Christ. If one argued as Dr. Oswald does, Buddhism must have borrowed them from Chinese Taoism, or the Parsee Avestas. The great figures of European and Syrian lands — personages long anterior to the Christian era — have been invested with these same gorgeous cloud-robes, woven by the pious imagination. Was not Esculapius said to have healed the sick and raised the dead and Perseus and Hercules to have been of divine descent, and even the philosopher Plato, who lived in the full blaze of Athenian culture, reported to be of more than mortal birth, his mother having been warned in a dream by the god Apollo, that the child she would bear was his? Why go so far afield as to Hindustan, for a source from which the legend of Christ's supernatural birth must be borrowed, when the whole soil of the pagan world about Judea was full and bursting with these mythical seeds?

The secret of the curious analogies between the story of Buddha and the story of the Christ is an open secret. Its source is, first, in the homogeneity of human nature, the common working of human faith and human imagination under every sky; in that same universal mythopœic faculty which gives us, from the isles of Polynesia, the plains of India, and the mountains of South America, substantially the same fairy-tales and folklore. And secondly, it was due to the common subsoil on which both Buddhism and Christianity, after it went forth out of Judea into the Gentile world, developed; — the soil of an older Pantheism and nature religion, in which the idea of hero worship and incarnations was familiar and popular, and where national hopes were excited by the

expectation of the coming of a great liberator and conqueror, a favorite of heaven, under whom a new and better age should dawn.

All the rest followed from this initial conception, as naturally as the lily buds and blooms in the sunshine of spring. But if we have regard for sound scholarship and its established conclusions, we must admit that the stock on which Christianity grew was no Hindu stock; but was rooted in Palestine, and the sap which filled it and vitalized it, came first from Jewish prophecy and monotheism, and secondly, from Greek philosophy and the culture and legends of the Gentile world close about it.

MORALITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

BY ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.

THE relation which the environment of humanity bears to the human conscience, or instinct of morality, receives altogether too little attention, except, perhaps, when it enters into the discussion of the relative merits of public and parochial schools. Yet men are what the surroundings of themselves and their ancestors make them; and the future citizens of this republic — those who will guard its welfare and direct its progress in the next century — are being formed now by the surroundings of their ancestors. The responsibility for the future advance or retrogression of intelligence — the responsibility for the physical and moral well-being of the coming race — rests on the men of to-day; and the greatest factor in the development or debasement of a race is the environment to which its component parts are subjected.

Whether we believe in the sudden creation of individual life — a creation made perfect instantaneously with the decree of its being by the Deity — or in a gradual creation by evolution, we, yet, cannot deny the fact that all animals are modified in physical structure by their surroundings. Where animals of the same kind have practically the same environment, the individuals differ little from each other; but let the environment of one half of such animals be radically changed and there will speedily follow a radical change in the physical structure, a modification of or departure from the original type. Thus, the penguin and the ostrich are true birds and their ancestors, at one time, differed little, one from the other; but the ostrich made its home in the open desert, and the penguin has lived by the fish-haunted seas; and so, because their environment made it unnecessary for them to fly, both have lost the power of flight, and the ostrich has become a terrestrial, and the penguin an aquatic bird. The original habitat of all mammals was the dry earth, but the bat is no longer capable of

existing without flight, and, though the infant whale has rudimentary hindlegs, yet, the adult whale dies when long out of water. Man is an animal and subject to the same general laws that other animals are subject to; that portion of him which is used will develop according to its use, and that portion of him which is permitted to go unused will wither and finally disappear, and this, whether the part be brain or brawn.

Naturalists have recognized the influence of environment, and have divided animals in classes according to it. The five recognized classes of vertebrates — fishes, amphibians, reptiles, birds, and mammals — are simply modifications of type for life in water, in shallows, on rocks and trees, in the air, and on the land. Not all fishes live in the water and swim, but most do. Not all birds fly, nor do all mammals live upon the land. There is no animal, known to man to-day, that does not show in its bones, and sinews, and brain, the lives led by its ancestors under different conditions of environment. The later-gained structures, or the later-gained developments of parts, may overlie and obscure the more ancient and fundamental ones, like the later writings on an old palimpsest, but all are deciphered by the skilful anatomist. Nor does man differ from the other animals. Nature has written the memoirs of thousands of ancestors, not only in every bone and sinew of our bodies, but also in the tissue and shape of our brains. The cerebrum and the cerebellum are legacies from our forefathers. Just as the bird inherits from its progenitors the instinct that teaches it to build its nest and fear the hawk, so does man inherit from his ancestors instincts of various kinds.

These instincts are inherited memories, nothing else — memories of ancestral environment, of ancestral experiences. The blind kitten that never saw a dog will spit and put up its back if a dog be brought near it. The grub of the stag beetle, if a male, prepares for its retirement a burrow twice its own size to leave room for the enormous claws it will grow when changing from grub to beetle. The first sucking of the infant is another instance of inherited knowledge, an instinct not fully developed in the montrematre and the marsupial (the most primitive mammals, not extinct); for the young of these two orders are fed by their mothers squirting the milk into their mouths by means of the compressor

muscles with which the mammary glands are furnished; and it is easy to understand how, from such a beginning, the instinct of sucking was afterwards developed in all succeeding orders of the mammalian class.* The instinct of the cobra in Ceylon, which bears about with it a stone which shines at night and so attracts the insects upon which the snake feeds, is another instance of inherited memory.†

The habits of thought of our fathers and grandfathers and mothers and grandmothers, and of thousands of dead ancestors, have so shaped and formed the brain we inherit from them that our earliest thoughts and actions are composite resultants of their thoughts and deeds — that our conscience and instincts at birth, are only memories inherited from them.

But who can dissect the brain so as to tell exactly by what process we think or will? We know that the brain bids the hand to shut and it shuts, but we know no more. We can dissect the arm and learn its muscles and fibres, its bones, and joints, and can compare them with the bones and muscles of birds and beasts, monkeys and whales. The scalpel and microscope show us scars and partly functionless rudiments that are successors of organs and glands that disappeared in man through inactivity, though they still exist in other animals. But the intelligence that directs, that wearies, and despairs, hates and loves, hopes and endeavors, no microscope nor dissecting knife can show us. And yet, we are not wholly without power to study the workings of the mind, though we can reason only from results which it produces. We can look into our own souls and ponder perception, and memory, and imagination, and desire, and conscience, and will.

We know that, though Nature builds all living tissue from the egg or the seed only by the multiplication of cells, yet the germ in one egg does not develop into the same result as does the germ in another egg. Men and oysters both grow from eggs, but how different in power and appearance is the product. The egg of the Shanghai hen is like the egg of the Plymouth Rock hen, yet from the Shanghai's egg is hatched only a Shanghai, and from the Plymouth Rock's eggs come only chicks of the Plymouth Rock breed. The reason

* *See* "Anti-Darwinian Theories," *Forum* for July, 1889.
† *See* H. Hensolt, *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1890.

is that Nature obeys the law of heredity — the law that a likeness to the parent is reproduced by the cellular development of the life germ from the parent. Now, when we inherit from our ancestors a brain shaped and modelled like their own, do we inherit their thought? Is there in man's fœtus brain the germ of ancestral knowledge, just as there is in the developing hen's egg the germ of the Shanghai or the Plymouth Rock instinct? We can find the suggestion of an answer to this question by asking another: do we control our thought? We answer at once that thought is often involuntary.

The Rev. Charles Van Norden, in his collection of charming essays entitled "The Outermost Rim and Beyond," speaks of involuntary thought so well that I cannot do better than to quote his words. He says: —

> Every age shows man to himself a more wonderful creation. . . . Consider for instance that very wonderful fact noticed by all thoughtful men, that many of the most valuable of our mental results cannot be traced back to any conscious act of knowledge to any conscious process of reasoning. . . . There is a discernment of facts which apparently have not been learned, a divination of future contingencies, or a solution of problems, which seems without explanation and akin to the insight of the seer. . . . Thus, suddenly, will be thrown upon the mental canvas from some invisible stereopticon, a fact or event of which the mind has no conscious memory. We say to ourselves: this is but some figment of fancy, a fragment of some day-dream, yet . . . vivid enough to be true. And sure enough, by and by, it proves to have occurred. The mind, by some hidden process, had taken knowledge of what never came into consciousness, and now the fact that then had stolen into memory comes forth with boldness. Reasoning processes, of the most elaborate kind, will go on without any consciousness of them, and suddenly the mind has accepted conclusions which seem utterly bereft of premises — foundlings that no mental effort will own. Problems that puzzle will suddenly lose their obscurity, and there will appear on the mental black-board the solution clearly chalked out. . . . Much of what we call insight into character, forecast of the future, business capacity, judgment, common sense, intuition, tact, and taste, is simply this automatic working of the mind.

Dr Holmes says: —

> I question whether people who think most—that is, have the most conscious thought pass through their minds—necessarily do

most mental work. The tree you are sticking in will be growing when you are sleeping. So with every new idea in a real thinker's mind; it will be growing when he is least conscious of it. An idea in the brain is not a legend carved on a marble slab; it is an impression made on a living tissue, which is the seat of active nutritious processes. Shall the initials I carved in bark increase from year to year and shall not my recorded thought develop into new relations with my growing brain?

There can be no thought without physical capacity of the brain to execute the brain movements of which thought is born. The development of the brain and the development of thought must keep step with one another. If there is a new thought, there must be some new development or arrangement of brain tissue that matches it. Our minds are extremely susceptible to impressions of every sort. Our five senses are continually teaching us something new. We learn from everything about us,—from what we see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and read. Is it possible then, if we read only vile books, see only filthy behavior, taste and smell foulness, hear only lewd talk, touch only what is common and unclean,—is it possible then the mind can learn aught else than wickedness? And if our ancestors have been living thus for generations, are not our brains shaped with the impress of their surroundings? Must not the environment of the man — the things he hears and sees; the atmosphere of vice or virtue in which he lives — so control, govern, or direct his thought as to gradually shape his brain, till the brain-product is in harmony with his surroundings? When Nature adapts the bony framework of animals to their environment, will she stop short of the brain, and will the intellect be excepted from the operation of natural laws?

Our ancestors have been for ages creating the brains we use. They have been forming brain convolutions and tissues that the present generation might reason as it does; and we are carrying on the process of brain development for our and their descendants. Our remoter ancestors could not have reasoned as do our brain-workers of to-day. Missionaries to the lower tribes of savages have found it impossible to express certain ideas so that they might be comprehended. Why have not such savages our mental ability of comprehension? Why? Because of one reason and one reason only—because

their ancestors were not environed as our ancestors were— because our ancestors lived in and were part of a higher civilization than theirs.

What is a high state of civilization? It consists of a knowledge of Nature's laws and of obedience rendered to them, and, incidentally, of a recognition that there is a duty which man owes to his fellow-man; it is a state of civilization in which the mind has become convinced that the cardinal virtues of benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and obedience to order, are laws of Nature and must be obeyed if man would rise above the state of the beasts; and it is a state of existence in which the environment of humanity permits and induces each man to be just, true, and pure. As civilization grows higher, morality and intelligence go hand in hand with it,— they are, all three, dependent one upon the other.

The first knowledge of morality came to men when they began to unite into society. The social environment pointed to rules of action which developed into a system of morality. We see glimmerings of an incipient moral sense in the more intelligent beasts who are highly gregarious, such as horses, dogs, apes, and ants,— a power to suffer remorse or shame, a punishment for the infraction of social ordinances, a departure from the law of brute life which seeks only to escape a stronger and devour a weaker brute. Thus, Darwin tells of an ape that rescued a wounded comrade from within the range of flashing rifles; and many a man's life has been saved by a horse or a dog at the cost of self-destruction. Such conscientiousness is but the faintest anticipation of the moral sense we find in man, but it helps to trace the growth of the moral life and to point out, feebly indeed but still unmistakably, its beginnings.

When we study the little known of man in his various stages of civilization, we will find that the five cardinal virtues have appeared first in germ only, then budded into life, and then developed into a more or less harmonious system of morality. Only a very low type of civilization existed among the North American Indians when the first Europeans arrived here. There were indeed tribes who acknowledged a chief, and relationship, and unity of purpose, and family, and property; and out of this mutual relationship, because of this social environment, arose customs and rules of action. Rude and imperfect treaties were made,

and their violators incurred opprobrium and punishment. In Mexico and Peru there was a civilization greatly advanced above that of other American peoples. As the environment of the Peruvian was far higher than that of the North American, we find consequently a higher morality in Peru. Still higher types of civilization producing higher systems of morality are found in ancient Egypt and in China of to-day.

Dr. R. B. Fairbairn,* striving to prove that the moral sense of mankind is a direct, supernatural, perfected gift of God, is yet forced to admit: —

> The moment men are brought together into relations with each other and their well-being depends upon the enjoyment of their rights, their conceptions of the fundamental virtues becomes clearer and more express.

The seat of conscience is in the brain. Our brains are as much like the brains of our ancestors as the plants that grow from seed are like the plants that bore that seed. Of course I do not mean that our minds would at birth show the same convolutions and material construction that our fathers' and mothers' brains showed at the time we were born; but if it were our fortune to be born of ancestry that for five or six generations had earned its living by honest, arduous mental effort, our brains, at birth, were physically different from the brain of some poor child whose ancestors for an equal period of time were habitual criminals or English navvies. If a much convoluted brain is a more able brain than one but little convoluted, I have no doubt that at our births our brains had more turns and folds than that of the poor fellow whom I have selected for comparison. Not very many more, perhaps, for counting back some twenty or thirty generations, he might find great philosophers among his ancestors, and we find ignorant hinds among ours, No man can trace his descent, in all its ramifications, back far enough to know the lives of all the ancestors from whom he has inherited conformation of bone or muscle, blood or brain. The ancestral tree which the Heralds' College draws for you or me is infinitesmal compared with that which Nature has endowed us with.

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* Note, Morality. R. B. Fairbairn, p. 228.

But the brains we possess in childhood develop as we grow older; and the character of that development depends upon our environment. The seed cannot grow in an uncongenial soil or climate, nor can those brain tissues which enable us to judge correctly between right and wrong develop amid vile surroundings. We cannot tell what physical change is wrought in the brain by a life in dens of wickedness, but we *do* know from the actions which that brain dictates that it becomes steeped in foul thought, and sometimes seems incapable of willing a good deed.

Take, for example, a boy brought up in the slums around Tomkins Square, in New York City. From his earliest childhood he is of necessity familiar with all manner of wickedness; the best dressed women of his neighborhood are fallen women; the boys who have the most money to spend are those who lead vicious lives; the brightest house is the saloon. New York City is the metropolis of vice as she is of trade, and every vice in the long catalogue of sin has a representative practitioner among the varied nationalities that swarm her slums. I am told by the most eminent of her Police Justices that there is no known vice of ancient or modern times that has not, some time or other, been recorded in her police court records as an offence committed. Can a child spend his life amid such environment without being, both in body and brain, affected by it? For a child to grow up virtuous in such a locality is little less than a miracle — and the day of miracles has passed.

If a child is born and bred to manhood in such environment, he has no choice but to become wicked. He is not free to choose good from evil. He has no discriminating sense of right and wrong. His moral responsibility is *nil*. What little conscience he may have inherited is soon blunted and lost. He has no conscious remorse — no self contempt for his wickedness. He is beyond reformation; for his brain has been shaped by the thoughts which his environment necessarily engenders, until it is incapable of willing virtue — just as the feet of certain Chinese women are put in clamps until they are permanently deformed and incapable of locomotion.

It may be said that churches and schools give to the unfortunate denizen of the slums a constant opportunity to range himself on the side of right; but a few facts and

figures will show just what proportion these redeeming features bear to the influences which degrade. The church and the school are open but a few hours a day, the six thousand saloons are open all the time. The public libraries (sometimes preventatives of vice, but sometimes, alas! asylums of it) are open about half as long as disreputable houses. There are not more than fifteen thousand clergymen and school teachers in the whole city, but there are thirty thousand fallen women, and only the recording angel knows how many vicious men. And all the while, wherever the unfortunate child is — whether at church or school, in the street or the saloon — poor food, foul air, crowding and uncleanliness, are constantly lowering the physical formation of brain and body. Ask any practical philanthropist who labors in the neighborhood of Tompkins Square, and he will tell you how slight the chances are for children to be virtuous who grow up in that atmosphere.

But I will take an extreme case: In certain parts of India wolves abound and kill many children; but there are instances where the child seized by the wolf has not been devoured, but like the fabled Romulus and Remus has been adopted into the wolf family. The *Eclectic Magazine* records an instance of this sort: —

A British trooper passing along the bank of an Indian river saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The child went on all fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dam and its three foster brothers; and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They went down to the river and drank, without perceiving the trooper who sat quietly upon his horse watching them; but as soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper attempted to secure the boy. He failed, and people were then collected from a neighboring village, the wolf's den was dug out, and the boy captured.

He was taken to the village, but his captors had to tie him, for he was very restive. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl. When a grown-up person came near him, he became alarmed and tried to steal away; but when a child approached, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put before him, he turned from it in disgust; but when any raw meat was offered him, he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his hands, and ate it as a dog does, and with

evident relish. This wolf-child was afterwards sent to the European officer commanding an infantry station at Sultanpoor, who put him under the charge of native servants. These took good care of him, but could never get him to speak. He was amiable, except when teased, and then he growled surlily. He became in time willing to eat anything that was thrown to him, but always showed a marked preference for raw flesh — once he ate half a lamb without apparent effort. His countenance was repulsive, his figure coarse; and as long as he lived he continued fond of jackals and other small, four-footed animals that came near him.*

This boy was recognized by his parents shortly after his capture, but they refused to be burdened with his care. He was about nine or ten years old when he was found, and lived about three years afterwards. Up to the time of his death, he was never heard to speak, but a few minutes before his death, he put his hand to his head, and asked for "water." Then almost immediately he died.

Can it be said that this wolf-boy had a conscience, or any knowledge of right or wrong? Did not his environment prevent the growth of any? His case is stronger than the case of the boy reared in the city slums; but the two do not differ in principle. In both cases, a life of virtue, a knowledge of morality, was forbidden by environment.

As I had occasion to point out some time ago, in *The North American Review*,† great cities are national plague spots. The towns of the nation are centres from which radiate the arteries of trade and intelligence, bearing the products, good and evil, of human intellects and human hands into far-away homes, and promoting the free comparison and interchange of ideas, customs and habits. Evil and good come and go through these arteries of national existence. The great cities, which are the ganglionic centres of the nation, spread the vices which thrive luxuriantly in their boundaries, until their evil influence is felt in all parts of the land. Hence, as the skilful physician watches that part of his patient's body where he knows disease is located, it behooves those who love their country, to closely watch those parts of it where evil thrives most luxuriantly; and it is the right and the duty of all men to say to our great

* See *Eclectic*, vol. xlv. pp. 370, et seq.
† Dec., 1887, p. 687.

cities: "See that you let your citizens live in such a condition of life and amid such environment that you breed no criminals, no idiots, and no men or women unworthy of citizenship."

The success of popular government depends upon the character of those exercising the duties of citizenship; character depends upon morality, and morality is the result of environment. No slave can be a good citizen, and he who lets vice enter into his daily life is subservient to the weightiest slavery upon the earth.

POPULAR LEADERS PAST AND PRESENT—ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

BY E. P. POWELL.

WAS Alexander Hamilton a political ideal? This has been implied all through our first century of American history. Professor Bryce, in his American Commonwealth, says, "One cannot note the disappearance of this brilliant figure, to Europeans the most interesting in the early history of the Republic, without the remark that his countrymen seem to have never, either in his lifetime or afterwards, duly recognized his splendid gifts." This is a mistake in more than one way. For, first of all, Hamilton has never been as interesting a figure to Europeans as either Franklin or Washington, and I am inclined to add Jefferson. It is a mistake, also, to say that Hamilton was overlooked, either in his life or afterward. On the contrary, he has always been held forward traditionally as the ideal statesman. There has been a glamour about his name that has been due in large part to the friendship existing between him and Washington, and still more to the unfortunate circumstances surrounding his death. The prominent characters of our early history have been either abhorred by the past century, or have been idolized; Hamilton is not an exception. He belongs in the fortunate list of those who did not incur the vengeance of partisanship in Church or State. Burr, on the contrary, has received a good deal more than his just share of obloquy, and mostly for traits of character shared by Hamilton. Thomas Paine has suffered from the theological abhorrence of those whom he affronted; and yet, it is known that his views were fully shared by John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. So far as Hamilton has at all been eclipsed, it has been by Jefferson, for the very good reason that the political views of the latter were accepted by the American people as sounder than those of the former.

There are two points which should be clearly understood; the first, that Hamilton's character as a private individual was corrupt, and as a politician full of plots, and bitterness, and not always free from treachery; the second, that his views of government and democratic institutions were such that, had they secured predominance, would have been fatal to the Republic. At the present moment the tendencies most likely to work mischief are Hamiltonian. Into affairs of virtue and morals I do not now propose to enter. His most friendly biographers are unable to hide his criminal passions. One of them says, by way of apology for a notorious scandal, "Drawn by his uncurbed passion into a low intrigue with a worthless woman, he found himself threatened with a black imputation upon his official integrity." The result was that Hamilton found himself compelled to publish a pamphlet, which amounted to a confession of his guilt in one respect, while defending him in another. Probably no one will ask for more than justice in the case, where two public men like Hamilton and Burr are equally possessed of "uncurbed passions." Let them both suffer the same reprimand of posterity, or both receive equal pardon. As to Hamilton's relations to other statesmen, it is impossible to understand how so great a man should have been so mean. The same biographer adds, "It was passion again that led him into the unworthy proposition to Governor Jay; and into his wild attack upon Adams." What was the proposition made to Governor Jay? It was one by "Machiavelian means" to prevent Jefferson from reaching the presidency. On the back of this letter Jay wrote these honest words: "Proposing a measure for party purposes, which it would not become me to adopt." Not a whit more decent or honorable was his course toward President Adams. He held a correspondence of a secret character with three members of the cabinet, the object of which was to thwart the administration, and bring upon it obloquy. He, at the same time, undertook to secure material from these men to use in his personal warfare with Adams. The whole affair was perfidious and dishonorable, to such a degree that it is questionable which most to condemn, Hamilton or his tools. Another of his most laudatory biographers says honestly, that "Although justly rated a man of honor, Hamilton was guilty at times of strange lapses; and this was one of the gravest. The intrigue was an art of political libertinism; its

essence was infidelity. The measure of Hamilton's responsibility appears when we reflect that he instigated the misconduct of his accomplices; and he himself had served in the cabinet under Washington, and knew what was due to a President." It must be borne in mind that while the most determined opponent of democracy and popular government, he was himself the most free to use democratic license in all his relations to the government and the people.

Then followed his quarrel with Burr. He had written to Jay, calling Jefferson "an atheist in religion, and a fanatic in politics." But the presidential election, in spite of his plot, was to be settled by the House of Representatives; and the presidency lay between Burr and Jefferson. Most of Hamilton's party, the Federalists, preferred Burr. He began a series of letters to drive them over to Jefferson. The substance of these letters is this: We must have as President a Democrat, which is bad enough, for democracy is a false principle; but of the two Democrats offered us, let us select Jefferson, who is a temporizer, rather than Burr who is an "American Cataline." In 1804 he again entered into a bitterly personal campaign to prevent Burr from receiving the honest support of the Federalists. Burr, goaded to madness, challenged Hamilton to fight, and killed him. No one cares to pen an apology for a duelist. Hamilton's death was in accordance with an accepted institution of that period. It was, for all that, a brutal act. The provocation was great: the vengeance that of a savage. We can only add that we have yet to reach one more stage of civilization, in which it shall be recognized that a stab with a pen or tongue is as much a crime as a shot from a pistol. Vile political controversy, that aims only to destroy, and not to establish justice and equity, will some day be an historical fact only, and not a permitted living fact. With these allowances from Hamilton's most friendly biographers, it sounds oddly enough to read the complaint that we have "failed as a people to remember and do justice to Hamilton's services and character." It is even suggested that "republics are always ungrateful." Hamilton's own lament is even more unwarranted. He wrote near the end of his life: —

"Mine is an odd destiny. Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present Constitution than myself; and contrary to all my anticipations of its fate,

as you know from the very beginning, I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric. Yet I have the murmurs of its friends, no less than the curses of its foes, for my reward. What can I do better than withdraw from the scene? Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not made for me." This is not the language of a patriot, but of an adventurer. He is meditating a plan of quitting the country that he claims to have founded. In this one passage he denounces the Constitution as utterly worthless, and claims to have sacrificed for it more than any one else.

One of his laudators, no less a man than Judge Spencer, tells us, "It was this man more than any other who thought out the details of the government of the Union; and out of the chaos that existed after the Revolution raised a fabric, every part of which is instinct with his thought." Such flattery is without foundation. No one fails or can fail to admire Hamilton's ability, and in some sense his towering greatness. But it will never do to steal the laurels of the men that he hated, with which to decorate himself. On the whole we have not failed, as Mr. Bryce suggests, to recognize his splendid gifts. Mr. Lodge, in his life of Hamilton says, more truly, that "No American, except Washington, has had everything which he ever wrote, said, or did, published with such elaboration as has fallen to the lot of Hamilton. No other American has been, historically speaking, so much discussed, so much criticised, and so much written about." Except that he failed of being Washington's successor, there was nothing in the way of reward for his "services" which was denied him. The fact is, not only that Hamilton was not a popular leader but, the people did not trust him. He was passionate, and quarrelsome, hot and hasty. It is even clear that Washington, though greatly admiring him, and loving him, did not trust him. He crowded Washington for preferences and positions that the General declined to grant. Reproved for lack of respect, the young man turned on Washington with a sudden resignation from his staff. Mr. Lodge's picture of the scene, intended to condone the impertinence, only tends to make it more disagreeable to contemplate. With him we are not inclined to "smile" at the young man's satisfaction with his own conduct; although we join him in admiration for the flawless magnanimity of Washington, who did all that could be done

to pacify the fiery boy, and to save him from making a disastrous fate for himself.

But we must look a good deal deeper to find the reason why, with his pre-eminent abilities, he failed, as did Webster, of receiving the headship of the nation. In the first place Hamilton had the fatal fault of not trusting the people. In this he was the direct counterpart of Jefferson as well as of Washington and Lincoln. He would have made a magnificent king but a doubtful President. It is even questionable if Hamilton would have been as safe as Burr, had he held a position, when the fate of the Constitution and of democracy were more at his mercy. One of his very latest letters asserted his conviction that "democracy was our real disease." No defect could have been more fatal in a President at that period. Well for us was it that our executive leaders were, without exception, patriots, and, in the true sense, believers in democracy. Well, too, was it for us that Hamilton's hated rival, Jefferson, was great enough to abolish the equipage and state that surrounded Washington and Adams. From that time, it was established that the President was only the chief citizen, and in no sense our ruler. Hamilton, on the contrary, wrote and urged that "If the government be in the hands of the many they will tyrannize over the few; if in the hands of the few they will tyrannize over the many. The check needed is a monarch." In the Constitutional Convention he advocated with great determination a centralized government with an aristocracy as well as a democracy. "The democracy must be derived directly from the people. The aristocracy ought to be entirely separated; their power should be permanent."

The absolute failure of Hamilton at this period to comprehend the problem of popular government, cannot but lead us to a conviction that his ambition, as well as his argument, looked to an office permanent and regal. There was to him nothing satisfactory in a temporary position of honor, from which circumstances might remove him at a moment's notice. A presidency even, covering but four years, was a bagatelle. I will not undertake to say that Hamilton hoped to become king of America; yet this is certainly true that he urged, with all the vigor of his eloquence, a regal government, and an aristocracy; and he certainly did aspire to be chief among our leaders. The conclusion, any one can draw for himself.

Fortunately, Jefferson and Washington were of different mould; and we shall reread our early history again and again with increasing thankfulness that those two men were at hand with equal patriotism, and with an ambition to serve rather than to rule. They trusted the people. They loved free institutions above power.

I cannot but recall those marvellously eloquent words of Wendell Phillips that, "What Wycliffe did for religion Jefferson and Sam Adams did for the state,— they trusted it to the people. He gave the masses the Bible, the right to think. Jefferson and Sam Adams gave them the ballot, the right to vote. His intrepid advance contemplated theirs as the natural inevitable result. Their serene faith completed the gift which the Anglo-Saxon race makes to humanity." And yet the final conclusion of Alexander Hamilton was precisely the reverse of this: "Democracy is a disease."

Besides his entire distrust of the people, Hamilton held a false but consistent opinion of our whole political system. He desired to destroy the States and re-create on this side of the Atlantic a totally unified nation. Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated by our hundred years of testings and trials than that popular liberty depends on intact states' rights. State sovereignty is quite another thing; or the right of any State or section to swing into or out of the Union at will. Hamilton proposed that the president of the United States should have the power to appoint the governors of the several States; and these in turn should have a veto power over all legislation. This, then, was the Hamiltonian statesmanship which we are accused of failing to appreciate. (1.) A President removable only by impeachment. (2.) Senators of the same order and tenure of office. (3.) These to be elected by the votes of a moneyed class. (4.) The President to appoint all governors. (5.) These presidential governors to have the power to veto any legislation of a people's assembly. If this was not British, as his opponents declared, it was worse than British. It was to transfer George the Third to Washington, with more power than he exercised in England. If carried out, it would have destroyed popular government, and headed off the tide which, for a hundred years, has set toward the free development and uplifting of the masses. It would have nullified what the colonies had already done, and made the War for

Independence a waste of blood and a useless expenditure of hope.

That just such a man as Hamilton was needed at the eventful founding of our nation, I do not deny. His work was of vast importance in preventing democracy from casting itself afloat on a raft of faith in popular impulses. We needed checks and counterpoise. The idea of a nation was ever uppermost in Hamilton's mind. The idea of individual freedom and States rights was ever uppermost with his opponents. Since our Civil War we have grown to be far more Hamiltonian, and less Jeffersonian. That we shall not need to react is very doubtful. Nationalism has some strange lessons for us, if it gets to be the controlling principle. Hamilton prophesied, and perhaps correctly, that the Constitution might "triumph altogether over the State governments, and reduce them to entire subordination, dividing them into smaller districts." These are symptoms of a readiness on the part of many educated people to give up all that we have won of individual and united liberty, in their haste to grasp after a millennial deliverance from all social friction. Apart from the dreamers who imagine a social state of undisturbed bliss, based on labor, and thought, and purpose mechanically directed by a "nation," there are symptoms of satisfaction among many of our scholarly writers with the drift toward centralization. To discuss the bearing and consequences of this tendency is beyond my present purpose.

I think that what we really owe to Hamilton is the restoration of normal unity in our Saxon family. Our hatred for England's oppression had created a breach of natural race development. We were learning an anglophobia, quite as irrational as any possible anglomania. That our national life should become permanently alienated from that of the mother country was in the deepest degree to be lamented. The French philosophers unquestionably hatched the democratic egg; but English blood and English temperament alone were fitted to nurse popular government into ripe vigor.

Hamilton, in fine, was a brilliant, forcible, able parliamentarian and lawyer. His mind was broad as well as incisive; and no one except Washington better understood the act of creating a nation. In his "Report on the Public Credit," he

stated the conservative policy in words of great wisdom. "To promote the increasing respectability of the American name; to answer the calls of justice; to restore landed property to its true value; to furnish new resources both to agriculture and commerce; to cement more closely the union of the States; to add to their security against foreign attack; to establish public order on the basis of an upright and liberal policy,—these are the great and invaluable ends to be secured by a proper and adequate provision for the support of public credit." And to him as Secretary of the Treasury, it must be said that the country owes as much for making the cornerstone of our financial policy the most rigid and enduring honesty as it owes to Washington for establishing the executive office on unselfish loyalty to the Republican principle. Washington made it more glorious to retire from office than to be a king. Hamilton taught us other lessons of equal value. He wrote in 1784, that early habits give a lasting bias to national character. "Our government as yet has no character. How important to the happiness of not only America, but of mankind, that it should acquire good ones. If we set out with justice, moderation, liberality, and a scrupulous regard to the Constitution, the government will acquire a spirit and tone productive of permanent blessings to the community." He foresaw the greatness of the American nation as destined to cross from the Atlantic to the Pacific and control the continent. An opponent of the Constitution became its ablest expounder. He succeeded largely as Webster succeeded; and failed largely as Webster failed. He stands as representative of the conservative element in both Church and State. Without high moral purpose he stood firmly by the Church; without faith in the people he adopted the Constitution. The party that he represented has been unfortunately large in both civil and religious affairs.

NATIONALIZATION OF THE LAND AS FIRST PRESENTED.

BY PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

The Land and the People. Part II.*

The difficulty in the emancipation of the land is the same which attends the emancipation of the slave. The original title is defective in either case; but use has sanctioned what law has ordained, and, under these guaranties, capital representing industry — perhaps manual labor — capital to which the title was unquestionable — has been invested in slave property or land property; and when we emancipate either, the purchaser becomes a sufferer, in consequence of his unhesitating faith in the permanency of those laws under which his investment was made. We need not here introduce the legal *caveat emptor*. The buyer has exercised all the caution we can demand. "We, the people," by our laws, have guaranteed his title, and he could not presume that we would change our mind, and withdraw the guarantee. Nor have we an indisputable right, in such a case, to deprive the owner of his present enjoyment, without any redress for the fraud that we have put upon him. The frequent transfers of property which have taken place in different generations, have thus surrounded the question of land and slave emancipation with a most embarrassing difficulty. But if we have justice as our guiding star, we may, perhaps, find our way out of this legal labyrinth, without much injury to social order.

The restitution of the people's right to the soil, cannot, then, be justly accomplished by the simple scheme of dividing the land among all the citizens; nor would such a scheme be any better, in its practical results, than in its justice.

[*The first part of this essay appeared in the March Arena. It was presented by Prof. Buchanan in 1847, and is reprinted exactly as it first appeared, except the footnotes and the author's postscript.— Ed.]

No forced division and proprietorship of this kind can accomplish much for human benefit. The same causes which produced inequality, poverty, and oppression, once, would do the same again; and this forced division would operate only as a premium upon idleness, and a discouragement upon industry — more and more pernicious, in proportion to the frequency of its repetition. The injustice of such a scheme must ever render it impracticable, and the absurdity is still more ridiculous, when we reflect that a large portion of the community have no use for land, and would be encumbered by the gift, unless an opportunity of renting or selling it is immediately at hand.

If this division of the land is, then, impracticable, how can the principles of justice be applied to the United States and Europe? We reply, that such division is entirely unnecessary. Private monopoly of land is the evil against which we contend, and it is not to be remedied by merely changing its form, or subdividing its front. The right must be asserted— the right of the people to the soil must be the basis of legislation; but the right of the whole people to the soil is a very different thing from the right of separate individuals against the nation, to a monopoly of a circumscribed portion. It is the philanthropic right of the mass which we must maintain, and not the selfish claim of the individual.

We must maintain, in legislation, the broad principle that THE NATION OWNS THE SOIL, and that this ownership is paramount to all individual claims. Thus is the right of each individual of the nation restored in all its fulness. He becomes not the petty proprietor of a few acres, walled in against his fellowmen, but a joint proprietor of the whole realm. The groves, the parks, the gardens, the cornfields, the woodlands, the prairies, and the mountains,— all are his: the landscape is his own,— hill, dale, and stream, bridge, fountain, grove, and thicket,— all, all display the vastness and the beauty of

"My own, my native land."

But while thus asserting the proprietorship of the people, there is no necessity for disturbing the existing arrangements for the cultivation of the soil, or for disturbing any industrial pursuit, by the rude interference of government.

When the "great unknown" landlord, "WE, THE PEOPLE," is informed of the vastness of his estates, and determines to take possession and enjoy them, he may simply inform the cultivators of the soil that they are, henceforth, his tenants, and that he will be a very mild and generous landlord, if his rents are regularly forthcoming when demanded. The idle class of landlords may also be informed that their parchments have been invalidated by the supreme tribunal, and that, inasmuch as their incomes may be curtailed by the loss of ground rents, it would be more conducive to their health and happiness to engage in some species of useful industry, by which their own habits might be improved, and the national prosperity increased.

But while these, perhaps, may be his thoughts, we may be doing him injustice by putting such a speech in his mouth. Not such will be his actual salutation, although such may be the expression of his meaning, when it has been developed by a century of action.

The people are to be the landlords, and the vast productiveness of the soil which now sends up tribute to the opulent, in the form of rent, shall be made tributary to the commonwealth alone. The vast fund of wealth thus accumulated shall be THE PEOPLE'S INCOME, and shall be consecrated to their benefit — so to be expended, that the greatest amount of benefit shall thence be received by every citizen of the country. Thus will each citizen, however humble, be restored to his rights as joint owner of the vast farm of many millions of acres; thus will he receive his income as joint proprietor; and thus will the great problem be solved, of rendering justice to all, without subverting or injuring the existing social institutions.

The commonwealth becomes the landlord, and its overflowing treasury becomes the source of national prosperity and elevation. But if this proprietorship is exercised like that of ordinary landlords, endless abuses will arise. To take possession of the land estates of a whole country, and lease them out for various periods; to attend to the collection of rents, the division of estates into convenient forms or sizes, and the determination of the value of improvements, or terms upon which they should be constructed; to manage all the complicated business that would thus arise, would produce endless difficulties, confusion, and corruption, as well

as enormous expense. There is no necessity for any such interference by the government with the details of business. The plan we would propose aims to avoid all these difficulties, as well as the numerous objections which might arise from the apparent harshness, inequality, and injustice of the measure.

The greatest desideratum is to legislate so as to obtain the following objects:

1. To give every man his birthright to the soil.
2. To render this right a matter of real and permanent value to himself and his posterity.
3. To produce the least possible disturbance in the existing arrangements of business.
4. To inflict the least possible injustice upon existing proprietors.
5. To produce the greatest possible amount of national prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

We believe that all these objects may be attained in the highest degree by the following plan: —

1. (To give to every man his birthright to the soil.) The NATION or COMMONWEALTH shall assert the national and common ownership of the entire soil, for the benefit of every individual.

2. (To render this right a matter of real and permanent value to himself and his posterity.) This right shall never be subdivided or alienated; but shall ever be maintained in the form of joint ownership by the commonwealth; and the revenue derived from the entire rental of the soil shall ever be consecrated to the benefit of the people, so that each individual, and his posterity forever, shall continue to be recipients of the greatest amount of benefit from this vast estate, which the joint wisdom of the nation can possibly devise.

3. (To produce the least possible disturbance in the existing arrangements of business.) The commonwealth shall in nowise meddle with the details of agriculture, renting and leasing of estates, determining possession, etc.; but shall leave property in the hands of its present owners, precisely as before, excepting that it shall levy an *ad valorem* rent of the most moderate and reasonable character, upon the soil alone, claiming no interest in the buildings and other productions of manual industry. This rent shall be a uniform percentage

upon the market value of the land in every part of the country, but varying progressively during the first sixty years of its establishment.

It is not proposed to introduce at once this grand social and political revolution; it is not proposed to strip at once the present proprietor of his sovereignty over the soil, for the sake of vesting the title in the people.

Let the grand change from monopoly to nationality be made as gently as possible. Let the land monopoly perish gradually from inanition, until its dry and bloodless frame shall remain as a harmless zoölogical specimen. The land rent should be so graduated as to allow the lapse of at least two generations before the usufruct of the soil shall pass entirely into the possession of the people. Let us suppose that five per cent. upon the valuation of the land is a fair rent, and let us establish a rising scale of rents which would, in sixty years, attain this amount, commencing with a twelfth of one per cent., and increasing one twelfth annually — we reach, in twelve years, a rent of one per cent., and in sixty years or less attain a rental which absorbs into the commonwealth something like the entire net value of the soil.

Private ownership is then virtually dead, and the ownership of the people is established in the only convenient, durable, and serviceable form. There are some minor questions of expediency as to the exact point at which this rent should commence, and the exact point to which it should go. The existing land taxes might be recognized as a portion of the system of rents advanced to the point at which they stand; or the system of the commonwealth might proceed entirely irrespective of other financial arrangements.

The question as to the ultimate limit of the rent need not be decided at present. Although it may not be as much as five per cent., it is unnecessary that we should determine very precisely the proper arrangements of another generation more competent to legislate for themselves than we can be at this distance of time.

4. (To inflict the least possible injustice upon existing proprietors) is a task of no little delicacy.

The restoration of violated rights, even in the case of a stolen horse who has passed through many hands by regular sale, is often a matter of grievous hardship to the losing party. The invalidation of land titles will be to many a serious

loss; nevertheless, by the method we propose, it falls upon the proprietors so gently as to produce no shock — nothing comparable to the disastrous effects of litigation, with which we are familiar. There will be no such destruction of estates and prospects as was witnessed in the history of Kentucky, when, from an imperfect land system, so large a portion of the land titles were contested in court, and so many whose prospects for life presented competence or wealth, were reduced to poverty by law. On the contrary, the operation of the law will be so gentle, that even those who experience the greatest inconvenience will not be overwhelmed by its extent. Of the adult proprietors of land, of all ages, from twenty-one upwards, it is not probable that many would live to witness the reduction of their revenues from land as much as fifty per cent. Basing our calculations upon the statistics of the British peerage, which show an expectation of life between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine of 27.03 years, we may conclude that the average longevity of those who have just attained manhood, would remove the whole generation before the rate of two and one half per cent. per annum had been attained. But as the existing landlords, at the time of the adoption of such a law, would range in age from twenty-one to upwards of a hundred, their mean age, even if we place it as low as thirty-five, would not even give twenty-four years as their average continuance of life. It is, therefore, certain that the average effect of such a law upon landholders, would be to raise their rent progressively nearly as high as two per cent. before they die, which would be equivalent to paying a tax of one per cent. per annum upon their land estate, to their death. Again, reducing the varieties of individual cases to an average estimate, the succeeding generation would gradually advance through life from a two per cent. to (a small fraction over) a four per cent. rent; or in other words, would pay an average rent for life of about three per cent. Experience might even show it judicious to make three per cent. the maximum limit. Upon the present race of land owners, therefore, the operation would be remarkably gentle (a tax of one per cent. per annum), and only the third generation would realize its full power. Its operation would be mainly prospective, and mainly felt by those who grow up under it, accustomed to expect its effects, and not at all startled or

inflamed when the expected consequences arrive. This very gradual introduction will remove one of the greatest objections to this measure; but for the sake of rendering its operation still more liberal, it might be proper to make a distinction between those who have derived their land from inheritance or gift, to whom the full force of the law might be applied, and those who had, within a certain period, paid money for their possessions. The latter might be allowed certain exemptions — such, for example, as paying but a limited rent during their life time — the exemption terminating with their lives. A clause of this kind would relieve the hardships of innocent purchasers; and something of the kind seems to be demanded by equity. Thus, gently, and without bloodshed, convulsion, or suffering, may be introduced the most important revolution which may ever illuminate the pages of history.

5. (To procure the greatest possible amount of national prosperity, happiness, and improvement) is the delightful duty which the new land system would enable us to fulfil. The immense revenues of the soil, pledged to the people's good, shall be controlled by the commonwealth, and wisely used for all. At once the whole face of society is changed. The government is no longer sustained by taxation; its coffers, overflowing with unprecedented wealth, it is felt by the people only in the streams of benevolence which it is continually outpouring.

The tax-gatherer will be unknown; toll-gates will be abolished; custom-houses unnecessary; and all the fees and costs of justice will be at an end. The abstract rights of humanity will be found, not in the derided speculations of philanthropists, but in the living facts of society; for there will be enough, and more than enough, to guaranty the rights of all. No longer will the country be annually convulsed by the petty schemes and intrigues of party politicians, in reference to insignificant objects. Each State enjoying an annual revenue of twenty or thirty millions of dollars, will find its great duty to be the ELEVATION OF THE PEOPLE, and its power commensurate with its duty. The race of bar-room politicians will be at an end; for a higher order of men will be demanded for the purposes of the government. The business of legislators will not be to struggle with each other for the ascendancy of a party; but to excel in wisdom and good-

ness — to distinguish themselves by accomplishing more than was anticipated for the happiness of the people and the general elevation of the race. The arts of strife and corruption will, therefore, gradually give place to the art and science of benevolence. Profound knowledge and sterling originality will find their sphere of development, and science and philanthropy will soon be placed at the head of State. What may they not accomplish? Look at the vast revenues which would be at the disposal of the government.

A State of 40,000 square miles (which are nearly the area of Ohio), or over 25,000,000 acres, would doubtless have a revenue of $25,000,000 under this land system, before a high rent had been attained. With an average value of $100 per acre, which must be attained when the population is sufficiently dense, the rent would *ultimately* amount to $125,000,000 per annum, or if the maximum rental tax were limited to three per cent. to $75,000,000.*

The value of land increases with the density of population, and hence, the greater the number of people to be benefited by government, the greater the amount of revenue with which to serve them. On this system, the increase of the population increases the common wealth, and swells the flood of beneficence which is flowing for the people. Under the present system, every child born among the laboring classes adds to the amount of oppression which they must endure in the form of low wages, lack of employment, and oppressive rents. Under the national land system, increase of population will be counterbalanced by an increase of means to provide for their prosperity. The plain matter-of-fact calculation of dollars and cents shows that the prosperity attainable under a national land system is beyond all parallel in the history of the world. A power would be built up upon this Western Continent, in comparison with which, the greatest kingdoms that the world has seen would be but barbarous tribes. States like Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia, would enjoy revenues ranging from twenty to one hundred millions of dollars each—a revenue for the people, collected without

[*The United States having an area of two thousand three hundred millions of acres, an annual rental of one dollar per acre (omitting three hundred millions of acres) would yield two thousand millions of dollars,— an amount to make one's head dizzy, and to suggest that such a country would be too large for one government; but such a country must be realized two centuries hence.]

hardship or violence, without laying a tax, or interfering with any industrial pursuit. With such a revenue, Ohio might change her entire physical and moral aspect, presenting a State more highly improved, and a population more highly cultivated in mind, than has ever yet been seen.

Let us suppose this benevolent system in operation for twenty years, with a twenty-five million revenue for the people, and contemplate the results which it would develop.

1. It would construct annually from one to two hundred miles of free railroad for the people, to be used with no other expense than that of the locomotives. The State should be traversed by from two to four thousand miles of free railroad. An unlimited intercourse would exist among the citizens; the value of land would be nearly equalized over the State; the farmer would have the best market, accessible for a trifle; the products of agriculture and horticulture would be rendered cheap in the cities; and the conveniences of country residences would diminish the crowded population and enormous rents of city life. Thus the laboring classes of town and country would advance in prosperity.

2. It would cover the State with libraries (placing one every five miles) of ten thousand volumes each.

3. It would cover the State with schoolhouses of the best construction, with every desirable convenience, apparatus, etc., placing one every two miles, or every mile, and maintain efficient teachers in these schools.

4. It would establish and maintain on a liberal scale, one hundred and fifty free colleges, with a thousand professors, placing a college every twenty miles over the State.

5. It would appropriate a million annually, for the relief of want and disease; the support of orphans, foundlings, and insane; and correction or reformation of criminals.

6. For the education of the adult population, it might maintain a corps of one thousand professors or lecturers upon all departments of knowledge, by whose services the people should be enabled to carry on a course of education through life, and a great amount of intelligence and mental activity might be imparted to those whose early opportunities had been deficient. The effect of this, combined with a general collegiate education of all youth, would be to give a highly intellectual character to the whole community, keeping the whole population up to the level of the highest intelligence

of the age. In such a community, violent crimes and political demagogues would soon disappear, and public sentiment would need but little assistance from the law in maintaining public morals.

7. It would establish and maintain a magnificent institution of science and art, by means of which everything useful to man might be developed — by which agriculture and the mechanic arts, geology, chemistry, medicine, anthropology, education, and political or social science, might be rendered vastly more profitable to man than they have heretofore been. A model farm or farms, with a scientific corps to investigate on a large scale that combination of chemical, geological, botanic, and economical science which constitutes agriculture, and thus direct the agricultural labor of the State in the most profitable channels assisted by agricultural colleges through the State, would be an important part of the plan. All the useful arts of civilization, too, should receive similar attention, and all the inventive genius of the country should be enlisted in the institute for the improvement of practical mechanical science.

With equal energy, the cultivation of chemistry, geology, medicine, anthropology, and political science should be prosecuted by the institute. We have not time or space to depict the splendid scene in our "mind's eye," and show how, by the well sustained and directed labors of the institute, our country might be made the very head and fountain of science and art — the acknowledged leader of the world. But we must not forget the importance of normal schools as a part of the plan, and of the apparatus for publishing and diffusing the benefits of the institute. The institute, although one of the most important and vivifying portions of the whole scheme, would be one of the least expensive. Such institutions will yet come into existence; and when they do, will do much to introduce a new era. The Smithsonian Institute of Washington, the Association for Practical Science in this city, and the Inventors' Institute at the East, are the harbingers of the new era in science, which will arise from united effort hereafter.

The seven great results which we have here sketched, when their expenses are calculated on a liberal scale, absorb but about three fifths of the twenty-five million revenue, which, during twenty years, amounts to five hundred millions. By

these three fifths of the revenue, we cover the State with free railroads, free schools, free colleges, and free libraries — bringing all within the reach of every citizen; we relieve want, reclaim the criminal, educate simultaneously the whole community, old and young, and bring them to the point of intelligence which will cause them to adopt immediately the agricultural, mechanical, and scientific improvements of the institute — thus being far in advance of any contemporary people.

The stage of enlightenment thus attained renders it certain that the people will be able and willing, under the able guidance of the institute, to accomplish everything necessary to abolish the remaining social evils, and complete the proud mission of America. The monster evils of BLACK AND WHITE SLAVERY, may easily be thrown off by the giant strength of the commonwealth. The latter will be abolished, and all the evils of the competitive system, by a scientific reorganization of society (assisted by the power of education), which will elevate the laborer to a level of intelligence, comfort, and freedom, which has ever been deemed the exclusive privilege of the capitalist. The former evil will be abolished too; if not by the gradual operation of moral or legal power alone, there will be a pecuniary power sufficient to purchase every slave from his owner, to confer upon every black an education equal to the highest collegiate and practical or industrial attainments of the white, and to transport the entire race, with all the necessary implements, goods, and other appropriate outfit for a colony, to Africa, or any other portion of the globe which may furnish a desirable home. *

Thus would the highest hopes of good men be realized. The highest order of social existence which is possible to man would be brought within our reach by a system which would secure universal enlightenment, would give us a state of greater social equality, and would realize the brotherhood of

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* This elevation of the African race by education, without which any system of emancipation would be unjust to them, would probably so far remove the prejudice of color as to render their emigration unnecessary.

[Now that slavery is abolished, it is a matter for sober reflection to think how much more cheaply it might have been effected by purchase than by war. Setting aside the national debt, which would have been sufficient and far more than sufficient to purchase all the slaves, and the destruction of property and life vastly greater than the debt,— our pension system alone, at the rate we are now paying annually, consumes enough to have purchased and emancipated all the blacks.]

man and man in the vast schemes of mutual benevolence accomplished by our commonwealth.

The plan of human elevation, as here stated, is but a half-sketch. There are rights and wrongs, and necessary reforms, to which we have not even alluded; but they are not forgotten. The theme has already expanded more than we anticipated, and we turn aside from the broad landscape of a possible destiny, with the simple declaration, that we aim at the speedy abolition of all evil.

On the other hand, what is the sacrifice by which this is to be gained, and what are the evils of this stupendous system of philanthropy? It is but a gradual and easy sacrifice of cupidity to duty — a gradual yielding by landlords of their baseless titles — a gradual sacrifice of that great bane of republics, an indolent and haughty aristocracy * — a gradual approximation of the "upper ten thousand," with their valuable parchments, to the familiar level of their fellow-citizens, whose annual toil of hand or brain supplies their annual bread — an extension of the principles of American Democracy from the harangues of politicians to all the channels of society — a transfer of thousands from the ranks of dissipated idleness to the ranks of useful employment — a change of political discussions from tariffs and tax-laws to education, philanthropy, and science.

Regarding the objections to a just land system as trivial and insignificant, we inquire, Why should it not be adopted forthwith? It is applicable to all countries in the world wherever the will exists to enforce it; and wherever it is applied, it will give to the nation an amount of national wealth which will render it tenfold more formidable to its rivals in political and military power.

[* "So long as land is private property (says Michael Davitt), the landed can and will appropriate the wealth produced by labor." In getting rid of this incubus by a land tax, the apprehension naturally arises that it will bear too heavily upon the farmers, but we must recollect that population and wealth will preponderate in cities, and their ground rents will be enormous. According to statistics given by Rev. Dr. Wheatley, in *Harper's Magazine*, ground has been sold in the lower wards of New York and on Fifth Avenue at rates of between $2,000,000 and $4,000,000 per acre, and some even higher. At the corner of Liberty and Broadway for $4,600,000. The cities are continually gaining on the country, and according to the recent census three fourths of the people of Massachusetts live in cities and villages, while the country in New England is sprinkled with abandoned farms. Maine has 3,300. Five per cent. on the *assessed* value of real estate in the city of New York in 1887 would be over $60,000,000.]

More readily would its beauty be unfolded in the more thinly settled countries, where a smaller sacrifice of private capital would be required for the change. And especially do we hope to see in the vast territories of the American continent, an application of these principles of political justice. In the solitudes of those trans-Mississippian forests which have never yet been profaned by the complicated systems of social wrong which belong to Europe and her half-regenerate sons in America, let there be a pure republicanism established; let the unencumbered soil be consecrated to the commonwealth, and let private monopoly be forever forbidden. If the older States of the Union hesitate to adopt this scheme of justice and philanthropy, let them dwell in their misfortunes until the example of their new-born sisters in the West shall eclipse in twenty years their progress of two centuries — until they see a State settled by a people of very moderate means, and with but a scanty population, eclipsing everything in the world's history by the splendor and magnitude of its improvements, its roads, its public architecture, its schools, colleges, libraries, and hospitals — surpassing far its sister States in the enlightenment and happiness of the people, and in the wisdom of their government.*

The establishment of a commonwealth, based on equality of land-rights, presents a different future from any that has

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[* This grand ideal has been made impossible by private rapacity and public folly. The State of Texas, for the poor bauble of a handsome Capitol, has given away 3,000,000 of acres which, in the near future, might have yielded an annual revenue of five to ten millions of dollars. A man who could manage his estate with such egregious folly would be regarded as needing a guardian. A trustee who would so squander the estate of heirs would be promptly removed by the chancellor. Language fails to express the criminal ignorance and folly of our legislators. The best excuse they can offer is thoughtless ignorance,— the profound and universal ignorance of the rights of the commonwealth. Incalculable millions might have been saved by diffusing the principles of this essay.

James Redpath says: —

"In his speeches of October, 1884, in Central New York, General Butler said repeatedly that, during the last twenty years, the Republican and Democratic parties had given away to railroad and other corporations two hundred and ninety odd million acres of the public lands.

"One of the most effective campaign documents, issued by the Democratic National Committee, was a map that locates the grants of 139,403,026 acres of the people's lands — equal to 871,268 farms of 160 acres each, worth two dollars an acre — or $278,806,052 given away by *Republican* Congresses to railroad corporations This is more land than is contained in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana.

"Other authorities, tabulating the figures, show that 220,000,000 of acres have been thus given away without the exaction of an equivalent — that is, although the favored corporations received these vast grants on expressed

yet cheered the hopes of man. A will exists to regenerate his social condition, but the means and the way are not distinctly seen. They are to be found in the land. This is the Archimedean fulcrum on which our political lever may move the world.

In one way or another, the age of the commonwealth must come. The laboring millions are banding together in England and America, conscious that union and co-operation alone can save them from the social slavery to which competition inevitably reduces the lower classes; and commonwealth, or co-operation in some form, is the great aim of the leaders of humanity in this age.

Rouse and bestir yourselves, AMERICAN LAND REFORMERS, before our western commonwealth beyond the Mississippi has been lost! There still is a commonwealth, for there is a vast area which "we, the people," still hold in common.

There is our future Eden, where the great serpent of land monopoly has not yet crawled, where the arch tempter has not yet procured the desecration of God's great gift to man. Let us first protect ourselves from speculators, by securing the law for the benefit of settlers. Let us then proclaim the principles of a COMMONWEALTH, and thunder in the ears of our representatives at Washington the declaration of human rights. Tell them that the land was made for man, and not man for the land. Tell them that the proud title of American Citizen signifies one of the sovereigns of

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conditions, they have been allowed to retain them *after* they have failed to fulfil their stipulated part of the contract.

"Still other statisticians say that, out of 290,000,000 of acres claimed by General Butler, over 200,000,000 are to-day unlawfully in the possession of the corporations: that they have no longer the right to hold the lands in consequence of their failures or refusals to keep their legal obligations.

"It seems to be established, therefore, that 200,000,000 of acres of the 'children's land' has been taken and 'thrown to the dogs of monopoly,' a heritage that should have been regarded as a sacred trust, to be held inviolate for the toilers of the soil, and for their heirs forever."

This is about equal to the total area of fourteen States,—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and the six New England States! !

It is almost three times the area of England which yields an annual rental of $330,000,000 independent of mines. Our own land thus *stolen from the nation* will, in the next century, be worth more than a thousand millions of annual rental, for population will be dense, and agriculture is destined to quadruple its power. Can we not even yet save to the nation the 1,000,000,000 acres of arid land, which, according to Major Powell, may be redeemed by irrigation?

This is not a "barren ideality." New Zealand is already adopting this system, leasing its public lands to tenants at five per cent. on the land value for twenty-five years, at the end of which time it is re-valued for the next lease, the tenant owning the improvements.]

a continent, and not a miserable, trembling appendage of the soil,— a cringing creature following the beck of either political lords or lords of land. While others are settling the question of the exclusion of black-faced slavery, let us settle the more important question of the exclusion of white-faced despotism. Let us secure for ourselves, and for our children, at least one true republic,— one "Land of the Free" where there shall not be only "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but the enjoyment of happiness itself; and where there shall be, not only peace and plenty, but that fraternal equality, and that fulness of universal knowledge among the people, which shall render ours the MODEL REPUBLIC.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE AUTHOR.

[To-day, forty-four years since this very Utopian and hasty essay was published, its doctrines are agitating all civilized nations, yet I realize with maturer judgment the great and accumulated difficulties in the way of the proposed COMMONWEALTH; but I realize also that the COMMONWEALTH has become the goal of progressive minds, not only here and in Great Britain, but on the old continent; that in one way or another IT MUST COME; that the landlordism of which we see so gloomy an illustration in Ireland cannot be permanent, and that the great upheaval and turmoil of labor and philanthropy must and will, in one way or another, and there are many ways, realize the COMMONWEALTH, through peace or war, through LEGISLATION or REVOLUTION. And as mankind are constituted, neither slavery nor any other fundamental evil will take its departure peacefully. The American people are beginning to see that we are drifting away from the commonwealth, toward a millionaire and billionaire plutocracy, and they will arrest the movement sternly.]

NATIONALISM VERSUS INDIVIDUALISM.

NO-NAME PAPER.

The January number of THE ARENA contained on pages 156-184, a brilliantly written article from the pen of Mr. Hamlin Garland, entitled, "A New Declaration of Rights." The contribution deserved to be read carefully by the intelligent subscribers to THE ARENA, and I have, therefore, no doubt that the readers of my essay will be familiar with the one to which it refers. Mr. Garland eloquently describes in it the miseries which are the outcome of the present social order, and his heart, glowing with sympathy for the oppressed, urges him to look for a remedy. A disciple of Mr. Henry George, he feels sure that the solution of the whole social problem is to be found in the single-tax theory, and that if the indirect taxes, now borne by the people, were replaced by a tax levied on land values, poverty, and with it crime, would at once be wiped from the face of the earth.

I agree with him that our social conditions are not what they ought to be; I agree with him that they are bad enough to stir the heart of every man who feels for humanity, and to make him search for a remedy; I concede that Mr. Garland has a right to believe that his theory, or rather that of his master, is the only cure of the social disease. I do not question his right to imagine how the scenes would shift, or to describe his fancies in glowing terms. It is surely not his fault that I cannot see how the mere introduction of the single tax on land would change at once all features of society. I cannot see how it would give work to all, even to unskilled labor; how it would force the employer to go into the labor market and to entice, by promises of all kinds, the laborers to accept a job from him. Neither can I see how a government could be trusted with the levying of such a tax, or to whom should be given the immense power to discriminate between the values of lots of land. A friend of mine occupied lately a store on Washington Street, adjoining

the Herald building. He paid a fair rent for it, yet found he was unsuccessful. He removed, leasing another store at a higher rent, two houses from his former location, on the other side of the Herald building, and here met with brilliant success. He ascribes his success merely to the location of his new store. It is self-evident that one lot of land is more desirable than another merely on account of its location, and that consequently there will be more applicants for the one than for the other. The value of such a lot will rise accordingly, and with it the tax levied upon it, but who is to determine the value? One lot, by itself, looks exactly as does the other, the houses built upon them may be precisely the same in construction, the space between them may be but a few feet, and yet it is a fact that my friend would be willing to pay a thousand dollars more a year for the one than he would for the other. Would not somebody have to assume paternal functions? Still I concede that it is, perhaps, my own fault that I cannot see things as Mr. Garland does, and I shall not try my lance on that part of his armor.

Neither can I expect him to accept the solution of the problem which I favor, *viz:* nationalism or socialism pure and simple. As I cannot see with his eyes, I must not expect him to see with mine, although he concedes voluntarily and without hesitation, that the great monopolies of forests, mines, telegraphs, and railroads, electric lighting, etc., should be taken out of the hands of individuals or corporations and be administrated by the government. This shows that he might easily be persuaded to burden the government without fear of paternalism, with a few more functions; that he may trust it also with the administration of some industries, such as the smelting of the ore taken from the public mines, or the hammering of metals into rails, plates or cannons. If we should coax him still more he might even assent to let the government raise crops of wheat and other cereals on public land as long as he permits it to raise trees. In fact, Mr. Garland offering the nationalists his little finger, may soon allow them to grasp his whole hand. I have, therefore, no cause to cross swords with him in regard to his attitude towards nationalists.

Where I take issue with him, and have a right to do so, is in regard to his interpretation of *Individualism* and *Socialism*.

In his desire to defend his remedy against the remedies proposed by others, and especially against that proposed by nationalists, he seeks to find shelter behind the breastworks of individualism. Afraid that he might be drawn over into the other camp, he denounces socialism and makes that the point of issue between himself and them. He declares proudly that he is an individualist and takes pains to interpret what that means; yea, more, to show historically that individualism is the result of the highest civilization of man, while socialism belongs to barbarism. The gist of his contention is, that the farther back we go the more we find people steeped in socialism, while the advance of mankind in culture and civilization is entirely due to a more developed individualism. Hence the conclusion that socialism, being a relic of barbarism, ought to be shunned, and individualism lifted upon the throne.

If this was said in jest and not in earnest, I would consider it a good joke, and applaud it as such; but as the writer seems to be serious and may carry the conviction with which he is so imbued into the hearts of as many readers as his otherwise able article must find, I consider it a duty to cry: "Stop! so far and no further!" Such interpretation of history is misleading, and starting from such wrong premises we can never arrive at sound conclusions. Far be it from me to insinuate that Mr. Garland wittingly corrupts or misquotes history; I am positive that he merely misinterprets facts, and in consequence persuades himself that socialism was first, and was followed by individualism as an improvement. This one error having found a way into his logic, the rest naturally went off at a tangent.

Let us see how Mr. Garland arrived at his premises. He had read that in ancient times tribes were formed on account of the gregarious habit of the human being, and that these tribes were under the leadership of a patriarch or a chief; that the individuals, not even the wife or the child, held any rights of their own, but were dependent upon the head of the tribe. The chief would assign to them duties, and hold them strictly to their performance, but on the other hand he would apportion to them whatever was needed for their support. They held no private property but all belonged to the tribe, or rather solely to the head of the tribe. Mr. Garland had, furthermore, read that the condition of such tribes was a

most pitiable one; that the individual led a life that could not be called a human life. In course of time, however, all this was changed. Tribes dissolved or became parts of an empire, slavery was abolished, serfdom was annulled, feudalism destroyed; in a word the individual received rights in the modern community which he never had held in the tribe. Looking upon the high rate of civilization which we have attained, Mr. Garland said to himself, "It was socialism which made of man a barbarian, and it is individualism which has made of him a civilized being. Who dares dispute that proposition, so well established by historical facts?" My dear Mr. Garland, you are utterly wrong. The very thing that you describe as socialism is individualism; and the very thing which you describe as individualism is socialism; you merely employ the use of wrong terms. Socialism must not be confounded with communism, and individualism must not be confounded with the extended possibilities of a man to assert his rights. Socialism has grown out of individualism. The ancient tribe may have owned land or other property in common, but it was far from being a society. Socialistic tendencies showed themselves at that early period only in minor traits, and wherever they came to the surface they brought about that success which finally granted to the individual better opportunities. The real historical facts are, that the farther back we go, the more we find man *self-sufficient* to himself, and *this self-sufficiency is individualism.* The savage is able to stand out alone and for himself; he can supply all his wants; he can find his food, prepare his meals, make his scanty clothing and weapons; wherever he is placed he will be at home.

The members of the family and of the tribe, yea, even the members of the vast empires of a more cultured period, were all individuals, each of whom could rely upon his own faculties to supply all his needs. Humanity, of course, could not rise in civilization as long as every individual worked only for himself and in opposition to all the rest. The tendencies were to advance from such an individualism to socialism. When it was found that a number of men could defend themselves better against the attack of animals or other men, they formed a tribe with the view of obtaining that safety which, single-handed, they could not obtain. They surrendered part of their rights and if the head of the tribe

abused his privileges he could only do so because the tribe was not a perfect society, since outside of this one common purpose its members had still remained individuals. With every step forward in the direction of a division of labor, people became interdependent and learned to feel themselves parts of a social unity. The oldest socialistic enterprise was the army, and even in its earliest construction it was shown that a few thousand well-drilled and well-organized soldiers could conquer the world, as they did under Alexander the Great. With every century we behold people stepping more and more out of the sphere of individualism into that of socialism, and every step which made the individual less self-sufficient, and forced him to unite his efforts with others for common purposes, brought about not alone a higher state of culture or an increase of wealth, but also an increase of individual rights. What a man lost by yielding up a part of his will he received back with large interest, in the shape of a wider circle of opportunities. The building of public roads, the introduction of a mail service, the institution of schools were the outcome of a better understanding of what could be gained by system and organization; yet it was left to our century to behold socialism in its (so far) highest development. Not before the invention and introduction of machinery driven by steam or electricity did labor become so subdivided that the production of one article required the work of a thousand hands. Through this subdivision of labor, man has lost his self-sufficiency and no longer stands out for himself. The adventures of a Selkirk, alias Robinson Crusoe, show how inferior a person accustomed to interdependence stands in self-sufficiency to his man, Friday, the savage. No sooner, however, is Crusoe brought again into touch with society, no sooner does he obtain implements produced by society, than he becomes equal to a host of barbarians. It is not Crusoe who vanquished the savages; it is society which is embodied in him. If Friday is the representative of individualism, and Crusoe that of socialism, what becomes of Mr. Garland's proud declaration, "I am an individualist"?

I do not doubt that Mr. Garland will agree with me that since the many have worked together for a common purpose, more commodities have been created, and life, therefore, has been made more pleasant than it ever was before. If, notwith-

standing, we find our social conditions tangled, it is simply because socialism has not become fully developed. We have the choice only, between the self-sufficiency of the savage, or the interdependence of the civilized man. In the first case, we may remain individualists with perfect freedom of competition and with the motto: "Everyone for himself and let the big fish eat the small fry." In the other case, we must turn socialists; we must form one large society which produces as one body all that it needs; but then each member must be carried by it, and must receive his share of the common product. Our social conditions are distorted merely because we have an organized society and force the individual to serve it and to give up his identity for it, while this same society fails to fulfil its duties and obligations towards each member. Humanity having risen from individualism to socialism, has not yet thrown off the old individualistic principles of competition, property, legacy, self-sufficiency, etc.; and so society looks like a butterfly, which, piercing the chrysalis, has not yet been able to shake off the cumbersome cocoon. As soon as society shall be held to fulfil its part of the contract; as soon as in exchange for the labor, be it physical or mental, which the individual brings into the enterprise he shall be indemnified to the full extent, he will also obtain all the liberties that are compatible with an organization. That at present his liberties are restricted, that the so-called free men of to-day are in a worse condition than slaves or serfs were formerly, is not because of the socialistic tendencies of our age, but of the individualistic legacies which have still survived and which hinder the development of socialism. The principles of competition, of property, of the right of bequest, and above all, the exaltation of the rights of the strong to suppress the weak, coupled with the division of labor, have brought about the unfortunate and unhealthy condition of society as we find it. Socialism has so far civilized man and not individualism. Let it reach maturity; let it shake off the last trammels of individualistic barbarism and the problem will be solved.

One more word. Mr. Garland fears paternalism to be a necessary but unwelcome "*conditio sine qua non*" of socialism. He is not mollified even by the promise of nationalists that fraternalism and not paternalism will form the foundation of the new social order. He claims, and with good

right, that someone will have to stand at the head, and that the temptation will be always near to abuse such powers. Would he object also to *Parentalism* which includes a self-sacrificing love of the parents and the support of the members of the family from the day of birth to the day of death? "Everybody's business is nobody's business," is an old adage. Someone will always be needed to direct affairs, and without a government of some kind, an orderly state of society is inconceivable. Yet it must not be overlooked that in developed socialism the functions of the government will be far different than they are now, and the fear of abuse of power will have vanished, because individual accumulations will have ceased to be a necessity. The government will then not assume the appearance of a stern and arbitrary patriarch to whose individual will the members of the tribe must yield obedience, but rather that of fatherly and motherly care and love for the welfare and the happiness of the family.

BRADLAUGH'S BURIAL.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

"*Sponge out the Record, make tardy amends*
With tears of contrition that shame as they flow.
Blot out the Past, forgive and be friends;
Up from his grave may the Olive grow!"
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

They who have harried him till he is dead,
For their cowardly creeds shall reap as they sow.
Not at his tomb is the last word said:
We shall pay back to them all that we owe!
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

Over his ashes they pray for peace,
Who have helped to quench his fiery glow;
But not for an hour will our battle cease;
Our spoils of triumph his tomb shall strow!
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

Do they think we have ever forgotten the way
He was badgered and bandied to and fro?
Do they think we have ever forgotten *that* day
Of the cruellest gladiatorial show?*
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

*The day he was brutally ejected from the House of Commons.

'Tis one more lost of unnumbered lives,
Wrecked, or taken by tortures slow!
'Tis the common lot of the Thinker who strives
To the death for Tyranny's overthrow!
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

Birds of the night from their hiding-place
Will venture to mount their middens and crow.
There are those who will feel he has turned his face
On the other side for their safer blow!
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

Deeds, not words, for our Champion brave;
Deeds that will lighten the weight of woe.
I may not follow his dust to the grave,
But I shall be with you when facing the foe.
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

Let the war-drums louder and louder roll
Defiance, as on for the goal we go!
Rise to the Hero's stature in soul:
Cower not down with the corse laid low.
AH! NO!
WE DO NOT BURY THE HATCHET SO!

THE HEART OF OLD HICKORY.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

NOISELESSLY, dreamily, with that suggestion of charity which always lingers about a snowstorm, fell the white flakes down in the arms of the gray twilight. There was an air of desolation about the grim old State House, as, one by one, the great hall door creaked the departure of the various occupants of the honorable old pile that overlooks the city and the sluggish flow of the Cumberland beyond. The last loitering feet came down the damp corridors; the rustle of a woman's skirts sent a kind of ghostly rattle through the shadowy alcoves.

The Governor heard the steps and the rustle of the stiff bombazine skirts, and wondered, in a vague way, why it was that women *would* work beyond the time they bargained for. The librarian was always the last to leave, except the Governor himself. He had heard her pass that door at dusk, day in, day out, for two years, and always after the others were gone. He never felt quite alone in the empty State House until those steps had passed by. This evening, however, they stopped, and he looked up inquiringly as the knob was carefully turned, and the librarian entered the executive office.

"I only stopped to say a word for the little hunchback's mother," she said. "She is not a bad woman, and her provocation was great. Moreover, she is a *woman*."

He remembered the words long after the librarian had gone.

"She is a *woman*." That was a strange plea to advance for a creature sentenced to the gallows. He sighed, and again took up the long roll of paper lying upon his desk.

"Inasmuch as she was sorely wronged, beaten, tortured by seeing her afflicted child ill-treated, we, the undersigned, do beg of your excellency all charity and all leniency com-

patible with the laws of the State, and the loftier law of mercy."

Oh, that was an old story; yet it read well, too, that old, old petition with that old, old plea — *charity*. Five hundred names were signed to it; and yet, thrice five hundred tongues would lash him if he set his own name there. It was a hard thing,— to hold life in his hand and refuse it. Those old threadbare stories, old as pain itself, had well-nigh wrought his ruin; his political ruin. At least the papers said as much; they had sneeringly nicknamed him "Tender-heart," and compared him, with a sneer, too, to that old sterling hero — the Governor's eyes sought the east window, where the statue of Andrew Jackson loomed like a bronze giant amid the snowflakes and the gathering twilight. They had compared them, the old hero who lived in bronze, and the young human-heart who had no "back-bone," and was moved by a rogue's cry.

Yet, he had loved that majestic old statue since the day he entered the executive office as chief ruler of the State, and had fancied for a moment the old hero was welcoming him into her trust and highest honor, as he sat astride his great steed with his cocked hat lifted from the head that had indeed worn "large honors." But he had been so many times thrust into his teeth, he could almost wish —

"Papers! Papers! wanter paper, mister?"

A thin little face peered in at the door, a face so old, so strangely unchildlike, he wondered for an instant if it were the face of a man fastened by some mysterious means upon the misshapen body of a child.

"Yes," said the Executive, "I want a *Banner*."

The boy had bounded forward, as well as a dwarfed foot would allow, at the welcome "Yes," but stopped midway the apartment, and slowly shook his head at the remainder of the sentence, while an expression, part jubilance, part regret, and altogether disgust crossed his little old-young face.

"Don't sell that sort, mister," said he, "none o' our club don't. It's — low-lived."

The Governor smiled, despite his hard day with the critics and the petition folk.

"What? You don't sell the *Evening Banner*, the only independent journal in the city?"

The newsboy was a stranger to sarcasm.

"That's about the size on't," he said as he edged himself, a veritable bundle of tatters, a trifle nearer the red coals glowing in the open grate.

Suddenly, the Executive remembered that it was cold. There were ridges of snow on the bronze statue standing by the east window. He noticed, too, the movement of the tatters toward the fire, and with his hand, a very white, gentle-seeming hand it was, motioned the little vagabond toward the grate. No sooner did he see the thin, numb fingers stretched toward the blaze than he remembered the sneers of "the only independent journal." It was not far from right, surely, when it called him "soft-hearted," was this boycotted *Banner* which the newsboys refused to handle. The Executive smiled; the boycott, at all events, was comical.

"And so," said he, "you refuse to sell the *Banner*. Why is that?"

"Shucks!" was the reply. "'Taint no good. None o' us likes it. Yer see, cully——" The Executive started; but a glance at the earnest, unconscious face convinced him the familiarity was not intentional disrespect. "You see," the boy went on, "it sez mean things, lies, yer know, about a friend o' mine."

One foot, the shorter, withered member, was thrust dangerously near to the glowing coalbed; the little gossip was making himself thoroughly at home. The Executive observed it, and smiled. He also noted the weary droop of the shoulders, and impulsively pointed to a seat. He only meant something upon which to rest himself, and did not notice, until the tatters dropped wearily into the purple luxuriance, that he had invited the little Arab to a seat in a great, deep armchair of polished cherry, richly upholstered with royal purple plush, finished with a fringe of tawny gold.

Instinctively, he glanced toward the east window. The bronze face wore a solemn, sturdy frown, but on the tip of the great general's cocked hat a tiny sparrow had perched, and stood coquettishly picking at the white snowflakes that fell upon the bronze brim.

"And so the *Banner* abuses your friend?"

The Executive turned again to the tatters, cosily ensconced in the soft depths of the State's purple. The old-young head nodded.

"And what does it say of him?"

He wondered if it could abuse any one quite so soundly and so mercilessly as it had dealt with him.

"Aw, sher!" the tatters, in state, was growing contemptuous. "It called him a '*mugwump*.'"

The Governor colored: it had said the same of him.

"An," the boy went on, "it said ez ther' wa'n't no backbone to him, an' ez he wuz only fitten to set the pris'ners loose, an' to play the fiddle. An' it said a lot about a feller named Ole Poplar ——"

"What!"

The smile upon the Governor's lips gave place to a hearty laugh, as the odd little visitor ransacked the everglades of memory for the desired timber from which heroes are hewn.

"Poplar? Ben't it poplar? Naw, cedar,—ash, wonnut, hick'ry — that's it! Hick'ry. Ole Hick'ry. It said a lot about him; an' it made the boys orful mad, an' they won't sell the nasty paper."

The tatters began to quiver with the excitement of the recital. The little old-young face lost something of its patient, premature age while the owner rehearsed the misdoings of the city's *independent afternoon journal*.

The Executive listened with a smile of amused perplexity. Evidently *he* was the "friend" referred to, or else the journal had said the same of two parties.

"Who is your friend?" he asked vaguely wondering as to what further developments he might expect.

"Aw," said the boy, "he aint *my* friend perzactly. He's Skinny's though, an' all the boys stan's up for Skinny."

"And who is 'Skinny'?"

A flash of contempt shot from the small, deep-set eyes.

"Say, cully," his words were slow and emphatic, "wher' wuz you raised? Don't *you* know Skinny?"

The Executive shook his head. "Is he a newsboy?"

"He *wuz* —" the tatters were still a moment, only a twitch of the lips and a slight, choking movement of the throat told the boy was struggling with his emotions. Then the rough, frayed sleeve was drawn across the bundle of papers strapped across his breast, where a tear glistened upon the front page of the *Evening Herald*. "He wuz a newsboy — till yistiddy. We buried uv him yistiddy."

The momentary silence was broken only by the soft click of the clock telling the run of time. It was the Governor who spoke then. "And this man whom the *Banner* abuses was Skinny's friend."

"Yes. This here wuz Skinny's route. I took it yistiddy. Yer see Skinny didn't have no mammy an' no folks, an' no meat onter his bones,— that's why we all named him Skinny. He wuz jest b-o-n-e-s. An' ther' wuz nobody ter tek keer uv him when he wuz sick, an' he jest up an' died."

Without the window the snow fell softly, softly. The little brown bird hopped down from the rim of the great general's hat and sought shelter in the bronze bosom of his fluted vesture. Poor little snowbird! — the human waif which the newsboys had buried — for him the bronze bosom of Charity had offered no shelter from the storm. The tatters in velvet had forgotten the storm, and the presence before him as he gazed into the dreamful warmth of the fire. He did not see the motion of the Governor's hand across his eyes, nor did he know how the great man was rehearsing the *Banner's* criticisms.

"He cannot hear a beggar's tale without growing chicken-hearted and opening the prison doors to every red-handed murderer confined there who can put up a pretty story."

He was soft-hearted; he knew it, and regretted it many times to the bronze general at the window. But this evening there was a kind of defiance about him; he was determined to dare the old warrior-statesman, and the slanderous *Banner* — and his own "chicken-heart," too.

"Tell me," said he, "about this friend of Skinny's."

"The Gov'ner?"

"*Was* it the Governor?"

"Say!" Oh, the scorn of those young eyes! "Is ther' anybody else can pardon out convicts? In course 'twuz the Gov'ner. Skinny had a picture uv him, too. A gret big un, an' golly! but 'twuz pritty. Kep' it hangin' over his cot what Nickerson, the cop ez aint got no folks neither, like Skinny, let him set up in a corner o' *his* room down ter Black Bottom. Say, cully, does you know the Gov'ner?"

"Yes; but go on with your story. Tell me all about Skinny and —— *his friend!*"

The tatters settled back into the purple cushions. The firelight played upon the little old face, and the heat drew

the dampness from the worn clothes, enveloping the thin figure in a vapor that might have been a poetic dream-mist but for the ragged reality slowly thawing in the good warmth. The bundle of papers had been lifted from the sunken chest and placed carefully by on the crimson and olive rug, while the human bundle settled itself to tell the story of Skinny.

"Me an' him wuz on the pris'n route," said he, "till — yistiddy. Least I wuz ther till yistiddy. Skinny tuk this route last year. He begged it fur me when he — come ter quit, because I ben't ez strong ez — Solermun you know. Wa'n't he the strong un? Solermun or Merthusler, I furgit which. But t'wuz when we wuz ter the pris'n route I larnt about Skinny's friend, the Gov'ner, you know. First ther' was ole Jack Nasby up an' got parelized, an' want no count ter nobody, let 'lone ter the State. 'A dead *ex*pense,' the ward'n said. He suffered orful too, an' so'd his wife. An' one day Skinny said he wuz goin' ter write a pertition an' git all the 'fishuls ter sign it, an' git the Gov'ner ter pard'n ole Nasby out. They all signed it — one o' the convic's writ it, but they all tol' Skinny ez t'wuz no use, 'cause he wouldn't do it. An' one day, don't yer think when ole Nasby wuz layin' on the hospittul bunk with his dead side kivered over with a pris'n blankit, an' his wife a-cryin' because the ward'n war 'bleeged ter lock her out, the Gov'ner his se'f walked in. He wuz sorter lame his se'f yer know, got it in the war. An' what yer reckin he done? *Cried!* What yer think o' that, cully? Cried; an' lowed ez how 'few folks wuz so bad et somebody didn't keer fur 'em,' an' then he called the man's wife back, an' pinted ter the half dead ole convic', an' told her ter 'fetch him home.' Did! An' the nex' day if the *Banner* didn't tan him! Yer jest bet it did.

"An' ther' wuz a feller ther' been in twenty year, an' had seventy-nine more ahead uv him. An' one night when ther' wa'n't nobody thinkin' uv it, he up an' got erligion. An' he aint no more an' got it, en he wants ter git away fum ther'. Prayed fur it constant: 'Lord, let me out!' 'Lord, let me out!' That's what he ud say ez he set on the spoke pile fittin' spokes fur the Tennessee wagins; an' a-cryin' all the time. He couldn't take time ter cry an' pray 'thout cheat'n o' the State yer know, so he jest cried an' prayed while he

worked. The other pris'ners poked fun at him; an' tol' him if he got out they ud try erligion in theirn. Yorter seen him; he wuz a good un. Spec' yer have heerd about him. Did yer heear 'bout the big fire that bruk out in the pris'n las' November, did yer?'"

The Governor nodded and the boy talked on.

"Well, that ther' convic' worked orful hard at that fire. He fetched thirteen men out on his back. They wuz suf'-cated, yer know. He fetched the warden out too, in his arms. An' one uv his arms wuz burnt that bad it had ter be cut off. An' the pris'n doctor said he breathed fire inter his lungs or somethin'. An' the next day the Gov'ner pard'ned uv him out. I wuz ther' when the pard'n come. The warden's voice trim'led when he read it ter the feller layin' bundled up on his iron bunk. An' when he heeard it he riz up in bed an' sez he, 'My prayers is answered; tell the boys.' The warden bent over 'im ez he draped back an' shet his eyes, an' tried ter shake him up. 'What must I tell the *Gov'ner?*' sez he. 'Tell him, God bless him.' An' that wuz the las' word he ever did say topside o' *this* earth. Whatcher think o' that, cully? 'Bout ez big ez the *Banner's* growl, wa'n't it?'"

The Executive nodded again, while the little gossip of the slums talked on in his quaint, old way, of deeds the very angels must have wept to witness, so full were they of glorious humanity.

"But the best uv all wuz about ole Bemis," said he, re-arranging his tatters so that the *undried* portion might be turned to the fire. "Did you ever heear about ole Bemis?"

Did he? Would he ever cease to hear about him, he wondered. Was there, *could* there be any excuse for him there? The evening *Independent* thought not. Yet he felt some curiosity to know how his "chicken-hearted foolishness," had been received in the slums, so he motioned the boy to go on. Verily the tattered gossip had never had so rapt a listener.

"Yer see," said he, "Bemis wuz a banker; a reg'lar rich un. He kilt a man,—kilt him dead, too,—an' yer see, cully, 'twuz his own son-in-law. An' one cote went dead aginst him, an' they fetched it ter t'other, 's'preme' or 'sperm,' or somethin'. An' the *Banner* said 'he orter be hung, an' would be if the Guv'ner'd let him. But if he'd cry a little the Guv'ner'd set him on his feet agin, when the cotes wuz done with him.' But that cote said he mus' hang too, an' they

put him in jail; an' the jailer looked fur a mob ter come an' take him,— take him out that night an' hang him. He sot up late lookin' fur it. But stid uv a mob, the jailer heerd a little pitapat on the steps, an' a little rattle uv the door, an' when he opened uv it ther' wuz a little lame cripple girl standin' ther' leanin' on her crutches a-cryin', an' a-beggin' ter see her pappy. Truth, cully; cross my heart" (and two small fingers drew the sign of the cross upon the little gossip's breast). "Atter that, folks begin ter feel sorry fur the ole banker, when the jailer 'd tell about the little crutch ez sounded up'n down them jail halls all day. The pris'ners got ter know it, an' ter wait fur it, an' they named uv her 'crippled angul,' she wuz that white an' pritty, with her blue eyes an' hair like tumbled-up sunshine all round her face. When the pris'ners heerd the restle uv her little silk dress breshin' the banisters ez she clomb upstairs, they ud say, 'Ther's the little angul's wings.' An' they said the jail got more darker atter the wings went by. An' when they had that ther las' trial uv ole Bemis, lots o' meaness leaked out ez had been done him, an' it showed ez the pris'ner wa'n't so mightly ter blame atter all. An' lots of folks, 'all but twelve,' the ward'n said, wuz hopin' the ole man ud be plumb cleared. But the cote said he mus' hang, hang, hang. Did; an' when it said so the angul fell over in her pappy's arms, an' her crutch rolled down an' lay aginst the judge's foot, an' he picked it up an' helt in his han' all the time he wuz saying o' the death sentence.

"An' the *Banner* said 'that wuz enough fur chicken-heart,' — an' said ever'body might look fur a pard'n nex' day. An' *then* whatcher reckin? What do yer reckin, cully? The nex' day down come a little yaller-headed gal ter the jail a-kerryin uv a *pard'n*. Whatcher think o' that? Wuz that chicken heart? Naw, cully, that was *grit*. Skinny said so. An' Skinny said,— he wuz allus hangin' roun' the cap'tul,— an' he heerd the men talkin' 'bout it. An' they said the little gal come up ter see the Gov'ner, an' he wouldn't see her at first. But she got in at last, an' begged an' begged fur the ole man 'bout ter hang.

"But the Gov'nor wouldn't lis'n, till all't once she turned ter him an' sez she, 'Have *you* got a chile?' An' his eyes filt up in a minute, an' sez he, 'One, at Mount Olivet.' That's the graveyard, yer know. Then he called his sec't'ry

man, an' whispered ter him. An' the man sez, 'Is it wise?' An' then the Gov'ner stood up gran' like, an' sez he, 'Hit's right; an' that's enough.' Wa'n't that bully, though? Wa'n't it? Say, cully, whatcher think o' that? An' whatcher lookin' at out the winder?"

The shadows held the tall warrior in a dusky mantle. Was it fancy, or did old Hickory indeed lift his cocked hat a trifle higher? Old bronze hero, did he, too, hear that click of a child's crutch echoing down the dismal corridors of the State House, as the little, misshapen feet sped upon their last hope? And in his dreams did he too hear, the Executive wondered, the cry of a little child begging life of him alone who held it? Did he hear the wind, those long December nights, moaning over Olivet with the sob of a dead babe in its breath? Did he understand the human, as well as the heroic, old warrior-statesman whose immortality was writ in bronze.

"Say cully," the tatters grew restless again, "does the firelight hurt yer eyes, makes 'em water? They looks like the picture o' Skinny's man when the water's in 'em so. Oh, but hit's a good picture. It's a man, layin' in bed. Sick or somethin', I reckin.' An' his piller all ruffled up, an' the kiverlid all white ez snow. An' his face has got a kind o' glory look, jest like yer see on the face o' the pris'n chaplin when he's a-prayin' with his head up, an' his eyes shet tight, an' a streak o' sunshine comes a-creepin' in through the gratin' uv the winders an' strikes acrost his face. That's the way Skinny's picture man looks, only ther' aint no bars, an' the light stays ther'. An' in one corner is a big, *big* patch o' light. 'Taint sunshine, too soft. An' 'taint moonlight, too bright. An' plumb square in the middle uv it is a angul: a gal angul, I reckin, becase its orful pretty, with goldish hair, an' eyes ez blue ez—that cheer yer head's leaned on. An' she has a book, a gold un; whatcher think o' that? An she's writin' down names in it. An' the man in the bed is watchin' uv her, an' tellin' uv her what ter do; for down ter the bottom ther's some gol'-writin'. Skinny figgered it out an' it said, '*Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.*' Aint that scrumptious? Yer jest bet.

"I asked Skinny once what it meant, and he said he didn't know fur plumb certain, but sez he, 'I calls it the Gov'ner, Skip: the Gov'ner an' the crippled angul.' Atter that

Skinny an' me an' the boys allus called it the Gov'ner. Say! did you ever *see* the Gov'ner?"

The Executive nodded; and the tatters rising and sinking back again with vehemence in accord with surprise, threatened to leave more than a single mark upon the State's purple.

"Oh, say now! did yer though? An' did he look this here way, an' set his chin so, an' keep his eyes kind o' shet 's if he wuz afeard someun ud see if he cried an' tell the *Banner* ez ther' wuz tears in his eyes? Skinny said he did. Skinny didn't lie, *he* didn't.

"An' did yer ever heear him make a speech? Raily now, did yer?"

The spare body bent forward, as if the sharp eyes would catch the faintest hint of falsehood in the face before him. "Yorter heerd him. Skinny did once, when he wuz 'norgrated, yer know. An' you bet he's gran', then, on them 'norgrat'n days. He jest up an' *dares* the ole *Banner*. An' his speeches goes this er way."

The tatters half stood; the sole of one torn shoe pressed against the State's purple of the great easy-chair, one resting upon the velvet rug. One small hand lightly clasped the arm of the cherry chair, while the other was enthusiastically waved to and fro as the vagabond's deft tongue told off one of the fragments of one of the Executive's masterpieces of eloquence and oratory.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," indeed, poured the great particle of the great argument that had swept the old Volunteer State, at the moment of its financial agony, from centre to circumference:

"'The so-called "State Bonds" are against the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which declares, No State shall grant letters of marque and reprisal, coin money, or emit bills of credit. State bonds! State bonds! I tell you, friends and fellow-citizens, that is the name of the enemy that is hammering upon that mighty platform upon which all social, political, and financial affairs of the country are founded; the palladium of our liberties,— the Constitution of the United States.'"

The ragged shoe slipped from its velvet pedestal, the now dry tatters dropped back into the luxuriant softness of the easy-chair. The glow of excitement faded from the little

old face that seemed suddenly to grow older. The man watching with keen surprise, that was indeed almost wonder, saw the boy's thin lips twitch nervously. The great speech was forgotten in the mighty memories it had stirred. The tattered sleeve was drawn across the face that was tattered too, and it was full two minutes by the State's bronze clock, before the vagabond held control of his feelings.

"Say!" he ventured again, "yorter knowed Skinny. He wuz the nicest boy yevver *did* see. He knowed ever'-thing, he did. See the Gov'ner many a time. Heerd him say that very speech I'm tellin' you about. In this very house, too, upstairs, wher' the leguslater sets. I peeped in while ago; nobody ther' but the sextent. Skinny heerd the Gov'ner speak ther' though — an' when the ban' played, an' the folks all clapped their hands, Skinny flung his hat up, plumb inter the big chand'ler, an' hollered out: 'Hooray for the Gov'ner an' the Low Taxers!' an' a p'liceman fetched him out by the collar, an' when he got out the cop sez ter him, sez he, 'Now whatcher got ter say?' Skinny wuz a Low Taxer his *own* se'f, so when the cop axed him for his say, he flung his hat up todes the bare-headed Liberty woman out ther' at the front door, an' sez he, 'Hooray! fur the Gov'ner an' the Low Tax party.' Did. He slep' in the lock-up that night fur it, you bet; but he got his holler. He wuz a plumb good un.

"Say, cully! I wisht yer could see Skinny's picture anyhow. It's over ter hunchback Harry's house now, t'other side o' Hell's Half. Yer know Hell's Half acre? Awful place. Skinny give the picture ter Harry' count o' his not bein' able ter git about much. He set a sight o' store by it, Skinny did, an' he didn't let it leave him till the las' minit; he just *willed* it, yer know, to hunchback Harry. When he wuz a-dyin' he turned ter me, an' sez he, 'Skip, hang the Gov'ner so's I can see him.' An' when I done it, he sez, sorter smilin', sez he, 'Skip?' Sez I, 'Skinny!' Sez he, 'The angul has wiped the tears out o' the Gov'ner's eyes.' Then he fell back on his straw piller an' shet his eyes, so; an' after while he opened uv um, an' sez he — so soft yer *jest* could a-heerd it; sez he, 'Write me ez one who loves his fellow-men.' An' that wuz the las' word he ever said *on this* earth. He had a nice fun'ril; yer bet. Us newboys made it; an' the pris'n chaplin said the sument. We

bought the flowers, us boys did, they cos' ten dollars. Ther' wuz a wreath made uv white roses, an' right in the middle, made out o' little teeny buds, wuz his name — '*Skinny.*' The flower-man said it wouldn't do, when we told him ter put it ther', but we 'lowed 'twuz our money and our fun'ril an' we wuz goin' ter have it our own way. An' he said it might hurt his folkses' feelin's ;but we tol' him Skinny didn't have no folks, an' no name neither, 'cept jest 'Skinny.' So he made up the wreath like we said, an' it's out ther' on his grave this blessed minit, if the snow ain't hid it. Say, cully! Don't yer be a-cryin' fur Skinny. He's all right — the chaplin sez so. The Gov'ner'd cry fur him though,I bet yer, if he knowed about the fun'ril yistiddy. Mebbe ole Poplar — naw — Hick'ry ; mebbe ole Hick'ry wouldn't, but I bet the Gov'ner would."

The face of the Executive was turned toward the fire — a tiny, blue blaze shot upward an instant, and was reflected in a diamond setting that glittered upon his bosom. A match to the sparkling jewel rested a moment upon his cheek, then rolled down and lay upon his hand — a bright, glistening tear. There was a sound of heavy footsteps coming down the gray stone corridor — a creak, groan, and bang.

"What's that?" asked the newsboy, starting up.

"That," said the Executive "is the porter, closing up for the night."

The tatters stood as near upright as tatters may, and gathered themselves together. Not a paper sold ; he had gossipped away the afternoon with right royal recklessness. He remembered it too late.

"Say! yer wouldn't want a *Herald?*" It was not easy to talk business where lately he had talked confidence. The Executive's hand sought his pocket.

"Yes," said he, "a *Herald* will do. What is your name, boy?"

"Skippy! 'cause I don't skip, yer know."

There was a twinkle in the vagabond's eye, as the maimed foot was thrust forward. The next moment he glanced at the coin the Executive had handed him.

"Say! I can't change a dollar; haint seen that much money sence the bridge wuz burnt."

The Executive smiled. "Never mind the change," said he, "and be sure you bring me to-morrow's *Herald.*"

The tatters did stand upright at last, while a look of genuine wonder, not unmixed with admiration, came into the little old-young face.

"Say! who *be you* anyhow?" he asked. And the lids did "drop" as the *Banner* said, "to hide the tears," as the great man answered slowly: —

"I am the Governor of Tennessee, Skippy."

There was a low soft whistle, a hurried shambling toward the door, a half-whispered something about "Skinny" and "ole Pop-Hickory," and the ponderous door closed behind him. When the fire had burned so low he could no longer see the print of the newsboy's foot upon the velvet cushion of the State's armchair, the Governor arose and began to put away his papers.

"Inasmuch, as she was sorely wronged" — his eye fell upon a line of the woman-murderer's long petition. *Was* this a "case for clemency," as the petition declared? The crisp paper rattled strangely as he unrolled it, and fixed his own name, together with the great seal of the State, to the few words he had written. It is a grand thing to hold life in one's hand: a thing next to God himself. It is a grander thing to *give* life, and nearer to God, too, for is not God the giver of all life? The long petition lay in the Executive's private drawer; his day's work was done; to-morrow the despised afternoon journal would sum it up so: "Pardoned another red-handed Cain." The angels perhaps might record it something this wise: "Saved another soul from hell." He sighed, and thrust the few remaining papers into the drawer, locked it, and made ready to go home. For the darkness had indeed fallen; the bronze statue, as he sought it through the window, had become only a part of the bronze night. But the heart of old Hickory was there, in his own bosom, throbbing and alive with the burden of humanity. The critics might lash to-morrow; but *to-night*— he opened the door of the great gray corridor; the wind swept with a sepulchral groan through the vault-like gloom; he lifted his face to the leaden sky, starless and cold.—"Write me," he said, "as one who loves his fellowmen;" and blushed, as any hero might, to find his heart as brave as his convictions.

THE MORNING COMETH.

BY REV. W. H. SAVAGE.

By night the Winter came out of the North,
And went through the sleeping land:—
All wrapped in shroud
Of the dun, gray cloud,
Over forest and fell,
Over field and hill
(The wind was asleep, and his step was still),
Went he like a sower, and scattered forth
The snow from his spectral hand.

It fell like a dream
Over meadow and stream,
Along the ways of the woodland glen,
Above the homes of sleeping men,
By the gray rocks on the ocean shore
Where Mystery sleepeth evermore,
On the broad highway, on the footpath small,
Fell the eddying whiteness enwrapping all.

Then the sun looked over the white world's rim,
And peered through the aisles of the woodland dim;
The forest and fell,
The field and the dell,
The broad highway, and the footpath small,
The sun looked forth and beheld them all.

Then every deed of the vanished night
Lay plain to the eye of the risen light,—
Its story writ in the telltale snow.
The hillside fox that had prowled below,

The hungry wolf that had torn his prey,
The strange, wild creatures that shun the day,
The skulking thief with his booty fled,
Pale murder chased by fear of the dead;
The homeless turned from the rich man's door,
The mercy that sought out the shivering poor,
Each left his track where his foot did fall: —
The Night remembered and told it all.

So, sooner or later, each hidden deed,
Wrought in a darkness where none can read,
But leaving its track on the Ways of Time,
Shall stand confessed; for a Light sublime
Will arise at last, when the night is done,
And Truth will shine as another sun.
For the elements all are in league with Right,
And they serve her cause with a tireless might;
The Earth is the Lord's, and whatever befall,
Will mark, will remember, will publish all.

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

LIBERAL THOUGHT THE SAFEGUARD OF THE REPUBLIC.

Not very long ago several influential and ably-edited American newspapers contained articles of a speculative nature concerning the future of the United States. One of the writers was of the opinion that the unprecedented increase in population would necessitate the division of the country. Another predicted a rivalry between the East and West, ending in the creation of a great Western and a less influential Eastern republic. Other views equally absurd were advanced in all seriousness by minor prophets. All agreed, however, that the dissolution of the republic would become a physical necessity as soon as the country had passed the one hundred million mark. History was cited in support of these visionary ideas, and an array of cold facts covering a period of several thousand years had a tendency to silence the average reader, who consoled himself with the reflection that the threatened division would probably not take place during his lifetime.

To cite history in support of any prediction relating to the United States is chimerical, for the simple reason that its government never had a prototype; and because the conditions which led to the downfall of ancient and modern empires and oligarchies have not existed on American soil since the declaration of independence. Empires have fallen by the corruption of princes, by religious disorders, and by extravagance and its attendant vice effeminacy. In the United States the expenditures of the government are in the hands of the people's servants, who can be removed by constitutional means whenever they become corrupt or extravagant. Religious disorders are out of the question as long as State and church remain separated. Effeminacy is not to be feared, as the struggle for existence, growing fiercer from year to year, will make the American of the coming generation even more manly and progressive than his forefathers. One-man power and spiritual tyranny, the two prime causes of the fall of nations, are, moreover, made almost impossible by wise provisions inserted in the several State constitutions.

The perpetuity of a nation, however, depends not so much on legal restrictions as it does on the existence of men who —

> "do not fear to follow up the truth
> Albeit upon the precipice's edge."

Such men made the United States at a time when liberty of thought was looked upon with suspicion by the masses, and the descendants and followers of these men will insure the perpetuity of the national structure cemented with the blood of their fathers.

Liberty, civil as well as spiritual, is a growth. The thoughts of men do not expand in an hour; they "widen with the process of the suns." Mushroom liberty — in other words, license — produces anarchy to-day, reaction and a tyrant to-morrow. The seed of the spirit of liberty from which sprang the United States was planted long before it bore its glorious fruit.

To escape persecution and enjoy freedom of conscience, the Puritans sought a home in an uninviting country, where they laid one of the foundation stones of our present government. Permeated by the spirit of intolerance, characteristic of the period following the Reformation, they and their fellow colonists cropped the ears of inoffensive Quakers, and under the guidance of fanatics like Cotton Mather, enacted the Salem witchcraft and sacrificed the lives of nearly a score of men and women to superstitious ignorance. Meanwhile, however, Roger Williams, the first of a long line of progressive Christian thinkers, had protested most emphatically against persecution on religious grounds, and as early as 1647, induced the General Assembly of Rhode Island to adopt a declaration that in that province, "all men might walk as their consciences persuaded them, without molestation — every one in the name of *his* God"; and in 1649, Catholic Maryland, then controlled by progressive Puritans, passed its famous Toleration act, which, although repealed five years later, bore excellent fruit.

Good men, actuated by high principles, enlightened the masses in most of the colonies, and sturdy independence began to resent not only royal interference but spiritual domination as well. Theocracy, in the course of time, had to give way to a government by the people in all matters of secular interest.

In the Carolinas, good John Archdale dissipated the popular prejudice which disfranchised the industrious Huguenots — valuable settlers who contributed largely to the development of the South — simply because they were French.

William Penn taught in Pennsylvania that man owes his first duty to his conscience, and counselled his followers to treat justly all their neighbors, irrespective of religious belief.

Toleration, the mother of liberty, supplanted religious fanaticism in Puritanical Massachusetts and Connecticut, whose people were rapidly recovering from the fatal infatuation which had ended in the tragedy at Salem.

Men everywhere began to think for themselves and refused to accept the stern creeds preached by narrow-minded theologians. At first despised, then honored, Unitarianism gathered around its liberal doctrines followers from the best classes of society. The human soul, so long kept under the parson's lash, was ripe for the acceptance of a rational and joyful religious faith, which recognized man's desire for a cheerful existence on earth, as well as a future life of bliss.

The universal brotherhood of man began to be preached, and not only individuals but congregations and communities learned to —

> "Call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
> That only freedom comes by grace of God."

Poor, persecuted Thomas Paine, Carlyle's "rebellious staymaker," and his "Rights of Man" followed Unitarianism. Neglected by historians, maligned even in this enlightened age by the thoughtless, this enthusiastic believer in civil and spiritual freedom set another generation to thinking, and called into life a class of religious radicals, known to the vulgar as infidels, to the students of Paine's life and works, as theists.

Small in numbers, unobtrusive and seemingly unaggressive, these lovers of freedom soon developed into a powerful factor. Ever ready to battle against the encroachments of religious bodies, and carefully guarding the liberty of conscience vouchsafed by the constitution of the young republic, they were instrumental in directing the efforts and energies of ambitious churchmen from affairs political to matters spiritual.

Popular education, for many years under sectarian control, as soon as conducted on a non-sectarian basis, taught the young people to think as well as to read and write. They learned that civil liberty without religious freedom is a travesty, and that spiritual coercion is the worst form of slavery.

The publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" and the anti-slavery agitation added new incentives to the expression of original thought. Fossilized professors of orthodox creeds who attempted to uphold human bondage by quoting texts from the Bible were openly assailed by their more progressive brethren. The liberal element, which had grown both in numerical strength and in influence since Paine's day, filled the ablest journals with telling arguments against the traffic in human blood, basing its arguments not on dogmatical grounds but on the broad platform

of universal brotherhood, and thereby compelling unbiased orthodoxy to take a bold and truly religious stand in the preparatory struggle between the great right and wrong.

As the power of *creed* declined, practical *religion* became more general. The civil war was fought, teaching lessons of incalculable value to the narrow-minded. Nearly every family in the land was called upon to mourn the loss of one or more of its members. The feeling of sympathy became universal. Common sorrow sought common consolation, and the spirit of brotherhood was preached from many pulpits until that time dedicated to rite, form, and ritual.

Darwin's speculative theories concerning the descent of man, while not accepted in their entirety by America's advanced thinkers, nevertheless led to a general discussion, and as the controversy progressed the public became familiar with the teachings of Spinoza, Hegel, and Spencer. Pantheism which sees good (God) in everything was adopted by many as a religious belief. The origin of man, a mystery whose solution has interested the human family probably since its existence, was talked about in places high and low. "Miracle, blind faith's dearest child," could not satisfy the inquiring minds of the nineteenth century, and the apostles of spiritual freedom as well as the believers in liberal Christianity boldly proclaimed their doctrines of love and light in newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets.

The press of America, whose chief virtue is a readiness to give a hearing to reason, in whatever form it may demand recognition, forced the orthodox pulpit to heed the signs of the times; and thus a war has been waged between religion and theology for many years, or until even the cherished doctrines of Calvin have to be "revised" by his most steadfast followers and the triple-tiaraed Vicar of Christ at Rome had to accord an interview to an American reporter to set himself right before the people of America.

This struggle for religious freedom, conducted with decorum on the side of the reformers, with bitterness and invective by those who would keep their fellow-men under the yoke of *doctrines*, is emblematic of the struggle for civil freedom.

As long as there is in the United States a class of men who are willing to sacrifice their position in society and their political prospects,— and such has been the lot of many advanced thinkers, —liberty is safe, no matter to what an extent the population of the country may grow. These heroes would fight just as courageously for the preservation of civil freedom, as they have struggled valiantly for the right of independent opinion. They are even now working everywhere, spreading the gospel of virtue, mercy, and charity, ameliorating the condition of the

working classes, and gathering around their standard the best thought of the nation. The creed must give place to true religion, which, whether it worships the God of the Bible or the gods of the pagan, recognizes that man owes his first duty to his fellowmen.

The future of our country promises to be the brightest period of its existence, because the growth of freedom has been gradual, healthy, and comparatively free from selfishness. In the coming century, the freemen of America will be united by bonds of brotherhood strong enough to withstand assaults from without, as well as from within.

Fifty years ago the honest doubter might have had cause to question the stability of our institutions; to-day the perpetuity of the greatest of republics is assured.

G. W. Weippiert.

HAS THE COMMAND OF JESUS BEEN REVOKED?

Church members and professing Christians are stumbling over the command of Jesus to "Preach the gospel and heal the sick."

Religious teachers declare that only that part of the command which relates to preaching is now of binding force upon his disciples.

But they fail to tell us *when*, *how*, or *why*, the other part of the command was rescinded. They admit there was no period of limitation affixed to either clause when the command was given, but that both were alike binding and both were to be obeyed — the one as much as the other.

Jesus did not say, "Go heal the sick for sixty days but continue to preach the gospel through all time." There were no restrictions or limitations in either case. Therefore if either clause is in force to-day, both are in force, unless it can be shown that one has been revoked and the other has not. Having shown that both were in force at one time and admitting that one still is, it requires some proof to convince the candid mind that the other is not. That proof we have never seen offered. Nothing but assertion, which is not proof.

The command to preach the gospel and heal the sick was one and inseparable. Jesus so intended it and his disciples to whom it was immediately addressed so understood it.

Jesus instituted no temporary method for the accomplishment of his purpose. His plan for the uplifting of humanity, which

he then put in operation, was to continue until mankind was delivered from its condition of bondage to sickness and sin.

Had he intended that this method should be changed, would he not have said so? And would he not have indicated what that change should be? Would he expect and require his followers to pursue a different method, but never tell them about it? Yet not a hint, even, of any change of method do we find in the scriptures. On the contrary, he affirms and re-affirms his original command.

He first gives this command to the twelve. He then gives the same positive direction to the seventy. Nor does he stop here. That there might be no doubt or misunderstanding as to his will, he gives to his disciples a parting interview just before his ascension, and communicates to them his directions for the guidance of his followers through all time. (Mark xvi.) Jesus here issues his final commission. If there is to be any change of method, he will now surely make it known.

But no, the method is the same. He directs them to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. And he couples this command with a promise that he that believes and is baptized shall be saved, and with as distinct and positive assurance that certain signs or proofs shall attend them that believe, among which was the healing of the sick. Jesus does not say, "Perhaps these signs will follow," but they "*shall follow*." Nor does he say, "These signs shall follow you disciples only," but they shall follow *them that believe*, — no limitation except that of unbelief. These signs were to attest the fact that one was a believer. If he did not furnish them, it was proof that he was not a true believer, and was notice of that fact to everybody that they might not be deceived by his teaching. These signs were his credentials by which all would know that he was a believer and were to authenticate him as a true disciple of the Master.

Turning to the last two verses of Matthew we find that Jesus directs his disciples to teach all nations to observe all things that he had commanded his disciples. And foreseeing that some might teach that it was necessary to observe only a part of what he had commanded his disciples, he says "*all things whatsoever*." Thus it would seem cutting off all chance for misunderstanding his meaning and intention.

If we ask what had he commanded his disciples, the answer is plain, "Preach the gospel and heal the sick." He does not say "Teach the nations; it is sufficient if they preach the gospel, they need not heal the sick, that part of my former command is now done away." No! he says they must observe, or do, all things whatsoever. His command must be obeyed in its entirety. Declaration must be confirmed by demonstration.

Jesus does not teach a gospel of creed, of theory, of belief only, but a gospel of power and demonstration over all forms of evil.

This was the gospel that was to be taught to all nations. It is under this commission given by Jesus and recorded in the last two verses of Matthew and in the last part of the last chapter of Mark that all clergymen claim to derive their authority to preach. What shall be said of their loyalty to that commission, or to its giver, when they so generally reject one half of it, and that half the practical part upon which Jesus laid so much stress?

A. G. Emery.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND PENURY IN OUR METROPOLIS.

Those who thoughtfully follow events as they transpire in our great cities to-day cannot fail to be impressed with the many points of striking resemblance between our civilization and the condition of Roman society under the Cæsars, and the state of the French people during the closing years of Louis XV. and the early reign of Louis XVI. It is an easy matter to cry alarmist when facts of startling significance are brought home, and to eulogize life as we find it to-day, for such a course is sure to meet the approbation of society. Such is the siren cry of every age and never uttered with such vehemence and recklessness as during the eclipse or decline of a nation. I do not claim that our Republic has entered the shadow of decline, but I do maintain that our present social conditions are so strained that unless the public mind is quickened, unless the conscience and intelligence of the nation are aroused to the gravity of the situation, the hour will soon strike when cool, dispassionate judgment will give place to passion; when the frenzy of the multitude who are now restless with discontent will convulse society in revolution.

It is therefore the part of wisdom to frankly face conditions as we find them, and calmly confront the dangers which menace the stability of our government. It is true that we have not yet reached anything approaching the immorality, effeminacy, or brutality which marked high society in Rome before her fall; neither have we behind us the centuries of oppression or generations of want and misery which culminated in the wild frenzy of the French Revolution; nevertheless, we are confronted by a state at once alarming and unique in history. The past few decades with us have been marked by the possession of colossal fortunes accumulated with a rapidity that finds no parallel save in campaigns of war and plunder not unfrequent in earlier epochs. Speculation, special privileges, and unearned increment have poured into the lap of a favored few royal fortunes, and with the possession of this money this same class has been enabled to triple and quadruple fortunes, often at the expense of hundreds of thousands of worthy but less fortunate fellowmen. Of this army many have been pushed from small homes to crowded tenements, and from crowded tenements to dens in disreputable sections, where the very atmosphere is brutalizing, where hope is killed and joy departs; where immorality, vice, and crime become the environment of childhood, until despair claims the parents and ignorance, sensuality, and vice their offspring.

Thus through unjust social arrangements the gamblers and the proteges of class laws or special privileges have amassed fortunes of fabulous proportions at the expense of those who have toiled in legitimate fields for every dollar they have earned, oftentimes earning far more than they have received. Each year during the past decade has widened the gulf between the plutocrat and the proletariat. The very system which has enabled the former to thus rapidly acquire almost unbounded wealth without earning the same, has necessarily blunted his moral susceptibilities until the ethical relation of the fortunate to the unfortunate is lost sight of: a feeling of general indifference is exhibited by the very rich toward the struggling bread-winners whose every day is darkened by fear; whose dreams are haunted by dread; whose life is a terrible nightmare in which his mind is constantly racked by a confused vision, wherein wife and children are starving or begging — sick, without necessary food or treatment — virtue sold to drive back starvation — shame and the Potter's Field are strongly mingled — a kaleidoscope view of possible horrors. And what makes this thought still more impressive is the stolid indifference displayed by wealth toward want that cries so loudly for work that it may not starve beneath the very eyes of the many-time millionnaires. A ten-thousand dollar lace dress for a baby, or an equal amount spent for a banquet for a score or more well-fed society leaders might not assume criminal proportions were it not for the background of want presented in the same city that witnesses these lavish expenditures. The following description of the table at the notable banquet recently given by State Senator Brown, at which Mr. Cleveland and Governor Hill were the honored guests, is suggestive.

"The library is upon the second floor of the club-house, known for years to residents of this city as the Stewart mansion. It is a large room, grandly furnished, and just the place for a dinner of this limited proportion. The table has been especially constructed for the occasion, and it is said that for two days a landscape gardener and a florist were employed in decorating it. A glance at it made this appreciable. Most of those present were ardent sportsmen, and to this instinct the table appealed in the strongest measures.

It looked like an immense marsh, just the place for fowl, and up from the waters of the small lakes which dotted the view four live diamond-backed terrapins shot up their heads every now and again and winked slyly at the guests. Cattail, fern, grass, and wild flowers hid the banks of the lakes, and amid this greenery stuffed wild water fowl hidden, as if in the attempt to escape the guns of the sportsmen. In the centre of the pool lay the gnarled stump of an immense oak, and imbedded in this was a nest containing an egg for each one of the guests.

This pen picture serves as an illustration of the reckless expenditures which are of almost weekly occurrence in New York, where according to a careful canvass of the unemployed, taken a few days after Senator Brown's banquet by one of the metropolitan journals, it was shown that there were more than *one hundred and fifty thousand per-*

sons who were daily unsuccessfully seeking work within the city limits of New York ; who were being dogged night and day by the spectre of want; who were haunted by the fear that eviction from their humble lodgings would overtake them; that sickness, if not slow starvation, would be the fate of those they loved better than life. It will not do to say every man has a right to spend his money as he sees fit, any more than to argue that every man has a right to get money in any manner he can. There is an ethical principle involved which true men and women cannot overlook. In the annals of nations time emphasizes with pitiless force the fact — which frequently does not become apparent in individual lives, as we see not beyond the dead line,— "whatsoever is sown will be reaped." The abstract principles of right and wrong, the ethical truths which underlie civilization and which must ever give to it permanency and growth, cannot be disregarded without fatal results. However much we who are more fortunate than others may wish to shuffle the lesson illustrated by the parable of the Good Samaritan, the truth, nevertheless, confronts us as a menace to our consciences unless they are vice-calloused.

We are neighbors to all who are in distress or who need our aid. We are brothers to every man who is sinking in the great ocean of want, and *we have no ethical right to squander a dollar while one tenth of all who die in our greatest city are thrown into the trenches kept for the city's dead.* It is a terrible fact, yet true as it is appalling, that last year as shown by the court records there were evicted during the winter months 5,420 families in three judicial districts of New York City. Now, if we multiply this by five, the average of each family, we have an army of 27,150 persons, embracing men, women, children, and babes, who were thrust out of their wretched lodgings in the fourth, fifth, and seventh judicial districts of New York because they could not pay their paltry rent, a large per cent. of whom were incapacitated for work by disease brought on by slow starvation. In the entire city of New York there were last year 23,895 families evicted, or an army of almost one hundred and twenty thousand persons forcibly turned from their lodgings. This not only gives us a hint of the extent of pressing want in our large cities, but it lends additional emphasis to the great truth that no man has a moral right to squander a dollar while such abject and far-reaching poverty abounds.

The pessimism which is so slowly but surely permeating the masses and gnawing into the vitals of liberty, establishing distrust and appealing to law for every real or supposed danger, results chiefly from the moral indifference of society, which has systematically ignored justice although studiously keeping within the letter of the law, while it ha, wronged the weak and defenceless. The hope of the future depends on quickening the moral sensibilities of the whole people, of establishing life upon the foundation of the Golden Rule, at all times insisting upon liberty, fraternity, and justice for every man, woman, and child.

LEPROSY OF THE SOUL.

The blunted moral perception which sees nothing wrong in squandering vast sums of money on princely balls and royal banquets, at a time when want is peering forth from tens of thousands of homes in every populous city, fosters its own decay. Extravagance and luxury are the hot-beds of vice. They who spend life in the enervating atmosphere of banquet halls and ballrooms soon fall under a Stygian spell; the equilibrium of perfected life is broken; sensualism treads on the heels of selfishness; the moral nature becomes eclipsed by the passions. A vivid illustration of this serious truth was exhibited in the ball given recently in New York for the benefit of Carmencita, the details of which revealed in a sickening manner the result of a double standard of morals and the baleful effect of a selfish, sensual, butterfly life. Here is a pen-picture of the scenes which ensued after the husbands, fathers, and brothers had escorted their wives, daughters, and sisters home, and returned to the scene of frivolous gaiety:*

The real character of the Carmencita ball at Madison Square Garden did not develop itself until after the procession had ended and the newspapers gone to press. Then fun began with all the abandon born of easy morals and flowing wine.

Ladies and gentlemen had been there, but the men took their wives home and returned to see the sport; the boxes they had previously occupied with decorum, now became the rendezvous for the liveliest women in town.

Masks were thrown aside regardless of consequences — the women were only too glad to be recognized, and the men were reckless of their reputation.

Nearly every important social club had a headquarters, the Union, New York, Knickerbocker, Calumet, St. Nicholas, and Manhattan men holding levees in one or more boxes.

Picture, if you can, half a dozen leaders of the german, *poseurs* of grace and dignity at the windows of the Fifth Avenue clubs, joining hands in a circle, jumping up and down like wild Sioux in a ghost dance, shouting at the top of their voices and perspiring like hod-carriers, the centre of their saltatorial efforts being a bright-eyed blonde kicking first the eyeglasses from a near-sighted fellow's face, and then toeing a hole in the crown of a tall silk hat upheld higher than her head.

It was a devil's carnival.

Round and round the great amphitheatre swirled the throng in the most energetic and indefinable manner of locomotion.

There is a dance much affected by society called the "York," in which a couple lock arms and move forward as though promenading, although at intervals there is a skipping step or two and then a waltz.

The "York" was very popular at the Carmencita ball.

But the couples did not lock arms. The lady placed her bare white arm around the neck of her partner; he with one arm encircled her waist. With the disengaged hand the siren upheld her skirts. Instead of walking forward sedately, they rushed at running speed, both kicking their heels in the air, knocking down any one encountered, and then, when united for the waltz, her feet making circles in the air within a radius not confined to less than a yard above the floor.

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* New York *Herald*.

The formality of an introduction was religiously observed, however, in the boxes.

"Mr. Smith, allow me to present you to Mrs. Brown."

"Mrs. Shanks, Miss Lanks."

"Miss Corker, Mr. Gotterdammerrung."

These were the modes of presentation, and the Smiths, Browns, Shanks, Lanks, Corkers, and Gotterdammerrungs all ordered champagne at five dollars a bottle, and drank it, usually breaking the glasses by way of disregard for the cost.

It didn't matter much whether the ladies or the gentlemen took up their own glasses after laying them down; so long as there was wine to drink they were satisfied.

The bottle was passed around without glasses once in a while, having been first sweetened by amber-tinted lips that had just held a cigarette, whose ashes would nestle somewhere above the corsage of the damsel who had smoked it.

Jewels of rare value glistened on the necks and arms of those gay but naughty fairies; the dresses were from Worth Street, perhaps, but made of the costliest materials and in the most becoming style and perfect fit.

Silk hosiery and satin slippers, some edged with gold lace, in colors to match the dress, were the invariable rule.

An incident of delightful originality was that afforded by the lady in the right-hand second-row box who insisted with some opposition and much encouragement in balancing upon her nose a champagne glass filled with the "sparkling cider" so freely dispensed at six dollars a bottle.

Just as she had succeeded in her attempt the glass tipped forward, and the lady's shoulders were bathed in wine.

At the same time she accused her escort of pushing her, and soundly boxed his ears.

The ball ended at half-past four o'clock.

Another journal thus gives some details of this disgraceful scene: *

At three o'clock the feminine contingent, which Fifth Avenue had loaned to grace the occasion, had disappeared, and the waxy, shining boards of the Madison Square Garden floor were given over completely to their bachelor brothers, cousins, and — well, the fair creatures, who kept up the hornpipe after that "wee sma' hour," won't be found in the Blue Book.

That "sparkling cider" didn't begin to make its presence felt till the big hands had gone about the dial at least three times. Then the fun began, fast and furious. It galloped along between three and four o'clock A. M. at a pace that a jockey would have given his life almost to rival. Every man started out from the post with a pocketbook and a girl. There was plenty of "sparkling cider" in the lockers, and so it was only a question of the pocketbook. And yet, after all, did he who had the fattest wallet have the most sport? Perhaps the wide-awake newspaper man, who had to keep his brain clear and his eyes bright, saw as much of the humorous, pathetic, revolting, or enjoyable that was going on as any one.

The reporter saw a woman away up in one of the galleries, hold a dead babe in her arms, which had breathed its last breath, while the mother, unconscious of the tragedy that was being enacted against her breast, was watching the comedy that was being enacted fifty feet below her. He saw a pretty young girl, who had never seen more than one season pass by her eyes in this city, lying hopelessly drunken, oblivious in an ante-room. He saw there also, painted faces, fat necks, half-shut eyes, showing from private boxes. They were the histories of what

* New York *World*.

the fair-haired, fair-complexioned girl lying helpless in the ante-room was the prophecy. As they glanced down from under their heavy-lidded eyes, how it must have recalled to them the old-time carnivals of which this dance, bold and hilarious as it was, was but a reminiscence Did they stop to think?

He saw, too, a gray-haired, gray-mustached citizen, whom everybody knows about the Stock Exchange, seated in a dimly lighted box, which the curtains protected with a friendly shadow, between two women from a side street, as well known as his own name, with an arm about the neck of one girl and another about the neck of a bottle of that "sparkling cider." There, hours before, he had sat erect, blasé, eminently proper, in the same box with a haughty, brown-haired, fur-enwrapped woman beside him. She had, after a few moments, thrown her furs aside, for the heat was intense. Half disdainfully, with the slightest suspicion of an amused smile wreathing her lips, she had watched Carmencita's entry, with her Spanish camp followers; watched Carmencita sway and bend in the dance she went through on the dais in the centre of the Garden; watched the proem to the juice-of-the-grape enlivened carnival that was just being born. She was his wife, and about midnight she had gone away. Did she wish him to go away with her? Didn't she care?

The young girl, whose brilliant cheeks and well-filled figure proclaimed her the country girl, lay in the ante-room, oblivious of the noise around her. They carried her away finally. Darwin once pronounced something to the world about the survival of the fittest. Perhaps twenty years from now she may be sitting, rouged, bewigged, with a heart of flint, watching through a long-handled tortoise-shell lorgnette her of the twinkling feet who may be the favorite of the hour then. Perhaps, however, she may be sleeping in Potter's Field.

Turning away from the boxes and the anterooms, the reporter saw the scenes enacted that made Carmencita's ball the thing most talked of yesterday. The French ball was an abandoned riot *in posse*. Carmencita's was, after three o'clock, a bacchanalian festival *in posse*. Young girls were there, one of whose legs was uplifted in the air precisely at an angle of forty-five degrees from the one on the floor, on which they poised themselves, and all around them gathered intimate circles of men, from beardless youths to bearded brokers, who clapped, applauded, egged them on to still higher attainment. Wine flowed, the music breathed soft, seductive strains, hands clapped, men cheered, and the ball went on.

Here we have extravagance blended with sensualism; money flows as does the champagne; manhood is eclipsed; the bestial triumphs over reason and soul. No society dwelling in a healthful atmosphere could so debase itself; manhood accustomed to pure thinking, upright and honest living, could never sink to such depths of debauchery. And aside from the debasement of manhood, the sullying of soul, the evil influence and the criminal extravagance, there looms up a crime which is still graver and more far-reaching than squandering wealth to feed the fires of bestiality, *the crime against the unborn*. The father's sensuality will stain the soul, fire the passions, and poison the mind of his offspring no matter how pure in thought, how chaste in life, how holy in impulse the wife. The men who from their homes of wealth and luxury returned to Madison Square Garden that Friday night to drink champagne with the *courtesans* of the town, many of whom doubtless they themselves had lured from virtue's paths,

will transmit a curse to their children more subtle, yet more deadly, than the all-dreaded leprosy, a curse summed up in the frightful words, *leprosy of the soul.* Only a few weeks ago there departed from our shores, one of the wealthiest and most influential nobles of Hungary, who, after two years' search for his only daughter, found her a hopeless wreck in the lowest dance houses of the East Side of New York. The reply this young countess, now popularly known in the slums as "hungry Jenny," made to her father's message was, "It is too late ; I come by my tastes from my father," or words to that effect, and the sorrow-laden parent, acknowledging the immorality of his early life, cried with breaking heart, "The sins of the fathers are visited upon their children." It is the children of such fathers as those referred to in the narrative of the Carmencita ball that will some day curse the parents, who bequeathed to them, while they were yet unborn, a legacy of pollution.

WHITE SLAVES OF NEW YORK.

I know of no lives so essentially heroic as those of the working-girls of our great cities, who have almost nothing on the social side of life, whose very existence is bleak as winter in the Arctic; whose future is made radiant by no star; who, day by day, hour by hour, patiently endure the slow grinding of hopeless poverty; before whose life, dread of want, fear of sickness, and the awful blackness of the Potter's Field, hang a perpetual cloud — and yet who, despite all these tragic influences than which nothing is better calculated to crush and destroy, endure their lot uncomplainingly, never swerving from the highway of pure, honest life, though temptations invite at every step. He who feels the fire of enthusiasm swell in his breast when a life is in peril in a great fire and risks all to save a stranger, or he who, under the intoxicating spell of battle, rushes to death at the cannon's mouth, though brave, knows nothing of that sublime heroism which suffers without hope, which labors patiently on starvation wages, endures the steady strain on body, brain, and soul, and spurns all temptations, illustrating how strong is woman's honor, how deep-rooted in chastity is the every fibre of her being.

Much is written about reducing the time of man's daily work from ten to eight and nine hours, and this is well· but how little is written or spoken about the hours of woman's work. Though she labors for less than one-half as much as man receives, she is compelled to work ten, eleven, twelve, fourteen, and in very busy times frequently even longer. Legislatures which are yearly enacting numerous unjust and uncalled-for laws, to please classes from whom in turn favors are expected, and who trim laws to catch votes, take little interest in the wages or conditions of the working women and girls, because they do not vote, and votes weigh far more than the great fundamental principles of justice in the estimation of the ordinary politician. Thus are our working-girls left to the rapacity and greed of men.

In the future when woman shall be fully emancipated, when the great army of bread-winners will have a voice in law-making, and will stand side by side with man in the enjoyment of a larger freedom and more perfect justice than she has hitherto known, we will come to appreciate the brutality of a system which insists that woman is frail, delicate, and weaker than man, yet demands that her day's work be far longer than the common artisan, though she receive less than half his wages. Then also we will appreciate how unhealthy is a public sentiment which pays homage to the men who grow rich through white slave labor; while it brands with disgrace the poor, starving girl, who, finding herself confronted with starvation or sin, chooses the latter. Miss Alice S. Woodbridge, the Secretary of the Working Women's Society of New York, after a recent tour of investigation, sums up the result of her observation, in the following words:

I found that the hours in stores are excessive, and employees are not paid for overtime. Some stores on Grand Street open at 7.50 A. M. and close at 6 P. M., with a half hour for lunch, except on Saturday, when the closing hours are 10 and 11 P. M. The Saturday half-holiday is not observed. In the majority of stores all over the city saleswomen and children are kept after 6 o'clock to arrange stock, the time varying, according to the season, from fifteen minutes to four hours nightly. For three or four weeks previous to the holidays these women and children remain until 11 and 12 o'clock at night without supper or extra pay.

In engaging employees the employers do not contract for a certain number of hours a day, but stipulate for such a time as the firm requires their services. Thus a child on a salary of $2 a week may be obliged to work sixteen hours a day at certain seasons of the year and is forced to go long distances, through questionable localities, late at night, and is thus rendered liable to insult and immoral influences.

The sanitary arrangements in most of the stores are wretched. In a certain fashionable store, the women cashiers are in the basement,—or rather cellar, for it is nothing else. In the centre of the cellar a room is walled up and in it are seated fifteen or twenty cashiers. The automatic carriers are used. No air came to the cashiers when the arrangement was first made, and in the fœtid atmosphere, in the strong glare of the electric lights, with hundreds of carriers pouring in upon them with a noise so deafening that two women seated side by side could not hear each other speak without shouting, the situation was too much for the strongest man. Girls fainted day after day and came out of the cellar at night looking like corpses. Finally, as the intense heat of summer came on it became unendurable, and an air tube which came to the surface a long distance away was opened in the cellar. Even then the thermometer registered 90° on the coldest days. No slaves ever underwent such torture.

The toilet arrangements in many stores are simply horrible; yet the board of health apparently takes no notice of the fact. In the manufacturing department of one of our largest stores, the closets for males and females stand side by side, and are not sufficiently separated for common decency; only a thin board partition, not reaching to the ceiling, separating them. Many men are employed, and the same wash-basin and towel has to serve for all.

I discovered, that long and faithful service does not meet with consideration. On the contrary, service for a number of years is a reason

for dismissal. It has become the rule in some stores not to keep any one more than five years, because the employers fear that employees who have served longer than that will get an idea that they have a claim on the firm and may ask for an advance of salary. I know of instances where women have been discharged for no other reason than this — the firm stating that they did not like to have women too long in their employ. A double injury is done to these discharged women, for it is almost impossible for them to obtain employment in other houses.

The wages paid to women average between $4 and $4.50 a week, and are often reduced by unreasonable and excessive fines. The little cash girls do not average $2 a week. In one large house the average wages for saleswomen and cash girls is $2.40 a week. In many fashionable houses the saleswomen are not allowed to leave the counter between the hours 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., except for lunch, and if a saleswoman has a customer when the lunch hour arrives, she is obliged to remain and wait on the customer, and the time so consumed is deducted from the lunch-time.

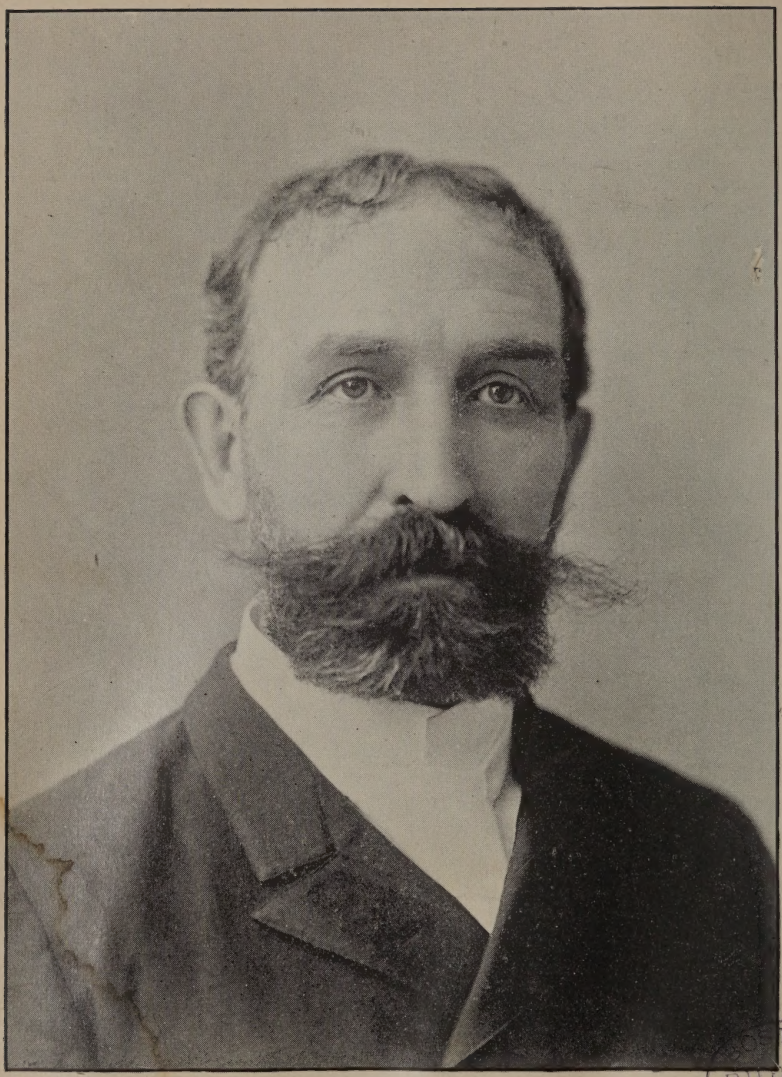
If mistakes are made, they are charged to the saleswomen and cash girls. Generally the delivered goods are placed in a bin and slide down to the floor below. If a check is lost, the goods are charged to the saleswoman, although it may be the fault of the shipping clerk.

In some stores the fines are divided between the superintendent and time-keeper. In one store where these fines amounted to $3,000, the superintendent was heard to reproach the time-keeper with not being strict enough.

Men's wages are very low, but it seems that they cannot fall below the point where existence is possible. Women's wages, however, have no low limit, since the paths of shame are always open to her. The very fact that some of these women receive partial support from their brothers and fathers and are thus enabled to live on less than they earn, forces other women, who have no such support, either to suffer for necessaries or to seek other means of support. Cases might be cited where frail, delicate women, unable to exist on the salaries they earn, are forced to crime or suicide. The story of Mrs. Henderson, who threw herself from the attic window of a lodging-house some time ago, is the story of many another. There have been many such instances in the last two weeks. Mrs. Henderson could not live on the salaries offered her. She could live if she accepted the "propositions" of her employers. The hope of an easier life, the fear of death, and the natural clinging to life, turn many workingwomen to the paths of shame.

Miss Woodbridge further adds "that in Paris it is an understood fact that women who are employed in shops cannot exist without assistance from other questionable sources, and," she continues, "unless something is done at once, this must also become the case in our land, where we pride ourselves on our respect for honest toil." Few problems transcend this question in vital consequences. In spite of the degradation of manhood, which a double standard of morality has brought about, womanhood has as a whole remained pure.

The fabric of feminine character has withstood in a marvellous degree the pressure of seductive temptation. If it ever gives way, our civilization will share the fate of Greece and Rome. Justice and Morality are the bed rocks upon which civilization rests; when they yield, the soul of the unfortunate nation dies.



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MAY, 1891.

THE WHEAT SUPPLY OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

BY C. WOOD DAVIS.

AMERICANS are interested in the wheat supply of Europe, as they furnish no inconsiderable part thereof, and have a direct interest in knowing what is its present extent, whence derived, and what are the probabilities of its continuing sufficient. They are interested because the extent of that supply affects and will continue to affect the returns from the land and labor which they may employ in wheat-growing even after the not remote time when it shall become necessary to import no small part of the breadstuffs which our people require.

The productive power of the wheat-fields of Europe has, during the past twenty years, increased from 1,176,000,000 to 1,200,000,000 bushels per annum, or two per cent.; population, in the meantime, having increased nearly twenty per cent. In the same period the rye-fields of Europe have shrunken more than two per cent.; and more rye than wheat being grown it follows that the European supply of home-grown breadstuffs is now less than in 1870.

Such gains as have been made in wheat production in Eastern Europe have but little more than equalled the decrease in the area of the wheat-fields of Western Europe, and have been more than offset in the diminishing rye-fields; and this disproportionate increase in population, and the production of the bread-grains continuing, will necessitate a progressive increase in the quantity imported. Present

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European requirements may be placed at 1,400,000,000 bushels, and the sources of supply as follows:

Average European crop	1,200,000,000	bushels	
Imports from the United States and Canada	70,000,000	„	
Imports from India .	30,000,000	„	
Imports from South America, Australian, and all other countries	30,000,000	„	1,330,000,000 bushels
Deficit			70,000,000 „

With an average yield the United States and Canada *can now* spare some 88,000,000 bushels per annum, but of this 17,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels are annually required by the tropical islands, Central America, and Eastern Asia, and our own needs augment by more than 8,000,000 bushels annually, while the area in wheat is no greater in 1890 than in 1880.

Of the wheat exported from India, averaging 33,000,000 bushels per annum, ten to twelve per cent. goes to countries outside of Europe.

The output of the wheat fields of the world, in years of average yield, is now clearly insufficient to meet current requirements, and the growing deficit has heretofore been met by drawing upon reserves accumulated during the earlier part of the ninth decade and from the exceedingly large crop of 1887–8, and the time when the current deficit shall make itself apparent in a painful and startling manner depends upon the degree to which such reserves have been exhausted. There can be no question that with average crops throughout the world present supplies are insufficient, and yet prices continue below the cost of production, and the agricultural populations are in an impoverished condition, from which they will emerge as soon as the consumers awaken to the fact that the over-abundant supply to which they have so long been accustomed has ceased to exist.

In Continental Europe the increase in wheat production is not likely to keep pace with the increase of population, and the additions to continental populations will much more than

absorb the small increase in the output of Danubian and Russian fields.

To determine the extent of the future supply, we must estimate the productive power of such countries as will contribute thereto and thus arrive, approximately, at the quantity available at a given time, and for the purpose of this discussion the year 1895 is named, and calculations based upon the presumed requirements and sources of supply at such time.

For nearly half a century Chili has been a wheat-exporting country, yet Chilian wheat production increases but slowly, the crop of 1889 — about an average one — amounting to but 12,768,750 bushels, and it would be a liberal estimate to say that after supplying neighboring markets Chili would, after 1894, be able to send Europe annually 5,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The Argentine Republic has been indulging in an era of extravagant inflation, one effect of which has been to greatly exaggerate the wheat-exporting power of a country containing less than 4,000,000 people, and that grew less than 15,000,000 bushels of wheat during the last crop year.

With six per cent. of the population of the United States the Argentine Republic has six and two tenths per cent. as large an area in wheat; two and five tenths per cent. as great a railway mileage, such railways having a freight equipment equal to one and two tenths per cent. that of the railways of the United States, and both population and transportation are essential to any great increase in wheat production.

The process of opening a new country consumes much time, and the existing financial disturbance in Argentina cannot but retard development; moreover the Italians, forming a considerable portion of the population, are not so constituted as to emulate the hardy Anglo-Saxons who have developed the productive powers of Australia, Canada, and the United States; yet should the annual exports of wheat reach an average of 10,000,000 bushels within five years the progress will have equalled that of either of the countries named.

Australasian wheat production has not increased materially since the middle of the ninth decade, while the exports to Europe have shown no increase as the requirements of the inter-colonial populations absorb an ever-increasing proportion of the product and other neighboring markets are constantly

increasing their drafts upon the exportable surplus, leaving but a constantly lessening proportion to reach Europe; yet it is well to estimate liberally and assume that in 1895, and thereafter, Australasia will contribute an average of 12,000,000 bushels per annum to the European supply.

The opening of the Suez Canal, the construction of Indian railways, the change in the relative value of the precious metals, and, above all, the increasing poverty of the miserably poor Indian cultivator, have wonderfully stimulated the exportation of Indian wheat since 1873, when the Indian government ceased to impose an export duty. In the following table ten years of Indian and American exports of wheat are contrasted.

INDIAN EXPORTS.		AMERICAN EXPORTS.	
Fiscal Years ending March 31.	Wheat. Bushels.	Fiscal Years ending June 30.	Wheat. Bushels.
1881	13,991,000	1881	186,322,000
1882	37,196,000	1882	121,892,000
1883	26,559,000	1883	147,811,000
1884	38,100,000	1884	111,534,000
1885	29,588,000	1885	132,570,000
5 Years' Average	29,087,000	. .	140,026,000
1886	39,329,000	1886	94,566,000
1887	41,588,000	1887	153,805,000
1888	25,271,000	1888	119,625,000
1889	32,872,000	1889	88,601,000
1890	25,770,000	1890	109,430,000
5 Years' Average	32,966,000	. .	113,200,000

The Indian wheat-fields harvested in 1879, covered an area of 25,812,407 acres, while those harvested in the spring of 1890 included but 24,983,100 acres, showing a shrinkage of 3.2 per cent. in eleven years.

The decrease in Indian wheat acreage is largely due to the pressing necessity for the cheaper foods required by an ever-increasing population, and a material increase of the area employed in growing cotton. During 1889 the cotton-fields increased six per cent., largely at the expense of the wheat

area, and such changes are likely to continue so long as cotton-growing is relatively more profitable.

Wide currency has been given to exaggerated statements as to the unlimited capacity of India to furnish wheat at a very low price, but there has, for ages, been little or no expansion in Indian wheat-fields, and the fallacious character of the statements, as to an increase in the output, has been shown by the exportation of the last ten years, the quantity shipped in 1882 having been exceeded but twice, and the average during the last five years being but 33,000,000 bushels, which is not 30 per cent. of American exports. That Indian wheat-fields will expand seems highly improbable in view of the fact that population is constantly pressing more and more upon deficient means of subsistence. On the contrary we may expect, if not a further decrease in the area under wheat, at least a diminution in the proportion exported, which is now 12½ per cent. of the aggregate product for a series of years; hence it would be a most liberal estimate which would put the shipments of Indian wheat, at the end of five years, at the average of the last five, making the supply from that source 33,000,000 bushels, of which 30,000,000 would probably reach Europe, the remainder being required by the peoples inhabiting the shores and islands of the Indian Ocean.

From an average crop, Canada is able to spare 2,500,000 bushels, of which about 2,000,000 reach the United Kingdom and Continental Europe, and it is safe to assume that Canada will, in 1895, send not more than 5,000,000 bushels to Europe as the population of the Dominion is increasing about as rapidly as wheat-production.

An unfounded impression prevails, that in Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest, there exists an area of unlimited extent, peculiarly adapted to wheat-growing.

Lying immediately north of Minnesota and North Dakota, is a tract extending over some four or five degrees of longitude, and less than two degrees of latitude, that is adapted to the production of this cereal. North of such limits summer frosts are a bar to profitable wheat culture, as is aridity west until the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains are reached. Outside of this district, wheat-growing is such an extra-hazardous business that no prudent man will embark in it, hence there has not been that increase in the output pre-

dicted by enthusiastic Canadians. Speculation has been the sole basis of many of the glowing statements put forth in relation to the limitless extent and fertility of this district.

In British Columbia the Pacific Coast is washed by the waters of a warm equatorial current, rendering the climate mild and equable, and making it possible to extend wheat culture far northward. The soil is fertile and this district will ultimately add largely to the world's supply, yet additions from this source will be slow as these rich lands are mostly covered with an immense forest growth, the removal of which will be a task for more than one generation.

In tracing the expansion of wheat culture in the United States during the last twenty-five years, we see what rapid strides were made in a part of that period, the halt that occurred about the time that Indian wheat became an important factor in the European supply, and the retrograde movement since obtaining.

It is easy to follow the westward movement of production as well as the change in the acreage of the older districts where wheat-fields have, at the North, given place to such other products as are required by the increasing urban population, and at the South to cotton-fields to enable us to meet the ever-increasing demand for the fluffy staple, such diversions from wheat to cotton, since 1884, amounting to 589,000 acres.

The following table showing (in five-year averages) wheat acreage, product, and exportation, from 1865 to 1889 inclusive, and the percentages of increase and decrease afford a clear view of the rapidity of increase in the earlier periods, the great reduction in price following enlarged outputs and indicates the extent of future production.

Five Year Periods.	ACREAGE.		PRODUCTION.		EXPORTATION.		PRICE.
	Annual Average in each five year period.	Percentage of Increase and Decrease.	Annual Average in bushels for each five year period.	Percentage of Increase and Decrease.	Annual Average in bushels for each five year period.	Percentage of Increase and Decrease.	Per bushel average in local market each period.
1865–69	16,738,417	. .	199,429,527	. .	25,329,991	. .	$1.54
1870–74	21,386,709	27.8+	261,392,320	31.1+	53,956,543	113.0+	1.11
1875–79	28,988,118	35.5+	362,913,135	38.8+	95,405,901	77.4+	0.99
1880–84	37,738,882	32.2+	463,973,322	27.8+	149,572,656	56.8+	0.90
1885–89	36,819,442	2.4—	435,417,400	6.2—	118,033,301	21.1—	0.75

It is clear that but for the extraordinary increase — prior to 1880 — in American production, the people of Europe would have long since been on short rations.

From 1865 to 1869 the production increased 31.1 per cent., and the exportation 113 per cent. From 1870 to 1874 production increased 38.8 per cent., and exportation 77.4. In the next quinquennial period production advanced 27.8 per cent. and exportation 56.8, while in the last half of the ninth decade, production shrank 6.2 per cent., and exportation 21.1 per cent., although in this period was seen the rapid development of the wheat-fields of the Dakotas where the additions to the area amounted to 2,890,834 acres.

The wheat acreage increased in all districts until 1880, and from 1880 to '84 in all districts but that of the Lake States where there was a reduction of 12.6 per cent.

During the five years ending with 1889 the wheat acreage of the United States exhibits a shrinkage of 3.4 per cent. indicating clearly that the available lands are rapidly being exhausted, and that the wheat-fields of the older districts are being converted to other uses.

In this period the wheat acreage of the States bordering on the Atlantic, north of the Potomac, shows a loss of 13.1 per cent., that of the Lake States 4 per cent., the Missouri Valley States — exclusive of the Dakotas — 30.3 per cent., and the Southern wheat area a shrinkage of 19.1 per cent., with an increment of 14.5 per cent. in the mountain areas, 65.2 per cent. in the Dakotas, and two tenths of one per cent. in the three Pacific States. Or, to express it otherwise, during the last half decade the three western districts show gains of 2,962,205 acres, while the four older ones show losses aggregating 4,314,231 acres, being a net reduction of 1,352,026 acres.

In view of the great additions to the area in the new Dakotan district, this is a remarkable showing, and clearly indicates the extent to which the wheat-fields of the older districts are being employed in growing other and presumably more profitable crops.

As the available wheat-lands of the Dakotan region have nearly or quite all been occupied, and being, with the exception of limited areas in the Indian Territory, the last of the prairie lands adapted to wheat culture without irrigation, it follows that there can be no material additions to the

acreage from the development of new lands, while a continuous and rapid decrease is certain in the older districts while prices remain near the present level.

Between the one hundredth meridian and the Rocky Mountains is found an immense plains region. The soil is fairly fertile, the climate arid, the elevation great, and profitable culture of the cereals impossible without irrigation, while the supply of water is sufficient to irrigate but a small fraction of this vast area; hence wheat-growing is not likely to expand westward over these parched and thirsty soils.

In the mountain regions, embracing New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho, and large parts of Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, there are many fertile valleys and plateaus requiring irrigation. Many of these valleys lie at such an altitude that ice forms every week in the year, and are therefore unfitted for cultivation. Such as lie low enough for cereal growth have mostly been occupied, and are employed in growing the various products required by the mining and town population to be found in this region, and no material increase in the wheat area of this extensive district need be expected.

The three States and five Territories constituting the central arid district have an area of 553,047,040 acres, some portions of which have been occupied and in cultivation more than forty years; yet so slow is development, where irrigation is necessary, that less than one half of one per cent. of the area is, as yet, employed in growing staple crops, and the Public Land Commission estimate that only five per cent. is irrigable. Such conditions justify the exclusion of this entire region in estimating the sources of an available surplus of wheat during this century.

The climatic and surface conditions obtaining in the mountain districts extend over the eastern parts of California, Oregon, and Washington; but once the lower levels of the coast areas are reached a productive wheat region is found, where a very considerable part of the exportable surplus is grown; yet here there is no longer an expansion in the area, doubtless due to low prices and the employment of the land in the production of articles which bring a better return.

This is especially true of California, where two thirds of the wheat produced in this district is grown, and where a

great extension has taken place in the area devoted to special crops, notably fruits of various kinds.

The soil and climate of the western parts of Oregon and Washington are adapted to wheat production, yet the conditions obtaining are such that the increase in area must be slow. That portion of these States lying east of the Cascade Mountains is of low average fertility, and much land that is not too sterile for profitable wheat-growing requires irrigation. West of the Cascades the soil is fertile and the climate favorable, yet the richest of these lands being covered with great forest growths but a slow augmentation of the wheat area can be looked for.

From this review of the American wheat-growing districts it is found that in four out of seven there will, in all probability, continue to be a material decrease in the area, and this appears still more clear when an analysis is had of the changes taking place in the acreage employed in growing the various staples. For instance, in the distri t composed of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin from 1880 to 1887 the area in wheat decreased 17.4 per cent., that in corn 15.9 per cent., while the area under all staple crops increased 10.9 per cent., the area in oats 56.9, and that in hay 96 per cent., the latter staple at the end of this period employing all the land diverted from wheat and corn growing, as well as a large part of the new acreage brought into cultivation. Like conversions of wheat-fields to the production of hay and other crops occurring in all the older districts will more than neutralize additions to the area in wheat in the newer ones.

Changes in the area employed in growing different crops are doubtless made with the view of securing better returns for the labor and capital employed, and to provide the provender required by the rapidly increasing number of animals kept in the growing towns, and the animals necessary to furnish the dairy products needed by urban populations which are increasing very rapidly, while in the older districts the rural population has ceased to increase and in very many localities shows a decided decrease.

Similar conditions obtaining in all districts except the three western ones, like changes are taking place in the employment of land, all tending to restrict the growth of a staple for which a market must be sought in distant lands.

Such are some of the causes resulting first in a cessation of additions to the wheat area, and then in a material decrease, and such causes still being in operation must result in further reductions, unless a very great advance in the price of wheat should render its production more profitable than that of the article by which it is being displaced; but we shall presently see that when the price of wheat advances materially so in equal ratio will the prices of all other farm products; hence it is not probable that land will be diverted from other crops to wheat-growing, but rather from wheat to the production of staples required for domestic consumption.

As will be shown, all the lands in cultivation and all that can be brought into cultivation will soon be required to supply the food, provender, and materials of manufacture consumed at home, and provide for exportation the same proportion of cotton as now, and that to meet the requirements named necessitates the employment yearly of 3.16 acres, in staple crops, for each unit of population. The following table embodies a part of the data demonstrating these propositions:—

Year.	Population.	Acreage in all Staples.	Acreage Per Capita in all Staples.	Acreage Per Capita in Wheat.	Annual average increase of acreage in all staples in periods ending in 1871, 1875, 1880, 1885, & 1890.
1866	35,470,000	88,000,000	2.48	0.43	. . .
1871	39,555,000	93,000,000	2.35	0.50	1,000,000
1875	43,951,000	123,000,000	2.79	0.60	7,500,000
1880	50,155,783	165,000,000	3.29	0.76	8,240,000
1885	56,000,000	197,000,000	3.52	0.62	6,400,000
1890	63,000,000	211,000,000	3.35	0.59	2,800,000

The preceding table shows the ratio of cultivated acres to population, the increase in cultivated acres, and explains how it has been possible, notwithstanding the rapid increase in population, to export such enormous volumes of breadstuffs, and why the exportation of wheat is shrinking, indicating in the clearest manner the early cessation of such exports. In 1880 the per capita quota of land in wheat was 0.76 of an acre, in 1890 it was but 0.59. The requirements per capita for domestic consumption being 0.48 of an acre, exportation will necessarily cease when the per capita quota shall have been reduced 0.11 of an acre more.

Having reduced such quota 0.17 of an acre during the last ten years, with an abundance of new wheat lands to be brought under cultivation, how long will it require to make further reductions of 0.11 of an acre, when there are — comparatively — no new lands to devote to this crop? Moreover, the foregoing table enables us to trace to its principal cause the world-wide agricultural depression in the fact that, with a maximum per capita requirement of 3.16 acres, the cultivated area, in 1885, was equal to 3.52 acres per capita, the result being an enormous surplus of cultivated acres, the product of which has been and is being forced upon the markets of the world at starvation prices. Fortunately this surplus acreage has been reduced over two fifths, and will, from the increase in population and the constantly lessening rate of increase in cultivated acres, wholly disappear before 1896.

When the existing surplus of cultivated acres shall be employed in growing such products as will be required by the additions which will be made to the population, wheat exportation will cease, and no inconsiderable part of the land now devoted to the growth of that cereal will be employed in producing other staples for domestic consumption.

Those familiar with the character of the unoccupied public domain have foreseen the exhaustion of the arable lands, and such results as the preceding table so plainly foreshadows have not been wholly unexpected; yet to the many who entertain the idea that the new States and Territories are capable of a vast agricultural development it will be a revelation to learn that in all the wide expanse of the public domain there is but a small bit of land, here and there, that can be profitably brought under cultivation.

The only considerable area of unoccupied land adapted to wheat culture is to be found in the Indian Territory, and by far the better part of this district will long remain in possession of the red man. So much of this new district as is, from time to time, opened to settlement is likely to be largely employed in cotton-growing, the cotton plant thriving admirably in that climate and soil.

At best the additions to the wheat acreage in this district will be slow, and no more than sufficient to make good reductions in area taking place in any one of the older districts.

If the population, as is generally estimated, is now 63,000,000, and the rate of increase but 2.3 per cent. per annum,

the people of the United States will in 1895 number about 70,000,000 and the requirements for home consumption and to meet the foreign demand for cotton necessitating the employment of 3.16 acres per capita, the area devoted to growing staple crops, without the exportation of a pound of food-stuff, will be 221,200,000 acres employed as follows: —

In growing corn,	1.19 acres per capita	= 83,300,000	acres
" " wheat,	0.48 of an acre "	= 33,600,000	"
" " oats,	0.39 " " " "	= 27,300,000	"
" " hay,	0.64 " " " "	= 44,800,000	"
" " cotton,	0.31 " " " "	= 21,700,000	"
" " rye barley, buckwheat, potatoes, and tobacco,	0.15 " " " "	= 10,500,000	"
70,000,000 people (in 1895) will require the product of		221,200,000	acres

The area now employed in growing staple crops is some 211,000,000 acres, hence it follows that during the coming four years there must be annual additions averaging not less than 2,000,000 acres to meet the requirements named. It seems improbable that there will be any greater additions to the cultivated acreage when we reflect that the additions during the last semi-decade have averaged but 2,800,000 acres per annum (as against 8,240,000 acres ten years earlier), and that the area to be drawn from has, in the meantime, diminished 14,000,000 acres, and is still constantly diminishing, and that the entire area of fairly fertile lands, which remain to be brought under cultivation, does not (probably) exceed 34,000,000 acres. A liberal estimate would read thus: —

Land now employed in growing staple crops .	211,000,000	acres
Additions to area in staple crops prior to 1895,	9,000,000	"
Total area which can be devoted to staple crops in 1895	220,000,000	acres

Granting the correctness of the data upon which these computations are based, there will, in 1895, be some 1,200,000 acres less of cultivated land than will be required to furnish 3.16 acres per capita, and it follows that the area in wheat must be reduced in order to grow such proportions of the other staples as the augmented population will require; hence

we must lower the standard of living, cease to export cotton or import a part of our bread-stuffs after 1895.

If the requirements of the American — including the exportation of the same proportion of cotton as now — are such as to employ 3.16 acres per capita, it is clear that the exportation of wheat cannot continue after 1894, when the needs and possible supply of Europe will be approximately as follows: —

European requirements in 1895		1,450,000,000 bushels.
Possible home product with average yield per acre .	1,205,000,000 bushels	
Possible imports from India	30,000,000 „	
Possible Australasia .	12,000,000 „	
„ Argentina .	10,000,000 „	
„ Chili . . .	5,000,000 „	
„ Canada . .	5,000,000 „	
„ all other countries	15,000,000 „	
	1,282,000,000 bushels	
Probable deficit in 1895		168,000,000 bushels.

To this deficit of 168,000,000 bushels of wheat we must add a deficit of at least 45,000,000 bushels of rye and as the United States will have ceased to supply the people of the tropics they will absorb about 20,000,000 bushels of the quantity assigned and heretofore going to Europe, so that in 1895 it is probable that the world will have to face a deficit of some 230,000,000 bushels of the two principal bread grains, and that thereafter such deficit will augment by more than 25,000,000 bushels per annum.

During the eighth decade the wheat acreage of the world increased 22,700,000 acres, of which the United States contributed 19,000,000 acres, or no less than 83.3 per cent. During the ninth decade the increase has been but 5,500,000 acres, of which the United States contributed not an acre.

During the eighth decade the bread-eating populations increased 10 per cent., and the wheat and rye area increased 15 per cent. During the ninth decade the increase in acreage was but 3 per cent., while the consuming element continued to increase at the rate of 10 per cent.

From 1890 to 1910 the bread-eating populations of European blood will increase 90,000,000, requiring annually the product of 0.6 of an acre each in rye and wheat, and necessitating the use of 54,000,000 acres in addition to the area now employed in growing such grains, or more than is now devoted to that purpose outside of Europe and the United States, and the lands of Europe being fully occupied and the cultivated lands of the United States being susceptible of an increase of but 16 per cent. (or 34,000,000 acres), of which not more than 5,000,000 acres can be devoted to rye and wheat, and permit the production of the required proportion of the other staples, the question arises where can be found the 49,000,000 acres, and if found how long will it take to develop them?

In view of the fact that, during the last twenty years, although there was in process of development an immense American area where 118,000,000 acres were added to the cultivated fields, the rye and wheat fields of the world increased but 28,000,000 acres — of which the United States contributed 1,000,000 acres of rye and 19,000,000 of wheat, or 71.4 per cent. — the addition of 54,000,000 acres before 1910 does not seem probable, and there are no more poverty-stricken Indias from which it is possible, by excessive exactions, to wring additional contributions of breadstuffs.

Five conditions *must* concurrently obtain to ensure an increase of wheat production on a large scale; *i. e.*, favorable climate, fertile soil, an unemployed area, sufficient population and ample means of transportation. In the absence of either increase will be very slow. In all the world but three regions — Australasia, Siberia and the La Plata country — can meet the first three requirements, and in all the *unoccupied* available area is not more than two thirds that existing in the United States twenty-five years since, and each lacks the needed population and means of internal transport.

However unexpected such an outcome as is herein outlined may be, it will be but the logical and inevitable result of the rapid augmentation of population and the exhaustion of the arable lands of the United States and consequent cessation of additions to the wheat supply from the opening of new farms as well as from the necessity of diverting wheat-fields to the production of other staples, and it follows that from being a formidable competitor for the sale of breadstuffs the

United States will, as soon as the existing surplus of cultivated acres shall be required to supply the needs of the added population, pass at once and forever into the ranks of the bread importers.

Such change is impending, and cannot be postponed beyond 1895, unless population shall cease to increase, or the average standard of living shall be reduced greatly; and with short crops it may occur a year or two earlier, and when this inevitable change comes, the era of cheap bread and world-wide agricultural depression will end, and the price of wheat and all other farm products reach a higher level than that known during and immediately after the American Civil War; and with the advent of such prices the many millions of people employed or supported on the farms of the United States,* now buying so little of the products of shop, mill, and factory, will have the means of increasing their purchases many fold, giving business of all kinds an impetus not known since the close of such period of high prices, and cause an activity in the exchange of products the younger half of the business community has little conception of; and home markets will then absorb an immense volume of wares, giving artisan, professional man, transporter, trader, miner, and manufacturer ample and remunerative employment, infusing new life into commercial, financial, social, literary, and artistic circles. Such will be some of the results flowing from a great increase in the purchasing power of an immense agricultural population.

This may be considered an optimistic view, but it will be but the natural sequence of converting a great and impoverished rural population into one having ample means to minister to their comfort, and an abundance to spare for the gratification of such higher needs and longings as are the common heritage of the race.

It is hardly possible to conceive or measure the changes, material and intellectual, which will attend an advance of fifty per cent. in the returns from the labor of the farmer, and such advance is likely to be a hundred rather than fifty per cent.

Those directly supported by agricultural labor in 1880

* In a great majority of cases the very meagre revenue of the farmer is wholly absorbed in paying interest and and taxes in providing the barest necessaries of a most frugal existence.

constituted about forty-four per cent. of the population, and will hardly fall below thirty-eight per cent., or 24,000,000, in 1896, and such a vast proportion of the people cannot remain in a state of unthrift without the most serious effects upon the condition of those engaged in other pursuits.

Should the correctness of the conclusions reached as to the near cessation of wheat exportation be questioned, verification can be found in the fact that ten years since the exports of wheat were nearly or quite double what they are now, and that the increase in population is such that it will, in 1895, be 20,000,000 greater than in 1880; and at the ascertained per capita, consumption will absorb about 116,400,000 bushels more of wheat than in 1880, or 41,000,000 bushels more than now, although at the time named the product will, in all probability, be much less as other products will rise in value as land becomes scarce, and this will impel the farmer to employ his fields in growing such staples as are in the most urgent demand and promise the best returns.

Adding five years' increase to the population, and deducting 11.4 per cent. from the 38,000,000 acres now in wheat — being land which it will be necessary to divert from wheat-growing to the production of other staples required for home consumption — the supply and requirements of the United States will stand thus in 1895:

Product of 33,600,000 acres at the ascertained average of 12.1 bushels	406,560,000 bushels.
70,000,000 people — requiring 5.82 bushels per capita	407,400,000 „
Probable deficit	840,000 „

We must not forget that each year's addition to the population of the United States necessitates annual additions of over 8,000,000 bushels to the domestic wheat supply, and that the increase of the bread-eating populations of European blood is some 4,500,000 per annum, necessitating yearly additions to the supply of the two bread-grains of at least 31,000,000 bushels while the increase in the product available to meet such increasing demands does not — estimating most generously — exceed 6,000,000 bushels per annum made up as follows:

Possible annual increase in the European product	1,000,000 bushels.
Possible annual increase in the exportable surplus of Canada	500,000 „
Possible annual increase in the exportable surplus of Australasia	1,500,000 „
Possible annual increase in the exportable surplus of South America	1,500,000 „
Possible annual increase in the exportable surplus of all other countries . . .	1,500,000 „
Maximum possible increase . . .	6,000,000 „

While this estimate of the increase in the wheat-exporting power of the countries named is liberal in the extreme, we must not lose sight of the certainty that as soon as the United States cease to export wheat, the peoples of tropical and Asiatic lands, now yearly taking from 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels of our wheat, will require as great supplies from other sources, thus, for several years, absorbing three times the possible annual increase. Hence for a few years after we cease to send Europe of our abundance the supply available to meet European requirements will continue to diminish.

All Europe, west of Hungary, has, within a very few years, become a purchaser of breadstuffs, and the extent of recent changes in this direction were set forth by H. Kaines Jackson in a late issue of "*Dornbusch*" where he says, "France is now a yearly buyer of 16,000,000 to 24,000,000 bushels more of wheat than ten years ago. Other continental buyers: Belgium, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, etc., together form a great wheat-buying power that scarcely existed ten years ago."

What country can take the place of the United States as a factor in the wheat supply of the world, and where can be procured bread for the ever increasing millions, and what will be the price of wheat when the United States enters the market as a buyer — instead of being the largest seller — and competes for a part of an insufficient supply?

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

BY PROF. EMIL BLUM, PH. D.

THE growing interest taken in Russian affairs and the appreciation recently evinced for Russian literature is very marked in the United States. Almost every magazine and newspaper contains articles treating of some phase of Russian government, life, customs or habits of thought. Translations of great Russian works are appearing at short intervals, while lecturers have found it immensely profitable to treat of the real or supposed social and political conditions of this great empire. Moreover Russian dinners, suppers, teas, and dances are becoming very popular. Many regard all this as a passing fad, which will vanish as rapidly as it has appeared, but upon a closer examination of facts such conclusions will be found erroneous. The cause of this great interest in Russia and her literature is such that it is likely to increase rather than diminish. It is the young life of this newly awakened nation which fascinates the observer and attracts the attention of the outside world; the vast country, its enormous population, its natural richness, increase the desire of people to know more about its resources. This thirst for information, however, cannot easily be satisfied, because Russia is a mystery, a sealed book, not only for the American but even for her nearest European neighbors, partly on account of the ignorance which prevails in regard to the true conditions of Russia, partly on account of the false reports that are circulated about her. Russia is so original in her nature, such a mixture of different races, languages, habits, privileges, religions, and sects; the population of Russia, on account of difference in climate, occupation, and education, offers such different states of culture and civilization in her various parts, that one must have lived there for many years, must know thoroughly the language of the land, yea, even the different dialects, and must have made a study of the conditions which prevail in the different parts of the country, before he is able to write about it. The native

Russian, who possesses all these qualifications and whose judgment is unbiased, frequently does not care to write about all he knows. Some Russians obliged to live abroad like to pose as victims, and paint everything in the darkest colors; foreigners write whole libraries about Russia, or lecture to large audiences, without possessing the least knowledge of the country of which they speak. Thus it happens that many will judge Russia by the information they have received from books, while still others who have lived a few weeks in the large cities of Russia and then only in certain circles, judge the whole country from the narrow standpoint from which they have seen it.

The daily press of Europe and America add to the confusion. The correspondents who astonish the world from time to time with sensational articles are frequently inspired by intriguing statesmen, or by the crafty speculators of the bourse, when motives of no lower order direct their pens, such as religious prejudices or the desire to make money by sensational stories. Seen through all these glasses Russia is judged, or rather misjudged, by the western world; no wonder, therefore, that it is believed to be a barbarous country, governed by tyrants, inhabited by a savage population; a mixture of indolence, ignorance, despotism, and nihilism, without one of the redeeming features of culture or civilization. Russians are indeed surprised when they read in foreign newspapers or books descriptions and criticisms of their country, customs, and literature, and foreigners who visit Russia either for business or pleasure are not a little astonished when they find everything so different from what they had imagined. To contradict all the erroneous statements made about this vast empire would be an herculean task, and it would require a library to throw light upon the true condition of affairs. I shall limit myself, therefore, to giving a short but objective picture of Russia, leaving it to the more interested to seek for details in special works.

The population of Russia, consisting of 120,000,000 inhabitants, is composed of various races which differ greatly in their languages, religious beliefs, and their state of culture. In regard to race they are divided into: —

First. The Aryan family, to which belong all the Slavonic races, namely: (*a*) Great Russians, 55,000,000. (*b*) Little

Russians, 20,000,000. (*c*) White Russians, 5,000,000. (*d*) Poles, 8,000,000. (*e*) Bulgarians, Chekhs, and Servs. (*f*) Letto-Lithuanians 3,000,000, and Swedes, Germans, Roumanians and Armenians.*

Second. The Ural-Altic family, to which belongs the race of the Fins, 3,000,000.

Third. The Caucasian (non-Aryan races) Georgians, 2,000,000 and Circassians, 1,000,000.

Fourth. The Turko-Tatar races, namely: Tatars, Bashkirs, and Kirghizes, together, 5,000,000.

Fifth. The Semitic race, Jews, 5,000,000.

Regarding their religious belief, the population of Russia belongs to the following churches: 65,000,000 Orthodox Russian, 12,000,000 Union Greeks, 11,000,000 Protestants, 9,000,000 Catholics, 6,000,000 Mohammedans, 5,000,000 Jews, 1,000,000 Persians, and 11,000,000 dissenting sects, or, as they are called, Raskolniki, which are divided into Stari-Obriadstvi (followers of the old ritual) Molokani (Quakers), Skakuni (Shakers) Stranniki (Wanderers) Bezpopovtsi (which have no priests), and Skoptsi (who mutilate themselves).

That which stimulates most the curiosity of the foreigner

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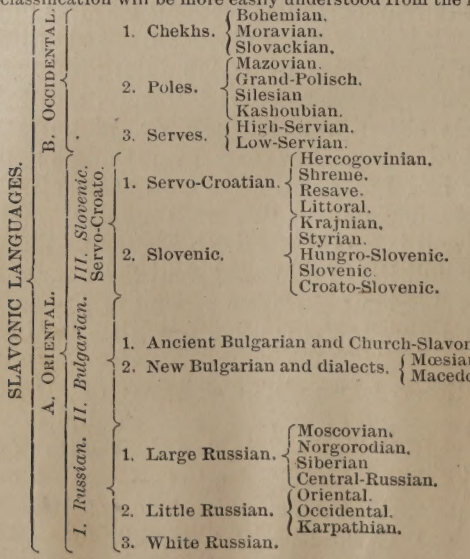
* This classification will be more easily understood from the following table:—



is the government of Russia and the principles upon which it rests, because it is so entirely different from that of other nations. Yet, to understand this correctly, we must study the family and tribal life in Russia, as well as the individual in all his physical and mental aspects.

The whole of European Russia this side of the Ural, including the Caucasus, is devoted to agriculture; so is the greater part of Siberia, especially the north of it, as far as the climate permits. The south of Siberia and the rest of Asiatic Russia is very sparsely populated, and is very sadly in need of laborers; there we find mostly nomadic tribes. In Russia proper, every village, or to speak more correctly, every association of farmers, is a commune. At the time of the abolishment of serfdom, the Ukase of the Czar gave to each of these communes a certain part of the surrounding territory as common property. This land was divided amongst the members, each receiving a portion equal to thirteen and one half acres, allowing them and their successors the possession of it as long as they paid their taxes punctually, which amount to about six per cent. of the value. These farmers till their land very industriously, but in an old-fashioned manner, and are strenuously opposed to any changes and especially to the use of machinery or foreign seeds and cattle. In winter they use their spare time in some trade or house industry, such as the manufactory of woodenware, wickerwork, the felling and shipping of trees, while the women employ themselves with spinning, weaving, and lace-making.

We find the Russian peasant clever and quick to learn languages, faithful and trustworthy, tenacious and brave, frugal and cold-blooded. To his disadvantage, however, it must be said that he is loquacious, suspicious, inquisitive, passionate, and intemperate in the use of alcoholic beverages. The peasants, as a class, are bigoted and superstitious; they will pray, cross themselves, call upon the saints, fast, go to church, and make pilgrimages to sacred places, and spend a larger part of time in these religious practices than is good for them.

Politically, the peasant is loyal to the monarch and to his nation, which embraces for him all the lands where any of the Slavonic languages are spoken. For him the Czar is the first, the highest, and the absolute governor of all the affairs of the country, not alone because the law makes him

such, but because he reverences him as such from the depth of his heart, indeed he loves the Czar as the father of the people. Political agitations and plottings do not concern him. He cares little for a constitution, because he does not know what that is, and he feels instinctively that it would not ameliorate his condition. Neither does the sound of the word liberty inspire him; all the peasant wants is a reduction of the taxes and titles which weigh heavily upon him since the time serfdom was abolished. Real dissatisfaction is only found in districts where the nobility or church own enormous estates, have them worked by poorly paid peasants and live in princely style by the side of those downtrodden laborers, who create their wealth. But such conditions we may find elsewhere. Whosoever would talk or plot against the Czar, against the government, or against the prevailing social institutions is considered by the peasant a traitor, and he will not hesitate to deliver him to the proper authorities.

Mechanical arts specifically Russian in their nature are of a recent date. For centuries they were monopolized by foreigners. Even of late it was quite the fashion to have everything either imported or made by foreigners, but during the last twenty years, and especially since the present Czar gave out the order "everything Russian," the different trades have developed in an astonishing manner throughout the empire. The Russian mechanic is a clever workman, and in some branches, such as tanning, shoemaking, and weaving, he is nowhere excelled.

Machinery was practically unknown in Russia thirty years ago; everything not imported was then made by hand. The depreciation of the rubel abroad caused the establishment of many industries in Russia. They were begun by Germans and Englishmen, but continued to great advantage and with astonishing results by Russians. In fact, so great has been the development in manufacturing industries during the past few years that it is not unreasonable to believe that at an early day the empire may eclipse even the United States in this respect, especially after the railroad system connecting Russia with China, India, and the far distant parts of Siberia is completed.

Commerce in Russia has also taken a new course. Formerly import and export were exclusively in the hands of

foreigners. The carrying trade was monopolized by Jews, Armenians, and Tatars, also the banking and money-loaning business, and only the commerce in eatables and delicacies was pursued by Russians. Nowadays the foreigner is driven out by the Russian, who has made himself master of the situation, and only the retail business is left in the hands of the Jews. The renewal and enforcement of some old laws, restricting the liberty of Jews to settle wherever they choose in the country, will take even that out of their hands. The political tendencies of business men as a class are not the same as those of mechanics and peasants. They are more enlightened, strive for better education, greater liberty in the press, and enlarged facilities in traffic. Most of them, unless they have frequented higher schools, are conservative, religious, contented; and rather opposed to all warlike endeavor of the Pan-Slavists.

To understand Russian conditions, we must pay careful attention to one of the most notable classes, namely, the officials, which differs greatly from similar classes in other European countries. It will seem strange to an American that the officials in Russia form a special caste apart from the rest of the population. Most of them are sons of the lower nobility, or of families which have belonged for generations to this caste, and they are prepared from early childhood for their career. The better elements and higher grades in the official world are composed of the sons of the first and most noble families; these are highly educated, far advanced in their ideas, and strictly honest. What is intended in the United States by Civil Service Reform is carried out in Russia to the utmost extent, although in a style peculiar to this empire. The Russian beaurocracy is, however, far larger than is necessary for the work to be performed. There are at least four times as many officials as are needed, and they are not paid sufficiently to enable them to live decently or suitably to their position. This surplus of officials, their miserable salaries, and their system of sinecure and protection has become the principal evil of Russia. Some on account of their low character, others on account of their extreme poverty, corrupt the whole country, retard all progress, and are the cause of the arbitrary rule which is carried on in place of an otherwise healthy absolutism. The idea of centralization which is so prevalent in

Russia and has such excellent success in many directions, becomes in the caste of officials a dangerous excrescence, and only the cure of this sore, the reorganization of the official world, will enable Russia to regain her health. The officials are, without exception, intelligent men of good education, most of them graduates of universities; but some are drunkards, some desperate paupers. Most of them are, to all appearances, very loyal to religion, and to the Czar, and are fiery Pan-Slavists. Some, however, are of reactionary spirit, while many are secretly liberals, free-thinkers, socialists, anarchists, and revolutionists.

What I say here about officials in general applies to all officials of the administration, and to the officers of railroads, posts, telegraph, mines, and of all other branches with the exception of the juridical department. Judges are praiseworthy exceptions from the above rule. They are recruited from all classes, favoritism and nepotism play no part in their appointment and advancement, but knowledge and real merit are the necessary qualifications of the judge. It can be emphasized that the Russian judge stands above bribery, is incorruptible, and that the whole class deserves the high appreciation which it enjoys all over the empire. They know of no partisanship, and carry out the laws to the letter. The higher officials, too, such as governors, governor-generals, and counsellors, chosen exclusively from the higher nobility, are honest men who do not administer the law by arbitrary will.

The educated classes, physicians, lawyers, professors, engineers, teachers, etc., are well schooled in one of the universities or polytechnicums in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Kiev, Dorpat, Kharkof, and Warsaw. Although these enjoy about the same education as the officials, they are entirely different from them. The very choice of their profession, which is left to them, the consciousness that they will never be hindered in their future movements like officials, infuses the young student with a spirit of freedom. The thirst for knowledge, which possesses every Russian, and the passion with which he enters upon every new thing, raises the level of scientific knowledge amongst them. It is still further heightened by the talent of the Russian to acquire languages, which makes it very easy for him to master German, French, and English be-

sides Latin and Greek. This enables him to read the best scientific works of other nations in the original, and for that reason the higher classes are not only well educated in their special lines of study, but also quite familiar with the literature and philosophy of other nations, especially of the Germans. In regard to politics, students or educated men are, as a whole, very liberal, while many are warm Pan-Slavists and many others are extreme revolutionists.

The army is a principal factor of Russian life, and therefore it must not be left out of calculation when Russian conditions are criticised. It formerly consisted of volunteers and such as were placed there to punish them for some trivial misdemeanor; it was used by the government as a counterpoise against the power of the nobility. Commissioned officers were often officials with no special military training, and to a large degree favorites and foreigners. The wars which Russia fought for centuries compelled her to keep a large standing army, which had to be continually increased, until under the present system of obligatory service every man at the age of twenty, who is physically and mentally sound, is obliged to serve his time in the army. So it has grown to be an army of the people in the truest sense of the word, and when the present Czar spoke the famous "Russia for the Russians," all officers of foreign birth were compelled either to resign or ask to be naturalized. The importance of the army, lies not only in its being an army of the people, it is also a factor for the propagation of culture. It is not only an excellent school for the physical and mental training of the soldier, but at the same time, it makes itself exceedingly valuable by bringing together the different nations and tribes of the empire, making them familiar with each other, and amalgamating them. What the public schools in the United States do towards amalgamating the various classes of emigrants, the army does for the Russian people.

Profiting by the example of Germany, and the terrible losses which it sustained in the war of 1877, the government has materially improved its military system within the last decade. The army numbers in peace 1,000,000 soldiers, and in war-time that number can be raised to 6,000,000, including the Cossacks. The navy consists of four hundred

steamers, of which eighty are iron-clads, in the Baltic, Black, and Caspian Seas. The officers are now thoroughly educated and capable men, the practice of favoring the nobility having ceased. The general staff is an excellent school for military sciences, the artillery is numerous and good, the infantry organized after the German model, and the cavalry, especially the Cossacks, are unexcelled in the world. The private learns, during his time of service (three to five years), not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but is also taught a trade, which he chooses for himself, and he returns to his home physically and mentally improved, in many cases an apostle of civilization to his village. The political inclinations of the soldier will naturally vary according to the descent and education of the individual, or the opinion formerly held by him. But, as a whole, the army may be regarded as a propagator of liberal and Pan-Slavistic ideas.

The clergy exerts a greater influence upon the masses in Russia than perhaps elsewhere. This essay being intended only as a picture of peculiar Russian conditions, I cannot go into a minute description of the Catholic, Lutheran, or Jewish clergy; they distinguish themselves, however, from their brethren in other countries, merely by being still more fanatical and orthodox. A small percentage of the Russian clergy belongs to the United-Greek Church, and is under the supervision of bishops, who are appointed by the Roman Pope, but the large majority of the Russian clergy is orthodox Greek (Russian Church), governed by the Russian Synod. The head of this church is the Czar who appoints the bishops.

The Russian clergy may be divided into the following classes: the clergy of the cities and the western provinces, and that of the country and of the northeast and south. The former are mostly taken from the higher classes, well educated and quite liberal in their views, most of them highly respectable, honest, and able men, often in reality the advisers and benefactors of the people. The latter come chiefly from the lower classes. They are frequently only half educated, readily adapt themselves to the habits and customs of the peasantry, and often sink to their low moral standards. Of course there is no rule without exception; there are sometimes found amongst them noble men who try to

enlighten and improve their parishioners by high living, noble preaching, and by establishing schools, but they are merely the exception. A large majority live like peasants with whom they associate; they are intemperate, avaricious, and worthy of little respect. This condition accounts to a great extent for the accumulation of large property by the Church on the one hand, and the beggarism of monks and nuns on the other, and is a fruitful cause of dissatisfaction and jealousy. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the power of the clergy in Russia is very great even as a political factor. The Russians being strongly orthodox, even bigoted, are easily led by priests, and the high dignitaries of the Church, wishing to preserve their influence and power, secretly pull political wires in order to retain the old Moscovitism.

A picture of the nobility of Russia is not only important for the comprehension of Russian conditions, on account of the immense fortunes which they possess, the enormous estates they own, the princely style in which they live, but on account of the important part which they play in politics, in the administration, and in the army. Centuries ago, and even as lately as the time of the abolishment of serfdom, the nobility was in Russia a dangerous power, sometimes seriously interfering with both the power of the Czar and the wishes of the people. At the present time, their influence has waned, or is of a more indirect nature. The genuine nobleman of Russia compares favorably in regard to education, thorough knowledge, true refinement, and linguistic abilities with the best of the European nobility. Not only social duties but private studies occupy the time of many of this class, and some of them have rendered most excellent services both to their country and to humanity. Many of the noblemen spend their time in amusements, in gambling, races, etc., but fortunately they form the minority. The country noblemen, *i. e.* those who seldom, if ever, leave their estates, live a sober and practical life seeking and finding their pleasure in hunting, in visiting neighbors, and in arranging amateur amusements.

In political opinion the nobility may be classed in three divisions, which will explain themselves by their very names: First, the Liberals, second, the Moscovites, and third the Pan-Slavists; yet no matter which of these parties attracts

him most, the nobleman is loyal to the monarchical form of government. In morality the average nobleman is certainly better than his European cousin, and the head of the nobility, the present Czar, is in his family life an irreproachable model for his subjects.

The government of Russia is a very queer mixture of Socialism and Autocracy. Its principles are only comprehensible on the basis of the characteristic of the people, in their various classes, and its condition at the present time is readily explained if we carefully trace the development or evolution of the nation.

The basis of the government is the "Russkii Mir" or the commonwealth, a local self-government of the peasants of a village in whose assemblies women are allowed to vote. The head of the mir is a mayor, elected by the peasants, ratified by the Czar; he is assisted by a council also elected by popular vote, with whom he consults in all matters of importance. The mir is a kind of village parliament which distributes among the members, for certain periods, all the land belonging to the commonwealth, settles all questions connected with the land, and is responsible for peace and order, and in a body obliged to pay the taxes. To settle petty quarrels a justice of the peace is elected, and the commune as a body is entrusted with the enormous power of ridding itself of any member who refuses to work, to live decently, or to obey the laws, by proposing his banishment to Siberia.

The "Wolost" is a combination of several mirs, forming an administrative body with limited judicial power. The affairs of cities are administrated by the "Douma" in a similar way as are the cities of Western Europe by their councils, but more on a communal basis. The householders elect the douma, consisting of a city council and a mayor, who has to be ratified by the Czar. Many cities suffer yet from old systems of administrations, primitive institutions, and from bribery, but there are many who have employed modern methods during the last ten years, and have established public conveniences such as water-works, gas, electric light, street and car lines, which are operated as city institutions.

Several wolosts are combined as "Circuit" under one administration, their numbers varying according to the population and condition of the wolosts. They stand under the

State administration and are designed to facilitate transactions between the different circuits and with the doumas.

Several circuits, their numbers varying in the different parts of Russia according to circumstances, form a "Gobernje" and stand under the administration of a governor appointed by the Czar. This position is a mark of high confidence of the crown, and is invested with great administrative, political, and personal power. The governors are chosen from the most trustworthy ministerial counsellors, generally members of the highest nobility, and possessing large private fortunes. Formerly many of the governors received their commissions by favoritism, but during the last score of years, only very able, energetic, and active men have been appointed, and they, as a rule, endeavor most faithfully to restore order and improve the conditions of their territories. Each of these gobernjes has a gobernial senate, the members of which are elected by the wolosts, doumas, and nobility. This body is presided over by a "marshal," and has the right to propose to the General Congress such laws as they think will benefit their conditions.

To facilitate the enormous work of the central government of Russia, and to fit the administration to serve better the different interests of the country, the eighty gobernjes are divided into fifteen "Divisions," each under the administration of a governor-general. This post, established by the late Czar, Alexander II., combines the power of a governor with that of a military commander, and is, in fact, that of a king with a large kingdom. Only very popular generals of undoubted trustworthiness and well fitted in every direction for their high position are appointed.

The central government of Giant Russia consists of the ministers, the Ministerial Council, the Congress, and the Senate, and connects with the Czar by his Privy Council. The Congress is a consulting body, the Senate an executive one. The ministers appointed by the Czar, eleven in all, have each his own department, as have the secretaries of the United States. All bills which are proposed by a gobernje senate or by a minister, have to pass from the minister into whose department they belong, to the Ministerial Council, where they are considered by all the members. From this Council they are transferred to the Congress which discusses them, amends them, and sends them with the record

of their vote, through the Privy Council to the Czar to be sanctioned by him. If confirmed by the Czar, they are sent by the Privy Council to the Senate with a "Ukase" (imperial order) to give them the legal sanction of power. The Senate books them as new laws, and details orders to the ministers how to carry them out.

The Senate is also in reality the Supreme Court of the Czardom. It has the right to call any subject, even the highest official, before its forum and pass judgment upon him, against which decision there is no appeal except the mercy of the Czar. The Senate passes also the last and final decision in civil and criminal lawsuits, and every citizen has the right to appeal to the Senate from the decisions of the heads of all other courts or governmental offices. Besides that, the Senate supervises the whole administration and may send either by order of the Czar or on its own account, one or more of the senators to any of the provinces to revise their administration and to examine into the needs of the people. They have the power to dismiss, to arrest and deliver to the courts any official whom they may find guilty of offence. Only men of the very highest integrity are appointed senators by the Czar, and they are a real blessing to the country. Of course they cannot change and improve everything, and Russia needs generations of education and evolution before all evils can be eradicated and room for the growth of better institutions is made.

The office of a faithful minister is onerous everywhere, but especially at the present time in Russia. The last decade has witnessed great improvements in the administration of justice throughout the empire. Progress is noticeable everywhere. An interesting and curious custom of Russia which finds no counterpart elsewhere in Europe, is the public reception given one day in every week by the ministers and governors, at which the humblest citizen has a right to approach the official and lay before him any wrong he feels has been perpetrated, and the offence complained of will be punctually investigated and acted upon.

The Privy Council of the Czar is created for the purpose of connecting him with the various departments of the administration. Formerly it contained the famous "Third Division" or secret police of Russia, which stands now by the name of "Police Department" under the Minister of

the Interior. Having been once an enormous system of espionage, it is at the present merely the central office for the police work of the whole country, supervising all the measures for safety, and carrying out existing laws.

A few remarks in this place will enlighten the reader upon the juridical system of Russia. Every wolost has a justice of the peace, and so have the cities a large number of them. Minor lawsuits are brought before the single judge, but an appeal can be taken to the higher courts, which are composed of three or five judges. Crimes come under the jurisdiction of a jury, and political crimes under that of the court-martial. The law system is a mixture of the Code Napoleon, the Roman laws and the Austrian laws, inaugurated by Empress Marie Theresa. The defendant obtains under all circumstances a hearing of which a protocol is made, which he is obliged to sign; he is given an attorney, whom he may choose, and the decision is given in writing. The penalties are very hard and severe, especially for theft, murder, and for plotting to overthrow the government. They are hard work in the mines of Siberia for a number of years, even for a lifetime. The offence of belonging to secret organizations or even to be suspected, is punished with banishment to certain places in Siberia for a number of years or for a lifetime.

This sketch of Russia is necessarily incomplete. It was intended only for the purpose of rectifying many erroneous views entertained by Americans about Russia, and to give the readers of THE ARENA a *true picture of the real conditions of this vast empire.* But the reader would certainly feel disappointed if the most interesting topic would be left untouched by me; namely, "*Nihilism.*" A thorough explanation of Nihilism, how it originated and developed, what it was and what it is now, would require a large volume. I shall merely give a few cardinal points relating to this important topic.

At the outset it is necessary to distinguish between real Nihilism and the excrescence which is often called by that name. Nihilism is as old as humanity, but has had in its various forms different names.

The embryo of its present state was created towards the end of the last century, and the first one to bring it before the public, and to give it its present name was the poet

Turgénief, in his "Fathers and Sons." In Bazaroff he gives us a masterly and powerfully painted picture of a Nihilist. Bazaroff is a young physician, the son of poor, simple, uneducated parents, who acquired by earnest study a state of knowledge which convinced him that everything was going wrong. In his opinion nothing was true and just, nothing had the right of existence, save what was based upon the laws of nature. The negation, the "Nihil," is the characteristic of his thoughts and feelings.

What had slumbered, known or unknown, in the breasts of thousands, Turgénief had frankly spoken out, and like an echo it reverberated through all Russia: "I am a Nihilist, too!" Thousands and thousands talked, wrote, and spoke it; "We do not believe in the present state of society; we do not believe in its social and religious principles, we do not believe in its administrative, educational, juridical, matrimonial, and social institutions; we consider all of them wrong, because they are not based on the laws of nature, and therefore they ought to be changed. We do not know how everything is to be changed, and what form the new order of things will assume, but that is not necessary for the initial move; the first step must be to remove all that is wrong, and sound conditions will develop by themselves. Let us go, they said, and declare our doctrines and principles wherever we have a chance; let us preach them from the pulpit, write of them in books and papers, speak them from platforms, address them to people in drawing-rooms, on the streets, and in places of amusement; let us inform our friends and make them inform theirs, till the new ideas permeate the masses; let us educate our children so that they will be able to educate future generations; let us proclaim everywhere that what is, is 'Nihil' and must be changed for the better."

With prodigious rapidity the new propaganda grew and at the present time there are certainly five millions of Russians, embracing all classes and ages of the population, who call themselves with pride Nihilists in the true sense of the word. But what became, or rather, what was made of this wonderful movement? Some extravagant men, some unripe youngsters, some characters of doubtful integrity, the scum of society, which can be found everywhere, and are always ready for sensation, overthrow of order, and even for

bloodshed, took possession of the new ideas and worked them out to their individual liking. A few clever and ambitious conspirators secretly organized these elements and opened war against the government and the people. They were possessed by the terrible idea that they ought to destroy everything at once, and that all means were justifiable, even murder, robbery, and arson. They did not care if thousands of innocent people should lose their lives, millions their property; on the contrary, they thought and argued that this would make them desperate, after which they would, in all probability, make common cause with them.

These brutes — because they do not deserve the name of men — called themselves Nihilists, too, and brought into disrepute a movement which aimed at the highest human civilization. Although their number was but a few hundred, they committed during a short period so many terrible crimes that they terrorized a great part of Russia. The government grappled with the movement, suppressed it with energy, sentenced the murderers to death, sent hundreds of offenders to the mines of Siberia, and banished some who were merely suspected. At the present time a few of this class of Nihilists are living outside of Russia, and in the country nothing is heard of the movement. Some sensational newspapers only keep the movement yet alive by falsified reports, and many who never belonged to this secret organization like to pose as victims of the Nihilistic ideas.

This abuse of Nihilism is not surprising.

The same motives which caused the crimes in Russia gave the pistol into the hands of the assassin of President Garfield and the would-be murderer of Emperor William.

I have offered, as best I could, a description of Russia and Russian conditions obtained from personal experience. I leave it to the reader to form his own judgment of RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

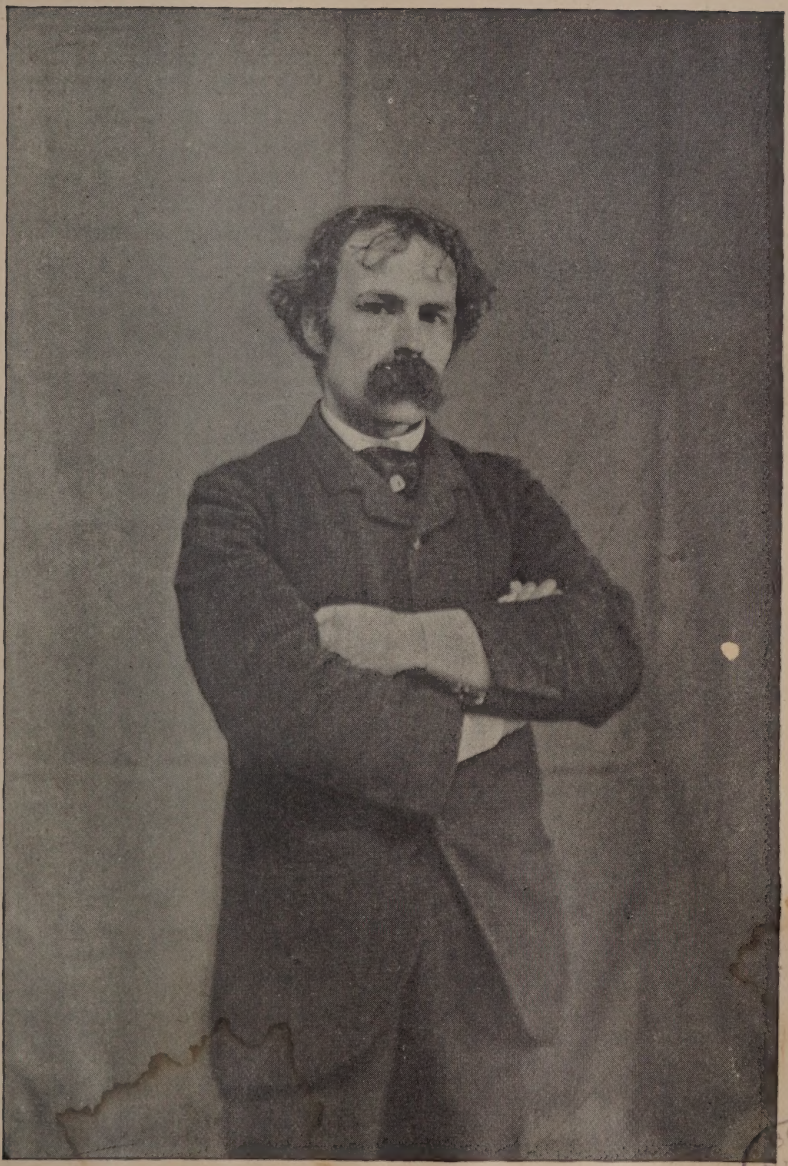
IS SPIRITUALISM WORTH WHILE?

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE late Robert Dale Owen used to say that there were upwards of seven million spiritualists in this country, and that their number was increasing. There is, on the other hand, no perceptible increase of what is termed in religious language, "Spiritual life" among us. The seven million or more of spiritualists must, I suppose, believe in a condition of post-mortem consciousness, or, as they would phrase it, in immortality; but the energy and usefulness of their mortal lives does not seem noticeably augmented by this persuasion.

It appears odd, at a first glance, that there should be any dispute as to the reality or unreality of spiritualistic phenomena. These phenomena, under various guises, have been before the public for at least five thousand years; yet opinion concerning them is still, as it always was, not divided only, but violently and passionately divided. There must be honest and intelligent men on both sides of the question. Yet any argument between them always ends in their giving one another the lie — more or less courteously and emphatically, according to circumstances. Is there, then, no common ground upon which they can meet and discuss matters comfortably and reasonably?

The topic is not devoid of interest. Were I convinced that I could, at will, converse with the spirits of the great departed, no doubt I should be eager to do so. Persons in whose veracity and good sense, in other relations, I have confidence, tell me that the thing is possible: other persons, just as trustworthy, declare it to be absurdly impossible. I may say that the senses of my spiritualistic friends deceive them. But is not deception the characteristic of sense? If, having on grounds of abstract reason, arrived at the conclusion that the manifestation to some of the spirits of the dead is impossible, I should then see or otherwise sensibly perceive a "ghost," it would be philosophically inexcusable in me to



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Richard Hamilton

allow such testimony of sense to upset my *a priori* conviction. The situation is unchanged by my participation in it. I doubted the report of my friends' senses a moment ago; now I must doubt that of my own: their category is the same.

But is spiritualism impossible *a priori*? The *raison d'être* of spiritualism stands on the claim that it is a revelation to or in sense of spiritual things. Hitherto our belief in a world to come has been based on an alleged Divine Revelation, appealing to an intuitive or supersensuous apprehension of Divine Truth. But now, instead of merely feeling that there must or ought to be a spiritual world, that world itself knocks audibly on our doors (or tables), transferring its field of attack from the sphere of philosophical trust to that of concrete fact. We are no longer free to believe or not as the spirit moves us; for the spirit now moves us by moving our furniture and smashing our crockery. Do these transactions (assuming their genuineness) afford spiritualists a just ground for argument?

Of course, the opportunities for fraud, and the practice thereof, are abundant. It is so easy for bogus "mediums" to make money, that it is no wonder there are so many of them. But their exposure need not be decisive as to the validity of spiritualistic claims. Imposture might almost be regarded as an implication of something genuine to be imitated. All spiritualists are certainly not sharpers. Investigation should reject the muddy residue, but apply itself soberly to the devout and sincere aspects of the point at issue.

An attempt has been made, of late years, to pick the dead-lock between the credulous and the sceptical, by a generous exploitation of the phenomena of hypnotism. This amounts, in substance, to giving a subjective explanation of one class of spiritualistic manifestations, and ascribing the remainder to some unexplained dynamic electric effects, produced by an act of will. But such a solution is at best not final. There is something behind it, as there is something behind life itself; and until that something be reached, there is room for disagreement.

But inquiries as to the ultimate constitution of matter and of mind, and the relation between them, however interesting and pertinent they may be, would carry us too far to admit of

their present consideration. Let us, therefore, abandoning in so far our critical and defensive attitude, concede to the spiritualists their entire claim. Let us admit that the souls of our departed friends, or their disembodied kindred, can and do communicate with us, whether for their own advantage, or ours, or that of both parties: and let us agree to the corollary that there is such a thing as—not perhaps immortality exactly—but, at all events, indefinite post-mortem conscious existence. If, having made these concessions, we find the consequences worthy our attention, we can thus examine into the *rationale* of the phenomena at our leisure; whereas, if we find these consequences lead to nothing desirable, we shall be absolved from troubling ourselves further about the matter.

In what respects, then, if any, is the new revelation to some, superior to the old revelation addressed to the interior or supersensuous man? It seems evident, to begin with, that open communication between man embodied and man disembodied is not (for whatever reason) a normal or general state of things. It is induced, or forced, by certain processes and ceremonies, and its accomplishment depends in some measure upon personal conditions and circumstances. It is, in short, a breaking-down on our part of a wall of separation erected between the material and the spiritual worlds. This breaking-down may or may nor be justifiable, but, if it be justifiable, the burden of proving it to be so lies with the breakers. Now man, by one hypothesis, is a spirit embodied; that is, he is in communication, through bodily senses, with the material world. Spiritualism, by putting him also in communication (and in sensible communication, be it observed) with the spiritual world, seems *prima facie* to introduce an element of confusion into his life. No doubt, man, even while embodied, has a spiritual life, and may, for all anybody knows to the contrary, be in constant communication with spirits *on the spiritual plane*. But such communication would be unconscious — that is, its results would appear to him as the legitimate and free evolution of his own thoughts and feelings, and therefore at the free disposal of his own will and judgment. Its approach would be from within, not from without. To approach from within seems quite in order for a being of an interior sphere (as a spirit certainly must be). But in that case, to approach from with-

out must be contrary to order; and we are driven to ask why such approach should be invited?

The only answer seems to be, that interior approach — the method of the old revelation — has been proven inadequate: man, being left free to believe or not, has chosen the latter alternative. The new revelation, on the other hand, being made to sense, compels belief. It addresses the man who refuses to credit anything not vouched for by sight, sound, and touch. It shows him a visible, audible, and, perhaps, tangible spirit, and he must either believe, or, in disbelieving, abandon the very stronghold itself of his scepticism. In short, he is in a hole.

But this hole has a bottom to it. Setting aside the obvious truth that, according to the spiritualist's own showing, all mankind and the material universe are but a revelation to some of spiritual existence,— the only essential difference between this and the technically spiritualistic revelation being that, whereas the former is normal, the latter is abnormal,— setting this aside, it remains to inquire what is the value of a compulsory faith? If there be any one thing more indispensable than another to the dignity and integrity of manhood, is it not man's liberty to decide what he shall believe? Whatever compromises this liberty, then, in so far destroys the human quality of the subject. Moreover, the manifestations of spiritualism, being addressed to sense, do not attain the region of what may properly be termed belief, at all. Material phenomena can never be objects of faith; we do not *believe in* a stick or a stone: we are only sensible of it. What is given in sense has nothing left for belief, or even for thought: sense supersedes thought. Any attempt to exalt sense to a supremacy over reason and intuition, turns everything upside down. Facts (as distinguished from truths) are the manifestations of matter, and, in so far as a thing is verifiable by sense, it is verifiable by nothing else. The new revelation, therefore, leaves the rational mind exactly where it found it. The nature of the spirits of spiritualism is "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." By addressing us through our own characteristic medium of matter, they abjure whatever essentially spiritual quality might belong to them, and neither do nor can tell us or show us anything that we did not know before. We can tip our own tables, ring our own bells, produce our

own flowers, and talk our own sentiment and clap-trap as well as or better than they can. What they tell us bears no authority of truth, for it is spoken outwardly to our ears, not inwardly to our understanding; and the mere accident of a man's being without his body does not warrant the veracity of his statements.

I fail, therefore, to find any justification for Spiritualism, even accepting it at its own valuation. Why should I permit the lofty region of my beliefs to be invaded by coarse creatures like myself? Why should I seek to transform a living truth into a palpable or dead fact? And what is an assurance of post-mortem consciousness in comparison with the idea of immortality? If immortality be nothing more than continued existence beyond the grave, no sane person will covet it. But if it consist primarily in a recognition of the truth that human nature, being finite on the personal side, and infinite on the creative side or impersonally, can be fitly and finally expressed only in some personality that affords a good accommodation to both sides:—if this truth be recognized and its bearings upon the past and future destinies of the human race understood:—then we shall begin to comprehend what immortality really is. Apart from this recognition, a future existence, though prolonged beyond the reach of thought, would have no more value than a drunkard's nap. There is no indication that the disembodied tramps who come shivering back to earth to try to warm themselves in the borrowed rags of mortality of us who still abide here, and to pander to our vanity and selfishness, have any proper conception of this immortality, or are concerned to expound it. They claim to help us attain heaven; but, if there be a heaven worth going to, its gates can hardly be under the control of adventurers such as these. And if there be a God worth reverencing, we should hardly expect Him to bully us into acknowledging Him by squalid juggleries in darkened rooms, and by vapid platitudes addressed to our corporeal senses. Rather should we look for Him to accost each one of us in the innermost sacred audience-chamber of the heart and there show us good and evil, truth and falsehood, and bid us choose. This choice, being made in freedom, could become a genuine and ineradicable belief,—a kingly certainty, compared with which the theories of science, however perfect, are but changeful shadows.

No kingly certainties are conveyed by the gambols of the forlorn, amateur Paracletes, who presume to say to the Creator, "Stand aside! leave us to deal with man's regeneration!" To submit to their officious arrogation seems scarcely consistent with sanity, much less with a sentiment of respect for the independence and integrity of the human soul. And since Spiritualism is an invitation to so submit ourselves, I am disposed to deny that it is worth cultivating.

A REPLY TO MR. HAWTHORNE.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

THE editor of THE ARENA has asked me to reply to Mr. Julian Hawthorne. My readers have heard of the lawyer who, because he had no case of his own, took it out in "abusing the plantiff's attorney." I confess to feeling myself tempted to abuse the plantiff's attorney: not because I have any doubt about my own case, but because he has given me so little else to do. I find no objections offered that seem to me seriously worth while. I confess, as I read the article, my sense of humor is so touched that it is difficult not to treat the whole matter in a serio-comic vein, and with more of the comic than the serio. My first impression on reading it was that the writer was purposely playing with the subject in a spirit of mischievous mystification, and I found myself thinking of the old man who said it "strained one so to kick at nothin'." I will, however, take the matter up, point by point, and see what I can find.

Starting with Robert Dale Owen's statement that there are seven million spiritualists in this country, Mr. Hawthorne thinks it relevant to remark — as though it were of importance — that "there is no perceptible increase of . . . 'spiritual life' among us." Until he tells us what kind of gauge he proposes to use to settle so delicate and difficult a question, perhaps it would not be impertinent to ask him how he knows. Does he expect the level of the life of the country to be suddenly lifted, so that everybody can see it with the "senses" which, in the latter part of his article, he treats so contemptuously? A spiritualist might retort by making a similar remark concerning any other class of believers. Only the courtesy of such a statement, without proof, might deter any careful writer from making it. Spirituality is so indefinite and elastic a term, that I should hardly expect to see a man out hunting for it with a lantern.

Then he thinks it odd, if mediumistic phenomena are real, that there should be any dispute as to their reality. I think

so, too. But then some manifestations of human nature *are* "odd.' I have no doubt that Galileo thought it was "odd" that there should be any dispute as to the reality of the moons of Jupiter. But so long as people "called names" instead of looking, perhaps the emphasis of the oddity should be placed somewhere else. It *was* "odd" that Leibnitz would not accept Newton's demonstration of the law of gravitation. It *was* "odd" that the doctors in England would not acknowledge Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

I have been investigating what are called the "phenomena of spiritualism" for fifteen years. Most people I meet know nothing about it except some newspaper "fling." Large numbers of those who, with me, have helped to make up the "Society for Psychical Research" have only been hunting for something to *step on*. And the mental attitude of thousands of "educated" men is anything but scientific. They remind one constantly of Josh Billings' saying: "A man had better not know so much than to know so many things that aint so." They know so thoroughly that it "aint so," that I wonder why they go through the farce of investigating. Schopenhauer says that for a man any longer to deny clairvoyance, for example, is *not bigotry but ignorance*. Of course this does not necessarily imply spiritualism; I use it only as an illustration.

Mr. Hawthorne next proceeds to imitate the man who sawed off, between himself and the tree, the limb on which he was sitting. He declares that it is characteristic of "sense" to deceive us. I grant it; but how did he happen to find it out? In any other way than by the use of his senses? This statement is either a falsehood or a truism. Why not say it is characteristic of legs to stumble? It is — of baby's legs, of untrained legs, or of very weak legs. But in spite of this, it still remains true that the race, as yet, has discovered nothing else to walk on. So, in spite of the fact, that it is characteristic of our senses to deceive us, the human race has discovered no satisfactory substitute for sight and hearing and smelling and taste and touch. And it is by the use of these that we have found out how, and when, and why their reports are false. Reason and understanding are not quite independent of the senses; and it is the poor senses which supply them with all the materials with which

they work — building up their beautiful theories. The only doorways yet discovered by which the outer world can enter our majestic presence is the low-arched doorways of sense. And it is the senses themselves that furnish us with the means for correcting the errors of their own preliminary reports. The man, then, who proposes to doubt his own senses must go to his own senses to find a reason for his doubt. If he is logical, he will end by doubting his doubt. This business of reviling the senses can be carried a little too far. How has it been found out that there are "bogus mediums," except by the use of the same senses, which Mr. Hawthorne says cannot be relied on to find one that is not "bogus"?

But now comes the most extraordinary statement in the whole paper. Mr. Hawthorne says, "Hitherto our belief in a world to come has been based on an alleged Divine Revelation, appealing to an intuitive or supersensuous apprehension of Divine Truth." Professor Huxley says the big capitals always remind him of the English grenadiers who wear big bearskin caps for the purpose of making little men look more formidable. Perhaps this is why they are used so freely in the sentence just quoted. But the sentence does not need them to make it a most amazing one. It is not one statement, but two, and it is a question as to which is the more misleading.

In the first place, the first and larger half of this "alleged Divine Revelation" does not teach immortality; and the older Jews show no sign of having held to the belief. But the "hitherto" seems to cover all the past of human history. If "our belief in a world to come has been based on an alleged Divine Revelation," how did the Egyptians come by it? Where did the Greeks get it? What of the Romans? How about almost every race, people, and tribe in all the world? It has been a well-nigh universal belief, and that without regard to our "revelation" at all. This part of the statement, then, is at least a careless one.

But, in the next place, when and how did Mr. Hawthorne discover that this "alleged Divine Revelation" appeals first, or chiefly, or at all, "to an intuitive or supersensuous apprehension of Divine Truth"? Let us look at this in the light of his contempt for sensuous evidence.

This "alleged Divine Revelation" contains a certain

amount of moral and spiritual truth which is generally accepted by the civilized world, and for which no one asks proof any longer, because human experience has made it a part of the inheritance of civilization. The most of this moral and spiritual truth did not originate with Christendom and is not peculiar to it.

But come now to that special part that Mr. Hawthorne refers to,— "our belief in a world to come." What is the nature of the *proof* for this that the "alleged divine revelation" contains? Is it not of precisely the same kind, in every single instance, that spiritualism claims to offer to-day? That is, it is the alleged appearance of spirits or messengers from the invisible world. Both the Old Testament and the New are full of stories of occurrences of this sort. And to what do they appeal? To our poor abused and deceptive senses every time. From Jacob wrestling with the angel clear down to the angels at the Sepulchre of Jesus, on what evidence do the appearances rest? Surely on the evidence of the senses, and on nothing else. Did Peter, and James, and John have anything better than eyes with which to see Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration?

For ages the one great proof that was offered as to the authenticity of this "alleged Divine Revelation," was miracles. But what certified to the reality of the miracle? The senses again, and only the senses. And in the case of these supposed ancient miracles, the world has only second or third hand hearsay evidence, now nearly two thousand years old. We know nothing as to the competence of the observers, their critical ability, or their fairness. We cannot cross-question them. We cannot reproduce their visions.

The only other "proof" that the Church has deigned to offer the inquirer has been the rack, the thumb-screw, or the fagot, provided the other considerations did not altogether satisfy him.

Where, then, is the proof of "a world to come . . . based on an alleged divine revelation, appealing to an intuitive or supersensuous apprehension of divine truth"? Indeed, what does this language mean? I have heard people speak of being "conscious" of immortality; but such language is only an abuse of the dictionary, for how can one have a *present* consciousness of a supposed *future* fact, *i.-e.*, of something which, as yet, does not exist? The only reason-

able explanation of intuition that has ever yet been offered the world is that which shows it to be the inherited result of experiences. It is, then, simply a misuse of speech to talk of an "intuitive apprehension" of what *may be* a fact in the future. There may easily be an "intuitive apprehension" of a moral or spiritual truth in the ordinary acceptation of those terms, but these are no proof that after the death of the body the life that was in the body shall continue consciously to exist. It is mere confusion of thought that mixes up these two things that in themselves are utterly distinct and separate. There is, then, in the whole Bible nothing that even claims to be any proof of "a world to come . . . based on . . . an intuitive or supersensuous apprehension" of anything. There is only one place where the question is *argued* at all; and that is where Paul tells us that if "Christ be not risen, our faith is vain." And in this case Paul appeals for proof, not to any "intuitive or supersensuous apprehension," but to the resurrection of the dead body of Jesus. And the only evidence offered for this is the "deceptive" sense-impression that he was *seen* alive. So the only proof that the Bible claims to offer is of the kind which Mr. Hawthorne treats so contemptuously that he would not believe it though he saw it himself.

In regard to the matter of seeing it ought, perhaps, to be said that any one person's senses are not enough. If I saw a "spirit" ever so plainly and nobody else saw it, I should think it was probably an hallucination. But if several others saw it at the same time, and that without any suggestion from me, I should feel that the probabilities were in favor of its reality; for the chances against several persons having the same hallucination at the same time are very great.

Mr. Hawthorne next speaks of hypnotic phenomena as though they were claimed in evidence of "spiritualism." I was not aware that anybody ever made such a claim. Neither hypnotism, clairvoyance, nor telepathy need any other spirits than embodied ones to account for their facts, however remarkable. But, since they show that mind can act in at least semi-independence of the ordinary senses, they do suggest the inquiry as to whether this same mind may not be able to continue its activity without them.

After so much preliminary, our critic proposes to concede

the truth of the spiritualistic claim, and then ask what of it? Even if true, is it "worth while?" Let us try to follow him, however.

He says, "It seems evident, to begin with, that open communication between man embodied and man disembodied is not (for whatever reason) a normal or general state of things." This is a harmless enough truism. The same thing might have been said a few years ago as to the use of electricity, the steam engine, or the telephone. But what of it? That which was not "general" often *becomes* general, and the world is the better for it. It was once true that the wearing of clothes was not the "normal or general" condition of the race. Man begins on this earth hardly more than an animal. The physical is predominant. Then the intellectual is developed, and brain is mightier than brawn. Then the moral ideal becomes more powerful than either muscle or intellect. May it not be possible that the next step forward is the unfolding and the domination of spirit? If so, it is only in line with all the past.

But what Mr. Hawthorne seems chiefly to object to is a spirit's letting himself be seen or known. He does not seem to doubt their existence. "To approach from within," he says, "seems quite in order for a being of an interior sphere (as a spirit certainly must be)." He knows, then, *just what* a spirit is. I wish he had told us; for it would have cleared up a good many mysteries. He does, indeed, say that he or it is "a being of an interior sphere." But what that means is hopelessly beyond me. "Interior" to what? To me? To the world? This seems to be mysticism with a vengeance. Having thus assumed what is the natural "order," he declares that anything else "must be contrary to order"; and so something,—I have not the slightest idea what,— is apparently settled.

All this is after —for the sake of argument —he has conceded the spiritualistic claim. But what it has to do with the question as to whether spiritualism is "worth while," I confess I am not able to see.

And right here I may as well make one other point. Later in the article Mr. Hawthorne goes into a fine rapture over the dignity and importance of not being certain about anything, and so being free to choose one's belief. Look closely at this question,—"If there be any one thing more indispens-

able than another to the dignity and integrity of manhood, is it not man's liberty to decide what he shall believe?" This is certainly one of the most extraordinary questions I ever heard asked. No man who is at the same time *honest* and *clear-headed can* choose his belief. If he knows nothing about a subject, then he has no business with an opinion. If he does know anything, then his belief must be determined by what he knows, *i. e.*, by the evidence. And if he is honest, his belief must go with the probability, *i. e.*, with the weight of proof.

But here is the extraordinary thing that must not escape the reader's attention. Earlier in the article he says it is all right to have the spirits communicating with us "on the spiritual plane,"— whatever that may be,—and so influencing our beliefs *without our knowing it.* The results, then, would appear to the victim of such influence "as the legitimate and free evolution of his own thoughts and feelings, and therefore at the free disposal of his own will and judgment." That is, if this means anything at all, it means that while it is a great derogation of man's integrity and manhood to have free and open communication with spirits and be influenced by any new knowledge they may possess, it is quite consistent with this integrity and manhood to have them come into our minds by way of some undiscovered back stairs, and control or change our opinions *without our knowing it.* It does not interfere with our freedom (in other words) so long as we do not know it is being interfered with. Will Mr. Hawthorne kindly inform his anxious readers as to whether Copernicus and Newton seriously interfered with the "dignity and integrity" of mankind by revealing to them so many wondrous facts about other worlds? If not, why should it be contrary to human "dignity and integrity" to have other, even though unseen intelligences — Copernicus and Newton were only visible intelligences — reveal to mankind the existence of other worlds still?

What Mr. Hawthorne means by the "old revelation's" being by the method of "interior approach," and why he speaks of that revelation as being "normal" I must leave some one to decide, who has a way — as he has — of getting at truth without any regard to such humble means as the "senses," or such evidence as leads to the dreadful thing he calls a "compulsory faith." The most of us would like such

proof as would *compel* belief in regard to a good many matters that now are in painful suspense.

The conclusion, then, that Mr. Hawthorne comes to is this: "I fail, therefore, to find any justification for spiritualism, even accepting it at its own valuation." This sentence sounds as though he had really considered some point that one who would really like to have continued existence demonstrated would be likely to urge in favor of such demonstration if it were possible. But he has not even touched on one such point. Absolutely all he has done is to say such inconsequential things as those we have been reviewing. And still the stream runs on.

To illustrate still further, he goes on to ask: "Why should I permit the lofty region of my beliefs to be invaded by coarse creatures like myself?" I suppose the "creatures" who have lived on this earth and have left it are no coarser than those that still remain. Is it possible, then, that Mr. Hawthorne holds absolutely no beliefs for which he is indebted to "coarse creatures like" himself? Has he invented or discovered, on his own account, all that he believes? If not, he has been indebted to *some* "coarse creature" for certain beliefs that inhabit the "lofty region" of his mind. Why is it so much worse to be thus indebted to a "coarse creature," merely because he is not still in the flesh?

And will he be kind enough to explain why "the idea of immortality" is so much loftier than "an assurance of post-mortem consciousness"? A post-mortem consciousness must certainly be the basis of any kind of immortality. And he will not be satisfied with *mere* "continued existence beyond the grave." I suppose nobody is satisfied with the bare fact of existence on this side of the grave either. But all this talk has no visible bearing on the subject.

Then he says "if it (immortality) consists primarily in a recognition of the truth that human nature, being finite on the personal side, and infinite on the creative side or impersonally, can be fitly and finally expressed only in some personality that affords a good accommodation to both sides; if this truth be recognized, and its bearings on the past and future destinies of the human race understood, then we shall begin to comprehend what immortality really is." I confess this sentence is altogether too much for me. I would rather believe in immortality outright and done with

it, than try to comprehend it. If those we call the dead have really gone into an immortality like that, no wonder the messages they sometimes bring back are a little confused and unintelligible. He says the "disembodied tramps" who come back to us have "no proper conception of this immortality, or are concerned to expound it!" No wonder! Let us be grateful for this, at any rate.

I submit to the candid reader that, in this whole article, he has not seriously touched the reasons that lead serious people to interest themselves in these psychic studies that seem to them to have a real bearing on the question as to whether death is the end of conscious existence. I shall leave one side all discussion as to whether or not spiritualism, as to its central claim, is true. But I now wish to suggest a few points bearing on the other question as to whether it would be "worth while" if this central claim *could* be demonstrated. This I must do briefly, lest I transgress the limits assigned for this article.

1. If it is "worth while" to *know* that death is only an incident of life and not the end of it, then most certainly this inquiry is "worth while." The world may wish, and hope, and dream, but I see no other line of inquiry along which there is any likelihood of attaining certainty. If this fails us, we are no worse off than we were before; but, in spite of Mr. Hawthorne's warning, I, for one, would *like* to have "the lofty region of my beliefs invaded" by *somebody* who could give me a definite answer to Job's old question.

2. Every thoughtful person, who is familiar with the world's sorrows, knows that among all the things the poor, hungry, human heart desires, there is nothing that could lift off so heavy a weight of grief as a perfect assurance that "the dead is alive again." All the millennial dreams, from Plato to Bellamy, might be realized, without bringing to earth such comfort as this one certainty would bring.

Were I at liberty to publish the heart outcries that come to me, they would reveal the fact that all other burdens are not so heavy as this one age-old doubt. And quite half of these appeals for light come from those who are still members of those churches that still claim an unfaltering belief in the "alleged divine revelation" that Mr. Hawthorne says appeals to that in us which is so much more reliable than the senses.

(It is not a little curious, by the way, that, in one breath he tells us that the senses are so unreliable they can give us no certainty, and in the next breath tells us that they threaten us with such a certainty as prevents our free choice of our beliefs.)

3. Another thing which would make knowledge here "worth while" is the power such knowledge would have in helping the world to a practical trust in the justice of the government of the universe.

It is not the inequalities of wealth and poverty that trouble us most. It is the seeing so many lives incomplete, so many crushed and hopeless, so many born to crime, so many with no brain capacity even, as yet, to care for the things that make up a really human life. But once know that endless time and limitless opportunity shall be granted to all, and this now almost insuperable difficulty need trouble us no more than the fact that all the children are not yet grown men and women. Open up this vista before the human race, and we may all sing the words of Tennyson, with even an added note of assurance,—

> "I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last — far off — at last, to all,
> And every winter turn to spring."

4. Such a certainty, again, would readjust the emphasis, and lift the level of the world's life.

The old theology, while it teaches immortality, teaches also the possibility of a miraculous and sudden reversal of a wrong life of seventy years, and so has about it little of moral force. A past that can be wiped out by a prayer or a sacrament need not trouble one overmuch. And so, naturally, in some sections of the Church, salvation is become a matter of barter and trade.

But God's high revelation, through science, has demonstrated that we are under a changeless law of cause and effect, that our to-days make our to-morrows, and our present lives determine the grade on which we must enter any next life.

Now couple this knowledge with the certainty that life goes right on, and that we shall never, in any world, get into any more of heaven than we first get into ourselves, and I know of nothing so fitted to lift the world.

Paul says, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

I do not agree with him, even though to-morrow we are to die, in the sense in which he means it. But if I know I am to live only forty years, and then sleep forever, it would be wholly reasonable for me to lay my life out on quite a different scale from what I should if I knew I was to live forever. If we can say with Seneca, "This life is only a prelude to eternity," then we need not worry so much over the fittings and furnishings of this ante-room; and more than that, it will give dignity and purpose to the fleeting days to know they are linked in with the eternal things as "prelude" and preparation.

5. Let us now, at the close, touch on one common objection to the *kind* of life that the alleged communications seem to reveal. Mr. Hawthorne speaks contemptuously of the "disembodied tramps" that claim to come back.

Is it not true that, concerning the conditions of the supposed "spiritual world," we are under the dominating influence of a set of traditions that stand in the way of a clear-eyed study of realities? The Romanist thinks of saints, devils, and souls in purgatory as exhausting the catalogue of the inhabitants of the "world to come." With a Protestant, it is very much the same, leaving out purgatory.

But, as we stop to think of it, is there anything in the fact of death to change character or make people wiser than they were? We go to sleep at night and wake the next morning, *what we were*. The race marches on, good and bad, wise and foolish, truth-lovers and liars, and crosses the dead line one after another. Now, if they continue conscious, why are they not, five minutes after death, about the same as they were five minutes *before?* If, then, they *can* come back, what have we a right to expect?

People sometimes ask — *what kind* of messages I get, purporting to come from the other side — if they are not all trash? I generally reply, they are about on the level of my average daily mail. I get letters not overwise, not always spelled correctly, not always grammatical. But I do not say, these letters come from nobody, because they are not up to the level of Plato and Shakespeare. I do not really expect *all* my letters to be up to such a level. They come from *folks*. So if I can get any word from the other side, I should expect it to come from folks, and folks very like the kind I know here. Even when a man lies to me, I do not therefore

doubt that he is alive. It takes a man even to tell a lie. If I get a message over the telegraph wires, it may be ever so foolish or false, but I know there is *some kind* of an intelligence at the other end.

And, since *my* interest in this question is chiefly concerned with the matter as to whether continued existence can be demonstrated, I am more anxious to know *whether I really get a message from the other side* than I am as to the wisdom or even the veracity of the sender.

This point, then, to me, seems of no present, practical importance. If we can settle the *fact* of continued existence, then it will be time enough to study the country. Discover the continent first; the character of the inhabitants is a matter that can wait.

In this article the question as to whether the central claim of spiritualism is true is left one side. I have only attempted to consider Mr. Hawthorne's contention that it is not "worth while," even if it is true. And—what he has *not* done—I have *suggested* a few points that have a practical bearing on the question. These points seem of great importance to me. Whether they do to the reader, he himself must decide.

THE ANGLO-SAXON "UNCO' GUID."

BY MAX O'RELL.

THE *parvenu* is a person who makes strenuous efforts to persuade other people that he is entitled to the position he occupies.

There are *parvenus* in religion as there are *parvenus* in the aristocracy, in society, in literature, and in the fine arts.

The worst type of French *parvenu* is the one whose father was a worthy, hard-working man called *Dubois*, and who, at his father's death, dubs himself *du Bois*, becomes a clericalist and the stanchest monarchist, and runs down the great Revolution which made one of his grandparents a man. Mons. *du Bois* outdoes the genuine nobleman, who needs make no noise to attract attention to a name which everybody knows, and which, in spite of what may be said on the subject, often recalls the memory of some glorious event in the past.

The worst type of Anglo-Saxon *parvenu* is probably the "unco' guid," or religious *parvenu*.

The Anglo-Saxon "unco' guid" is seldom to be found among Roman Catholics, that is, among the followers of the most ancient Christian religion. He is to be found among the followers of the newest forms of "Christianity." This is quite natural. He has to try to eclipse his fellow-Christians by his piety in order to show that the new religion to which he belongs was a necessary invention.

The Anglo-Saxon "unco' guid" is easily recognized. He is dark (all bigots and fanatics are). He is dressed in black, shiny broadcloth raiment. A wide-brimmed felt hat covers his head. He walks with light, short, jaunty steps, his head a little inclined on one side. He never carries a stick, which might give a rather fast appearance to his turnout. He invariably carries an umbrella, even in the brightest weather, as being more respectable, and this umbrella he never rolls, for he would avoid looking in the distance as if he had a stick. He casts right and left little grimaces that

are so many forced smiles of self-satisfaction. "Try to be as good as I am," he seems to say to all who happen to look at him, "and you will be as happy." And he "smiles, and smiles, and smiles."

He has a small soul, a small heart, and a small brain.

As a rule he is a well-to-do person. It pays better to have a narrow mind than to have broad sympathies.

He drinks tea, but prefers cocoa as being a more virtuous beverage.

He is perfectly destitute of humor and is the most inartistic creature in the world. Everything suggests to him either profanity or indecency. The "Reminiscences of Scotch Life and Character," by Dean Ramsay, would strike him as profane, and if placed in the Musée du Louvre, before the Venus of Milo, he would see nothing but a woman who has next to no clothes on.

His distorted mind makes him take everything in ill part. His hands get pricked on every thorn that he comes across on the road, and he misses all the roses.

If I were not a Christian, the following story, which is not as often told as it should be, would have converted me long ago: —

Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!"

If I understand the gospel, the gist of its teachings is

contained in the foregoing little story: Love and forgiveness finding something to pity and approve even in a dead dog. Such is the religion of Christ. The "Christianity" of the "unco' guid" is as unlike this religion as are the teachings of the Old Testament.

Something to condemn, the discovery of wickedness in the most innocent and often elevating recreations, such is the favorite occupation of the Anglo-Saxon "unco' guid." Music is licentious, laughter wicked, dancing immoral, statuary almost criminal, and by and by the "Society for the Suggestion of Indecency," which is placed under his immediate supervision, will find fault with our going out in the streets on the plea that under our garments we carry our nudity.

The Anglo-Saxon "unco guid" is the successor of the Pharisee. In reading Christ's description of the latter, you are immediately struck with the likeness. The modern "unco' guid" (behold, you cannot mistake him) "loves to pray standing in the churches and chapels and in the corners of the streets, that he may be seen of men." "He uses vain repetitions, for he thinks that he shall be heard for his much speaking." "When he fasts, he is of sad countenance: for he disfigures his face, that he may appear unto men to fast." There is not one feature of the portrait that does not fit in exactly.

The Jewish "unco' guid" crucified Christ. The Anglo-Saxon one would crucify him again if he should return on earth and interfere with the prosperous business firms that make use of his name.

The "unco guid's" Christianity consists in extolling his virtues and ignoring other people's. He spends his time in pulling motes out of people's eyes, but cannot see clearly to do it, owing to the beams that are in his own. He overwhelms you, he crushes you, with his virtue, and one of the greatest treats is to catch him tripping, a chance which you may occasionally have, especially when you meet him on the Continent of Europe.

The Anglo-Saxon "unco' guid," or religious *parvenu*, calls himself a Christian, but the precepts of the gospel are the very opposite of those he practises. The gentle, merciful, forgiving man God of the Gospel has not for him the charms and attractions of the Jehovah who commanded the cowardly, ungrateful, and bloodthirsty people of his choice,

to treat their women as slaves, and to exterminate their enemies, sparing neither old men, women, nor children. This cruel, revengeful, implacable deity is far more to the "unco guid's" liking than the Saviour who bade his disciples love their enemies and put up their swords in the presence of his persecutors. The "unco' guid" is not a Christian; he is an ancient Jew in all but name. And I will say this much for him, that the commandments given on Mount Sinai are much easier to follow than the Sermon on the Mount. It is easier not to commit murder than to hold out your right cheek after your left one has been slapped. It is easier not to steal than to run after the man who has robbed us in order to offer him what he has not taken. It is easier to honor our parents than to love our enemies.

The teachings of the gospel are trying to numan nature. There is no religion more difficult to follow, and this is why, in spite of its beautiful, but too lofty precepts, there is no religion in the world that can boast so many hypocrites, so many followers who pretend that they follow their religion, but who do not, and who probably cannot.

Being unable to love man, as he is bidden in the gospel, the "unco' guid" loves God as he is bidden in the Old Testament. He loves God in the abstract. He tells him so in endless prayers and litanies. For him Christianity consists in discussing theological questions, whether a clergyman shall preach with or without a white surplice on, and in singing hymns more or less out of tune. As if God could be loved to the exclusion of man! as if there could be love of God without love of man! You love God, after all, as you love anybody else, not by professions of love, but by deeds.

When he prays, the "unco' guid" buries his face in his hands or in his hat. He screws up his face, and the more fervent the prayer is (or the more people are looking at him), the more grimaces he makes. Henrich Heine, on coming out of an English church, said that "a blaspheming Frenchman must be a more pleasing object in the sight of God than many a praying Englishman." He had, no doubt, been looking at the "unco' guid."

If you do not hold the same religious views as he does, you are a wicked man, an atheist. He alone has the truth. Being engaged in a discussion with an "unco' guid" one

day, I told him that if God had given me hands to handle, surely he had given me a little brains to think. "You are right," he quickly interrupted, "but, with the hands that God gave you, you can commit a good action, and you can also commit murder." Therefore, because I did not think as he did, I was the criminal, and he was the righteous man. For all those who, like myself, believe in a future life, there is a great treat in store: the sight of the face he will make, when his place in the next world is assigned to him. *Qui mourra verra.*

Anglo-Saxon land is governed by the "unco' guid." Good society cordially despises him; the aristocracy of Anglo-Saxon intelligence, philosophers, scientists, men of letters, sculptors, painters, simply loathe him; but all have to bow to his rule, and submit their works to his most incompetent criticism.

In a moment of wounded national pride, Sydney Smith once exclaimed: "What a pity it is we have no amusements in England except vice and religion!" The same exclamation might be uttered to-day, and the cause laid at the "unco guid's" door. It is he who is responsible for the degradation of the British lower classes by refusing to enable them to elevate their minds on Sundays, at the sight of the masterpieces of art contained in the museums, or at the sound of the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart. They must choose between vice and religion, and as the poor wretches know they are not wanted in the churches, they go to the taverns.

If you were to add the amount of immorality to be found in the streets of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and the other capitals of Europe, no fair-minded Englishman would contradict me, if I said that the total thus obtained would be much below the amount supplied by London alone; but the "unco guid" stays at home of an evening, advises you to do the same, and, ignoring or pretending to ignore what is going on round his own house, he prays for the conversion — of the French.

The "unco' guid" thinks that his own future safety is assured, so he prays for his neighbors. He reminds one of certain Scots who inhabit two small islands on the west coast of Scotland. Their piety is really most touching. Every Sunday, in their churches, they commend to God's care the poor inhabitants of the two adjacent islands of Ireland and Britain.

To a certain extent I am a believer in climatic influence, and am inclined to think that those intelligent Anglo-Saxons who try to reform the old-fashioned Sabbath, reckon without the British climate when they hope to ever see a Britain full of cheerful Britons. M. H. Taine, in his "History of English Literature," ascribes the unlovable, angular morality of Puritanism to the influence of British climate. "Pleasure being out of question," he says, "under such a sky, the Briton gave himself up to this forbidding virtuousness." In other words, being unable to be cheerful, he became moral. This is not altogether true. Many Britons are cheerful who don't look it; many Britons are not moral who look it.

But how would M. Taine explain the existence of this same Puritanic "Morality," which can be found under the lovely, clear, bright sky of America? All over New England and, indeed, in most parts of America, the same kill-joy, the same gloomy, frowning "unco' guid" is flourishing, doing his utmost to blot the sunshine out of every recurring Sunday.

Yet, Sabbath-keeping is a Jewish institution that has nothing to do with Protestantism. But the "unco' guid" is more Protestant than Martin Luther, more Christian than Christ.

Luther taught that the Sabbath was to be kept, not because Moses commanded it, but because Nature teaches us the necessity of the seventh day's rest. He says: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, then I command you to work on it, ride on it, dance on it, do anything that will reprove this encroachment on Christian spirit and liberty."

The old Scotch woman, who "did nae think any the betterer on" the Lord for that Sabbath day walk through the cornfield is not a solitary type of Anglo-Saxon "unco' guid."

A few weeks ago there appeared in a Liverpool paper a letter signed "A Lover of Reverence," in which this anonymous person complained of a certain lecturer who had indulged in profane remarks. "I was not present myself, but have heard of what took place," etc. You see, he was not present, but, as a good Christian, he hastened to judge. However, this is nothing. In the letter I read: "Fortunately there are in Liverpool a few Christians, like myself,

always on the watch and ever looking after our Maker's honor." Fortunate Liverpool! What a proud position for the Almighty to be placed, in Liverpool, under the protection of the "Lover of Reverence!" Probably this "unco' guid" and myself would not agree on the definition of the word *profanity*, for if I had written and published such a sentence, I should consider myself guilty, not only of profanity, but of blasphemy.

If the "unco' guid" is the best product of Christianity, Christianity must be pronounced a ghastly failure, and I should feel inclined to exclaim, with the late Dean Milman: "If all this is Christianity, it is high time we should try something else — say the religion of Christ, for instance."

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Yours Truly,
Abram S. Isaacs.

WHAT IS JUDAISM?

BY PROF. ABRAM S. ISAACS, PH. D.

It is curious that in our age of advance, when new light is shed upon every subject, and history has been almost reconstructed, with knowledge growing more and more, and the religions and races of mankind knit more closely together by travel, trade, and new conditions and currents,— it is indeed strange that the nature of Judaism should be still largely a *terra incognita*. The general ignorance respecting the Jewish religion is all the more surprising as its basis, the Old Testament, is not a sealed book, and the Jew in all lands that assure him liberty, mingles freely with his neighbors of every creed and none.

Undoubtedly, many causes have contributed to prevalent fanciful ideas about Judaism. As the Jew has been practically under a ban — socially and politically — since the loss of national independence, it is hardly to be expected that his religion would receive a fair interpretation; but it was unavoidable that the prejudice against his race should be extended to his religion as well. If in our enlightened day, this popular prejudice continues, although happily deprived of much of its violence, it is difficult to realize the accumulated odium in the past, when the Jew was a by-word, and his religion an object of scorn. The student of history knows how in the early centuries Christianity was both misunderstood and maligned by the heathen world; no taunt or reproach was too bitter to be hurled against the Christians and their religious rites. It is suggestive that in later ages the Jews were to be made the target for similar abuse, but the heathen were not the aggressors.

If external conditions, then, have rarely been favorable for any adequate understanding of Judaism as a religion, the Jew can hardly be blamed for having largely lived within his shell, so to speak, and formed a kind of state within the state in simple self-defence. But whatever the cause, Jewish exclusiveness has done its part to intensify public ignorance

about Judaism. Rigorously debarred from society and the arts and professions in general, and with only the lowest occupations open to him, it is not to be wondered at that the Jew felt disinclined to make propaganda for his faith, and to vindicate its character in public discussion or learned treatise. Jewish apologetics are, of course, to be found. There is a respectable list of works in that department; but they were not popular in tone, and hardly designed for the general public. Freedom of speech is, after all, only a recent acquirement. Toleration is a blossom of very late date. The Jew had enough earnest work on hand — his conditions of existence were too precarious for him to enlighten the world as to the true meaning of Judaism. And yet, if the world only knew it, at times of the sharpest distress for Israel, in so-called dark ages and in the centuries of mediæval torture, Jewish poets sang of lofty ideals, and Jewish sages exhorted to the broadest ethical culture. The Jewish home was sweet and inspiring; and the synagogue, often converted into a fortress to resist knightly violence or popular tumult, preserved the old tradition of the law and the testimony.

But those days are past, even if their oppressive shadow darken Russian domains. It is unwise and unnecessary to recall them in happy America. Here, where all religions possess the same inalienable rights, and each can pursue undisturbed its own path, to bless and benefit mankind, Judaism need not live within the shell. It can do its share to throw aside the exclusiveness which made the Jew a mystery in the past, and actively co-operate in the solution of world-problems, with every confidence in its capacity and usefulness. It can enter the lists as a living, working faith. What, then, is Judaism, for which such high prerogatives are claimed? What is its character, what its dogmas, what its numerical strength, what its mission? What are its propaganda, what its earthly and heavenly rewards?

1. Judaism is a religion of daily life. It is not a formal creed, or a scheme of salvation for the Jew only. It is a practical religion, not a theoretical sentimentalism. It is conduct, rather than doctrine; for righteous conduct is the aim and purpose of every ceremony and rite. It is not a religion of asceticism, but of temperance and self-control. It has no theology in the common meaning of the word, and

no dogmas that violate reason and strangle common sense. It is a religion, not for Sabbath and holiday merely, but for every day. It has not one rule of conduct for the priest, and one for the layman; "just weights, just measures," is its law for all,— for the synagogue as well as the counting-house, for the home, the shop, the school, the forge. Its morality, however, is ethics based upon Revelation, the historic character of which is more than an accepted doctrine in Judaism,— it is an intuition, rather. Judaism, hence, is not a revelation of ethics, but the ethics of Revelation; and a similar Jewish intuition is the belief in one incorporeal Deity, the Creator and Ruler of the universe.

2. Judaism is a religion of growth, not stagnancy. It is largely a development. It has had its periods of ebb and flow, of blossom and apparent decay. Its history is a long-continued conflict, both national and individual. Jewish thought was never inert and dormant. It is an egregious blunder to close Jewish history with Malachi, and with the few supplementary names and incidents which are given in the New Testament narrative. It is, perhaps, only after the Old Testament canon was closed that Judaism may be said to have properly begun. Then arose the Talmud, which was law-book and literature, digest and debates, the growth of nearly a thousand years, which preserved the Jew from intellectual torpor, even if it intensified Jewish individualism. In its study the Jew learned to think. The story of the Talmud is the story of the conflict of opinion and the intellectual wrestling sharpened every fibre of the Jew. To its folios all parties in Judaism have appealed for arguments. Each new development, each change in custom and ceremony, takes its point of departure from the Talmud. Every reaction, every attempt to restore the old traditions, is based upon the Talmud. And thus in the eternal battle of opposing views, which never touches the essence of Judaism but its outward form and raiment, Judaism has never been allowed to be dormant. It has usually reflected the spirit of its age. The Jew was a rationalist under the Caliphs. He was sternly orthodox in the shadow of the Papacy. He is a liberal in Germany, a conservative in England. Judaism is not a cast-iron creed. It has shown capacity for development since the priests chanted on Zion's hill, and the Essenes, Pharisees, and

Sadducees engaged in a death-struggle amid the dying embers of nationality.

3. Judaism is an organic, not a mechanical religion. Its strength does not depend upon ecclesiastical councils and discipline, upon duly appointed synods and benefices, upon lavish endowments and costly cathedrals, but rather upon the universal consciousness of the Jew — the subtle, indefinable sense of unity through the long travail of centuries. This feeling can hardly be called one of nationality, for the Jew is a Frenchman in France, an Englishman in England, a German in Germany, an American in the United States. The sentiment is remarkable for its permanence and universality, and has been crystalized in the Jewish saying: "All Israel are bondsmen for each other." The synagogue, too, is not a church in its ecclesiastical sense. It is a congregation, a community, an independent society, which elects its own rabbi, and is amenable only to its own laws and the majority vote of its members or trustees. It is strictly democratic. The rabbi is only the spokesman who lectures or preaches, but never claims special privileges save as teacher and interpreter. For charitable and educational purposes, a number of congregations may unite, but ecclesiastical discipline has entirely passed into abeyance in America, and in Europe it has reached its last stage of usefulness. There is no outward band, then, that holds Judaism together — its strength is from *within*. And that is sufficient for its eight million of adherents throughout the globe.

4. Judaism is a religion of breadth. Its ethical standards will bear the test of the most searching modern criticism. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," "Thou shalt not vex the stranger," are characteristic texts. "Who shall ascend God's holy hill?" cries the psalmist. "He who is of pure heart and clean hands," is the answer. Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple was universal, and not tribal only. The prophets do not confine themselves to Jewry. Nineveh is as near to God as Jerusalem. The Book of Esther is admitted into the Canon, although the name of God is absent. The Book of Ruth celebrates the virtues of a non-Jewess, to whom David, psalmist, and the Lord's anointed, was to trace his descent. The rabbis plainly declare that the pious of all nations will become partakers of future bliss, which is not reserved for the Jew. Hence all

propaganda is avoided. Judaism is not a missionary faith in the current meaning of the term. It sees in Christianity and Mohammedanism divine agencies, and admits freely their services in uprooting idolatry. It does not compass sea and land to make a proselyte, but Jewish traditional law seems to discountenance instead of encouraging conversions. The Jew is broad in his sympathies, unsectarian in his charities, and whether a strict conformist or not, knows no distinction of creed for humanity's sake. In view of the suffering he has had to endure from the narrowness of others, the Jew cannot be narrow. It is not so long ago since a rabbi of Frankfort, Germany, wrote a sympathetic article on the benefits resulting from Christian missions. Pulpit interchange between Christian and Jewish ministers in America is by no means uncommon. Some months ago, a Jewish writer pleaded in a representative Christian weekly for an international religious conference of all who believe in God, virtue, and immortality. The synagogue, if it has forms and customs for the Jew, which history has given sanction and power, has only love and warmth for humanity, the highest aspirations for human brotherhood. Its Deity is not the God of Israel, only, but of all mankind.

5. Judaism is universal in its scope and influence. Its character is not to be judged by scattered laws and customs, but by its entire aim and mission. Its morality, which lights up Pentateuch, prophets, and sacred writings, and shines in later rabbinical literature, is all-embracing, and its tendency is just the reverse of tribal. Circumstance has compelled the Jew to assume often the appearance of a close corporation in his polity, religions, and otherwise. It is hardly reasonable to think that the distinctive age-marks of his faith will entirely pass away, but there is every probability, when conditions are more propitious, for the universal element in Judaism to become a more prominent factor in the world's enlightenment. Thoughtful American Jewish leaders no longer confine themselves to the synagogue. The education and elevation of the masses in our large cities will be regarded as a legitimate working-field for enthusiastic and capable Hebrews. The territory is widening year by year; with tact and energy a profound impression for good can be made, without interfering with the prerogatives of any denomination. It is true, the education and Americanization of Jewish

immigrants from abroad will provide a good deal of work for the Jew, and already enlists his earnest and active sympathies. But apart from such home missions which he is not likely to neglect, there is no reason why he should not step to the front and co-operate in the task of human redemption from the evils of poverty and vice. There is earnest call for more teachers and workers in the engrossing problems of every great city. The relations of capital and labor clamor for satisfactory solution. Social and economic reform, improved housing of the poor and working classes, the uplifting of the people to higher ideals, are duties of the hour; and of all men the Jew is peculiarly fitted to aid in their realization. He is happily without sectarian taint, and his faculty of organization, so useful in commerce and trade, would receive here marked development.

6. Judaism is old but not antiquated. It is not a sapling of a year's growth, an ism of the century, a fad of the hour, but a system which dates back three thousand years,— a mighty oak whose majestic branches are still full of sap and vigor. Its buoyancy has been proved by the vicissitudes of a singularly varied existence, its adaptability has been illustrated by every fresh migration of the Jew, and under every new condition of prosperity or serfdom. Its distinctive forms, which were designed for the Jew only, to extirpate the sin of idolatry and instil spirituality, reverence, the domestic virtues, and thus preserve Jewish vitality, are not necessarily burdensome. They have their compensations. The law is more of a crown than a yoke; and if later rabbinical enactments have considerably increased the duties of the strict conformist — no compulsion is ever exercised as to the observance of the forms of Judaism, and full liberty is given the individual — the tendency has always been towards their simplification and adaptation. The statutes and ordinances in their purity are powerful reminders of the divine, mute but eloquent messengers, leaves and blossoms that beautify and brighten each day's monotonous struggle and teach the law of spiritual manhood reaching towards perfection. Jewish customs and ceremonies, the Sabbath, the festival, the prayer, the rite, are heirlooms which have been tenderly and faithfully transmitted from generation to generation. While time works its inevitable changes, enough

survives from age to age to maintain pristine virtues and prove spurs to progress, not clogs on growth and development.

History tells what Judaism was in the past. Judaism in the present needs only a fair field, and courts no favor. The Judaism of the future is not an unknown quantity; for if it be true to itself and the best utterances of sage and prophet, it will do its active share to spread the knowledge of God's unity and the brotherhood of humanity — the Jewish ideal and mission.

THE SURVIVAL OF FAITH.

BY HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, M. D.

Is there a general decay of faith? It is hard to answer such a query in a satisfactory way. That there is at least a change of basis or emphasis in matters of faith now rapidly going on, few thoughtful observers will deny. What is the direction of this change? How is it to be regarded, by the conservative forces of society? Should it be retarded or accelerated, or modified? It is not intended here to put these questions to the traditional clergyman, and duly receive the traditional answer. Let it be suggested that some light may be had from another source, namely, the physician. The medical profession should afford opportunity for broad and candid judgment upon many problems of life, as it touches humanity in close and many-sided relations, dealing with all classes, drawing experience from the poorest in swarming dispensaries and hospitals, as well as from the better favored in homes of ease. The clergyman is apt to consider a subject in an unreal, hypothetical sort of way that may be out of touch with the actual life of the world. The old Egyptian method of combining priest and physician was not without its advantages. Upon certain important themes, the latter may think much, but he says little. Where religion or faith touches life he is strangely silent. No one more than the physician has opportunity to appreciate the wide-spread materialism of the day. In contrast, and possibly as a result of this condition, he is constantly facing much of underlying discontent and unrest in life. The so-called ages of faith have passed, never to return. We need not unduly grieve over this, since they were likewise ages of ignorance and superstition. It is difficult to avoid believing that those who can in this age exercise the same unreasoning quality of faith, must be ignorant or superstitious. Yet never has the necessity of strong and simple belief been greater than at present. Careful observers of life cannot help noticing that as faith loosens,

actual living weakens and degenerates. This rule is true in spite of the few apparent exceptions where a heredity of strong character steadies a life that has lost belief. We need faith, but in this keen and critical age it must be a *reasonable* faith.

Let us now use the term "faith" in a less general sense, and inquire into what seem to be the necessary factors for its existence under present conditions. The ethical teachings of Christ are universally regarded as reaching the highest level of conception and attainment. It is around the personality of Christ that the vital faith of to-day clings. Christ in his teachings treats of man in a twofold way. As an individual, he must be in right relations to God. He is also social, and must be in right relations with his fellowman. The question of faith depends largely upon the manner in which the churches have treated these complemental propositions. They theorize and dogmatize too much upon the first conception and wofully neglect the second. This, in brief, is one of the principal causes of the loss of faith to-day. Let us glance at these propositions separately and see the strain to which faith is put by the attitude of various churches toward them.

The relation and duty of man toward God form the principal theme of theologians and the essence of dogma. Different systems have different methods of bringing man into proper relationship to God. On the one side sacerdotalism, with its signs and sacraments, claims absolute healing for man's nature. Brute authority is here the method of preserving a proper faith of man in God. We are to use our reason only to the point of recognizing that such authority exists, and then accept with docile acquiescence whatever strange and difficult dogmas it sees fit to impose. Reason must not pass upon the substance of these dogmas, for it is incapable and corrupt. What wonder that men lose faith in such a thin fallacy. If reason, by its corruption, is unable to act upon dogma, how can it be trusted to recognize the original authority? Any system that requires a deliberate suicide of half of man's intellectual nature cannot permanently be helpful to society or hold its own in an age of onward activity. Some, wearied with ceaseless strife, seek rest here, but it is the rest that opium gives. A few timid, highly cultured trilobites may take a temporary comfort in this

deadening process, but the vast majority of aggressive, thoughtful men have done with it forever.

Another class of theologians, while not recognizing any organization of man as competent to act as exclusive custodians of truth, look to the scriptures as the only authority for matters of faith. The interpretation of scripture, however, has been left largely to those who are more in the cloister than in the world. These doctrinaires, who live apart from the world, and have little sympathy with its complexity of trial, temptation, and suffering, have gradually crystallized a system of theology that is hard, mechanical, and repellant. Certain doctrines of man's relation to God are evidently interpreted in the light of the social condition that existed when they were formulated. Everywhere may be seen the hard Roman or mediæval sense of justice and punishment. When a change is urged in the statement of dogma to suit the spirit and need of the age, theologians are up in arms and wish to know whether the Bible can change! This form of bibliolotry will not much longer serve its purpose. When forms of dogma are urged that involved essential injustice on the part of the Deity, something besides dexterous text-matching must be brought up in defence. Men must be held more sharply to a belief in the direct logical outcome of their creeds. If this were done, there would be much active revision going on, or possibly more of the painful moral gymnastics of mental reservation. It is one thing to state that scripture contains the substance of revealed truth; it is quite another to insist that the mediæval interpretation must stand for all time. The fact that the best reason and sympathy of the age are quarrelling with dogmas deduced from such interpretation are evidence against them. Advancing history, with improved ethics based upon a closer human feeling, will afford safe ground for truer interpretation. Then the few essential doctrines will assume a reasonableness that will make rejection moral rather than intellectual. No one can claim to thoroughly comprehend truth of any kind, especially spiritual truth, but it is not necessary so to formulate it as to be a constant stumbling-block to all reason. The higher the truth, the more difficult it is to formulate. It cannot submit to the formal laws of mathematics or chemistry. This is the mistake of theology. The gnostic is largely responsible for the agnostic. In order

to last, faith must be more than mere authority or feeling; it must rest upon a fundamental concept that cannot be shaken. Such a faith will resolve itself into belief in the fatherhood of God, and the few simple corollaries that follow this sublime and central truth.

When we glance at the way in which the churches practically carry out the teachings of Christ in regard to the mutual relations of men, it is not difficult to explain the loss of faith among large numbers, especially of the poorer classes. We see at once why the churches are repelling the vast number of people known as the "masses." They are not in sympathy with their needs, their suffering, their obstacles, and their aims. What wonder that faith is lost in anything supernatural! The life-conditions of swarms of people around us are fearfully hard. They labor from one year to another, with no hope of competence or even of decent comfort. Tens of thousands in our large cities are engaged in a daily and pitiless struggle with hunger, cold, and nakedness. Recently I saw a young mother with a baby in her arms, whose husband was sick, evicted from a tenement for nonpayment of rent. This is not unusual. Such a family have no credit. Everything they get is under the hardest conditions. They have to buy coal by the pail, and thus pay double and treble what is exacted of well-to-do people. Food and furniture come relatively high. They are sometimes intemperate, usually ignorant and often shiftless, — but whose duty is it to help and educate them? Poverty leads to vice quite as much as vice to poverty. During the past season there came under my observation a pale, slender girl, whose wistful eyes told of hard struggle and scant pleasure, engaged in making scarfs at thirty-five cents a dozen. This involves much labor, which three years ago easily brought a dollar a dozen. Each season, as more hungry applicants have competed, the price has fallen. The economic law rendering it desirable to buy cheap and sell dear applies to labor and makes no account of taking advantage of necessity. Many people are living in an environment that stunts all growth, physical, moral, and spiritual. Women with weary, hopeless mien, and children whose pinched, wan faces seem to be a silent reproach for the misery of centuries, in which so many have been crushed down and outwitted in the struggle for subsistence. These

women and children are to-day dragging out their meagre lives in many a wretched hovel and stifling tenement house. They are sick and in prison, but how few have visited them. Under the fierce competition of modern society, the weak and unfortunate are hopelessly crowded to the wall.

There is, at present, a movement along many lines looking to the investigation and modification of factors in our social order that produce such fearful evils in society. Many thinkers in sociology feel that this period of transition and unrest precedes an impending change. Exactly the form and scope of this change are uncertain. Many wild and destructive theories are in the air. The direction of advance should be in a gradual evolution out of destructive competition into helpful co-operation. The conservative forces of society are the proper ones to see and guide this evolution. The churches are not here, as they should be, in the van. Indeed, their influence, with some honorable exceptions, rather appears to be reactionary. Much that agitators and anarchists say about society is true. They must not be allowed at the helm, while people professing faith in something higher stand idly by, perhaps even obstructing the inevitable and righteous change. The churches must not only feed the hungry and clothe the naked, *but anxiously inquire into the operation of those biological and social laws that allow so many to go hungry and naked.* If divinity students were trained a little less in theology and more in sociology, they might not so signally fail with the masses. This neglect of churches to keep pace with social progress is largely responsible for the wide-spread secularism existing to-day among the so-called laboring classes, both in this and other countries. They are generous in building hospitals and asylums, but do not look straight in the face those underlying conditions that are constantly at work in recruiting their inmates. A wealthy church builds a mission and pays a missionary, but it treats with a poor man, not a brother. Is there a lapse of faith? Christianity is only half Christian. In spite of all our professions, we are semi-pagan. Our civilization is built on Christian professions, but carried on with pagan practices. We may be orthodox toward God, but heterodox toward man. The religion of the future must consist more of doing than dogma. Faith will be kept alive not by analysis and reasoning, but by living for others. Even

charity will not suffice. The need of the age is deeper; its cry is more for fraternity than charity. If one exists, the other will follow, or, better still, will not be needed. We must simplify our beliefs toward God, and beget an enthusiasm for humanity. If we look to one as a Father, let us treat the other as a brother. Here lies the essence of Christ's teachings. It is a faith for all time.

A STUDY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY E. P. POWELL.

JEFFERSON was right. His election was a revolution. The war with England was strictly for independence from that power; it was not a war in behalf of democratic institutions. To be sure, wherever the hand of Jefferson was seen, there was an implied or expressed avowal of popular rights. Hamilton revolted against English tyranny; Jefferson revolted against the principle of monarchy. The former believed in British institutions as the model; the latter accepted the principles for which Sydney was executed in 1683, and which John Locke argued out, anticipating the Declaration of Independence. That famous document when promulgated, startled the world as a colonial defiance of a great monarchy; it still delights the world as an assertion of human political equality and the rights of man. There were a few great men at that day with Jefferson; among these were Madison, Monroe, and Washington; but more notably Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin. Exigencies afterwards seemed to class Washington as a Hamiltonian; but it must never be forgotten that he had Paine's manifesto read at the head of his army corps; and in every act of his personal administering, he was faithful to the principle of a Republic. But among these was not Hamilton. At a New York dinner, so fatal to many a political ambition, he replied to a democratic sentiment by striking his hand on the table, and saying sharply, "Your people, sir!— your people is a great *beast*." This was the sentiment that to some extent vitalized federalism from the outset, and which grew into a fatal treason to popular rights. Every paper of that party, in 1803, published an article by Dennie, in which was asserted, "A democracy is scarcely tolerable at any period of national history. It is on its trial here, and the issue will be civil war, desolation, and anarchy. No wise man but discerns its imperfections; no good man but shudders at its miseries; no honest man but proclaims its fraud, and no brave

man but draws his sword against its force." Even Fisher Ames wrote, "Our country is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism; too democratic for liberty. A democracy cannot last. Its nature ordains that its next change shall be into a military despotism, as of all governments the most prone to shift its head, and the slowest to mend its vices." George Cabot, in 1804, wrote, "We are democratic altogether; and I hold democracy in its natural operation to be the government of the worst." The Church of New England discovered in due time that a democracy did not mean the perpetuation of Calvinism, or the power of a Calvinistic ministry. The ideal republic of Calvin was shown at Geneva, when the right of the clergy was established to make domiciliary visits by force, and cause the banishment, or worse punishment, of any one unsound in his faith. The predominance of the clergy for nearly two hundred years would not naturally be easily yielded.

This was the condition of the two parties that divided America; and that were fated to fight out a principle. On the one side was Jefferson, preëminently a man who was trusted with all the fervor with which he trusted the people. He believed in the people; they believed in him. Neither one failed the other. On the other side preëminently stood Hamilton, who never trusted the populace, nor believed in a democracy, but whose brilliant talents and vast versatility of genius gave him eminence and power. Behind Hamilton was arrayed for the most part the clergy of New England, the cabal of conservatives, represented by Theophilus Parsons and Fisher Ames; and here and there others who were either desirous of a stronger government, or were not convinced of the safety of republican institutions. But for the most part, behind Jefferson, from the outset, stood Virginia, and Pennsylvania, and New York, with such lieutenants as made the presidents and cabinets for the next twenty years after the success of their struggle. The election of Washington meant neither federalism nor democracy. It was the living thrill of a grateful people, trying to make itself happy by honoring the man whom the gods made for their salvation. Adams followed in his wake, a good man and a patriot, but who could never forgive his predecessor for being a greater man than himself, or his successor for believing that he was.

The grandeur of the conflict is heightened by the fact that the excesses and final collapse of the French Revolution had left democracy under a terrible cloud. It undid the strongest faith in popular government, and in what was technically termed "the rights of man," to sustain the contest in a new country, when experiment seemed temerity, and safety seemed certain only by following in the wake of older and presumably wiser nations. But beyond this the leaders of republicanism represented two other very unpopular ideas. Jefferson stood for free-thinking in religion, and like Franklin and Priestly, for scientific investigation. These two ideas were at the core one and destined to converge. They meant whatever stood for demonstration as against authority. Of course the first contest must be for the right freely to investigate, that was science; and afterward freely to conclude and believe, that was religion. Science never fails to end in religious sentiment. The Federalists, including the bulk of the Calvinistic clergy, had the unfortunate necessity of following as leader a man whose moral character was of the Aaron Burr type, but whose professions and church-goings were satisfactory. These two men, Hamilton and Jefferson, were contrasts in character, such as history rarely brings into juxtaposition. The former stood for an orthodox creed, but cared nothing for morals; the latter was unimpeachable in morals, but he had meagre theological faith. Is it any wonder that about that time popular hymns began to speak sneeringly of even morals? We are not yet rid of the idea that a man stands more satisfactory at God's judgment who has faith in a blood atonement than he who bases his claims for eternal happiness on honor and character.

It was some consolation to those who found themselves compelled to follow Hamilton, that Aaron Burr had gone over to the republicans. But the page of American history that, on the whole, reads to us most shameful, is that which recounts the effort of the federalists to give the presidency to this same Burr, and defraud Jefferson of the honor intended him by the people. For in the electoral college, although Burr had a number of votes equal to those cast for Jefferson, it was with no thought on the part of a single voter that, on any account, should he be president. Under the old system whoever received the highest number of votes became president, while the vice-presidency fell to the

second man on the list. The republican electors carelessly all voted a full ticket, and so Jefferson and Burr were left a tie, and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives. Now came the hour for revenge; and the federal press and whole federal party began to scheme the downfall of Jefferson by the dastardly means of making Burr president. The consequences would, without doubt, have been the ruin of the government and collapse of the republic. Instead of placing at the helm, at the most critical moment of our history, a man of unimpeachable honor and sterling character, as well as intellectual training, they would have cast the country, in pure revenge, at the feet of a spent debaucher, who had not even the grace to pose in his maturer years as a reformed rake.

There are two episodes of our earlier history peculiarly attractive to general readers. One of them is when Jefferson came to the help of Hamilton in 1790, in his struggle against disintegrating influences, and in favor of a consolidated union. It became, in Hamilton's judgment, a vital matter that the Union should assume the State debts incurred during the war; but the bill proposing this measure led to the most bitter and angry contest America had known, either before or after the Union. The Eastern States threatened disunion and secession. Hamilton was in despair. Jefferson, who had been appointed Secretary of State, just then reached Philadelphia. Hamilton met him in the street and made a frank appeal for help. They walked for hours and discussed the question. The Southern States opposed assumption. The Eastern States were for the measure. Jefferson was convinced by Hamilton that the measure was wise; and he advised a few of his party to change their votes; and the first danger of secession was passed. The second episode was equally picturesque, and about equally commendable. When the tie occurred between Burr and Jefferson, and the federalists were determined, at all hazards, to unhorse the great leader of democracy, Hamilton watched the state of affairs like a statesman and patriot. Perhaps he had not forgotten that Jefferson had also come to his rescue in a crisis. He said, "If there is a man in the world that I ought to hate, it is Jefferson; but the public good must be paramount to every private consideration." Burr he declared to be bad in all ways, and totally unfit.

He urged the federalists not to commit the fatal crime of electing Burr. The result was that the representatives of New Hampshire and Maryland abstained from voting; and Jefferson became president. Neither of these episodes was accompanied with dishonorable political trading; although in the first instance Hamilton's friends gracefully waived their desire to locate the capital on the Susquehanna; and in the latter case Jefferson assured the Federalists that he meditated no political revenges, and should indulge in none. The fact is that even party rancor could not blind men to the fact that the great republican was a man who could be trusted to do what he believed to be right. The people instinctively felt that Jefferson was honest and genuine; and it was natural that, with the overthrow of the federalist leaders, the bulk of the populace gradually went over to democracy.

The revolution was accomplished. The United States from that hour stood as the government of the people by the people. Republicanism was to have a trial. The question whether the people could be trusted was to be settled by themselves. America was not only free from England, an independent power, but it was a democratic republic. Jefferson had never apparently wavered in his faith in the common people. He was stigmatized as a dreamer; but his dreams came true. He dreamed out the Declaration of Independence; he dreamed the republic, he dreamed the abolition of slavery; he dreamed the expansion of our boundaries to the limits of two oceans. After the Louisiana purchase, and while Florida was just within our grasp, he wrote that after the acquisition of Cuba he would "erect a column on the southernmost limit of that island, and inscribe on it *ne plus ultra*. We shall then have only to include the North in our Union, and we shall have such an empire for liberty as she has never surveyed since the creation; and I am persuaded that no constitution was ever before so well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government."

The dreamer was also the prime fulfiller. Hamilton was a man of precisely opposite character. He was preëminently practical as a financier and an executive. He was incapable of being a philanthropist or prophet. At the present day he would make a magnificent political leader. He was a believer in government and not a believer in men. Washington's

nature was a compromise of the two. Lincoln was a later edition from the Washington type. Hamilton was in no sense original; he believed in English history and institutions; and, with the ability of a Pitt, he worked out our first problems of federal unity and financial soundness. He had no hesitation about purchasing votes, and adopting the general political machinery of the Georges. Jefferson held him to be a corruptor. "His object," said the latter, "is to draw all the powers of government into the hands of the general legislature, to establish means for corrupting a sufficient corps to divide honest votes, for the purpose of subverting, step by step, the principles of the Constitution, which he has declared to be a thing of nothing that must be changed."

Besides the open avowal of Hamilton, that he preferred a presidential life-term that could be shortened only by impeachment, we must remember the court style of both Washington and Adams, a style somewhat curtly cut short by Jefferson, but which no president since has dared to resume. But, overlooking this, we are compelled to ask to what farther usurpations of power would an unchecked party have gone that could pass the "Sedition and Alien" laws? By the latter the president was empowered to banish any alien who, in his judgment, was a dangerous character; by the former any man was subject to punishment who wrote against constituted authority. Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, a member of Congress, under this act was put in jail for four months, and paid a fine of one thousand dollars, for writing that President Adams was "a man of unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, and selfish avarice." The people took Lyon out of jail and sent him back to Congress. He had only told the truth. Judge Peck, of Central New York, circulated a petition for the repeal of those infamous laws; and he was arrested and carried off to New York City, where he was indicted; but popular opinion prevented a trial. That the struggle was between democratic freedom and monocratic tyranny is clear to any careful reader of events. It was in no sense a contest between anarchical tendencies and judicious centralization. Is it any wonder that at this point we find the one act of Jefferson's which his critics never tire of citing to show that he was incapable of constructive work, and would, without the counterpoise of Hamilton, have wrecked us in disunionism? Shocked by the Sedition and Alien Acts,

Virginia and Kentucky, under the stimulation of Madison and Jefferson, passed vigorous resolutions, threatening to interpose State authority. The Virginia resolutions were threatening in tone; those drafted for Kentucky by Jefferson himself rested on a definition of principles. Of the essential soundness of those principles there is no question; but, like all fundamental principles, they could be, and since that have been, carried to false extremes. "To what," said Jefferson, "does all this lead, but to monarchy?" He did not feel nor see that the doctrine of State Rights might also lead, or be made to lead, to another danger, that of disruption and disintegration.

His confidence in the people created in him a supreme confidence that the Union would never be dissolved. Jefferson afterward wrote, "The contests of that day were contests of principle between the advocates of republican and those of kingly power." Essentially he was right. The republicans could judge of the drift only by what they saw, and by preceding history. Could Jefferson have transferred his standpoint to the present day, he would have seen a century of executives acting with prudence and moderation; but what the culmination would have been but for Jefferson, no one can assure us. Should the States have assented permanently to any such congressional and executive supremacy as federalism initiated? Would they have done so? It is, no doubt, true, as Washington said, that at no time were there a dozen men in the United States who desired that a monarchy be established. But that there were many more than that, of very able, very wealthy, very powerful men, who desired a monarchial government under a republican name, is equally true. There were two classes of men in the colonies: those who fought England only to free themselves from her foreign dictation, to whom the form of government was of small moment, so that the nation be independent; and those who were imbued with the new philosophy of humanity, who had caught sight of the poetic principle of human equality and fraternity, and believed that this could become a practical working force in a republic of States.

Monroe, writing as late as 1817, after the heat of the battle was quite cooled, says: "That some of the leaders entertained principles unfriendly to our system of govern-

ment I have been thoroughly convinced; that they meant to work a change in it by taking advantage of favorable circumstances I am equally satisfied." Of Hamilton alone his contemporary, George Morris, in a singularly temperate judgment, says, "He hated republican government," "He never failed on every occasion to advocate monarchial government."

I have endeavored to bring out a suppressed chapter of American history. The truth is that there was a contest, lasting through a score of years, between the principles of monarchy and of democracy. It has been nearly impossible for our histories to correctly interpret the events of this formative period, because so intense has been our worship of republicanism, so wrapt our joy in the possession of free institutions, that we cannot conceive our founders as in the least wavering in choice or judgment. To allow of Washington and Adams any bias whatever toward forms that we now detest, has been nearly impossible. But we can get very little good from the study of our own history, without the clear apprehension that the founding of a republic was an experiment. Almost *de novo* the men of one hundred years ago must create popular institutions. That some of them should have lacked faith is not surprising. The one character that stands out forever preëminent for his unwavering confidence in democratic principles, is Thomas Jefferson. Naturally men fell into two classes, those of precedents and those of principles. Hamilton believed in the Church and the State; Jefferson in God and human nature. John Adams wrote that the prospect of a free government over five and twenty millions of Frenchmen, as they were, was "as impracticable as it would be over the elephants, tigers, panthers, wolves, and bears in the royal menagerie." Jefferson replied that the situation was not so desperate; that "the light shed by the act of printing had preëminently changed the condition of the world. The kings and the rabbles had not yet received its rays; but light was sure to spread, and while printing was preserved it could no more recede than the sun could return in its course."

"A first attempt at self-government may fail; so may a second or a third. But as a younger and more instructed race comes on, the sentiment becomes more and more intuitive; and a fourth, a fifth, or some subsequent one of the

ever renewed attempts, will succeed." He closed this sublime assertion of belief in man with these words, "You and I shall look down from another world on these glorious achievements of man, which will add to the joys even of heaven." To inherit our republic is a supreme privilege; it is a greater privilege to be enabled to study the battle of the moral giants in that day, that ended forever the Dei Gratia of monarchs, and established the rights of man. It is our duty now to see that the founding of the republic, its trials, its dangers, its causes, and its natural evolution, should be comprehended by every incipient citizen. It was my fortune to meet a young anarchist in the days of riot and murder. He hoped to be able to revenge the judicial hanging of spies by shooting the judge. I said, "You make one blunder. You shoot first and study afterward. Go to the beginnings of our institutions. Go to Franklin and Jefferson. You will learn to reverence the labor, and faith, and love embedded in American institutions." He writes now, "I will shoot now the man who assails this sublime structure. My only wonder is that so few American citizens know anything about the republic. I love it; I will gladly die in its defence." To make true citizens of the United States we must educate them in the elements of democracy. This is not only true of foreigners, who come to us with an instinctive hatred for established institutions, but it is equally true as concerns our own boys, and our girls also, who will soon have a still larger obligation in the preservation of their birthright.

But there is at this day another pressing reason for reopening the history of democratic principles, it is because of the drift, since the Civil War, which has carried us farther and farther from the principles of Jefferson, and threatens inadvertently to fulfil every prophecy of Hamilton. Are the States to be slowly but surely enfeebled, and was the Constitution only a temporary makeshift? There exists unquestionably a tendency to centralization that we must first comprehend, and then check with the jealousy of those who believe in the people. The decisions of the Supreme Court have almost invariably favored Hamiltonianism. From the outset this branch of government remained in the hands of federalism. The last act of John Adams was to seat as Chief Justice John Marshall, a sterling character, but whose whole career was an effort to force power upon the general

government. From that day to this the Supreme Court has rarely veered its purpose to subordinate the States. A writer of much vigor says of a recent action, "Had the Supreme Court sufficiently attended to the purpose underlying the Constitutional grant of power to Congress over interstate commerce, its contradictory opinions would have been avoided, and the national destruction of State prohibitory laws; this invasion by the federal government of a domain, which, for over a century, has been regarded as within the power of the States."

Recent amendments of the Constitution have also considerably altered the original character of that document, and invariably increased federal power. But, above all dangerous to democracy is the growth of a vast army of officers, whose dependence on the central government compels them to be obedient and subservient to centralization. They can be counted on as men to place their allegiance to the powers exercising government above allegiance to principles. The possible limits of centralization from these directions may have been reached, for the Federal Election Bill has startled the people into an indignant protest irrespective of parties. But Jefferson was not a mere opponent of a strongly centralized government at Washington. He wrote, "The tyranny of the legislatures is the most formidable dread at present, and will be for years."

Our State governments have, in many cases, become tyrannical, to a degree equal to that action of Parliament that led to our revolt. In several cases they have interfered with the collection of private debts; and have in all directions so overlaid statutes that simple equity has become impossible where not illegal. The question never was one essentially of the national government against State governments; but of government altogether against the liberty of the individual. Jefferson's jealousy was for the fundamental inherent rights of the individual. He opposed any assumption of power, anywhere, by any body of men, not strictly limited by compact; not fully and literally designated by the people as the official duty of such a delegated body. From Congress down to Boards of Supervisors, we have abundant illustration of the tendency of official bodies to magnify office, and forget that they are servants and not lords of the people.

But the danger to popular and individual liberty seems

more likely to suffer limitation and mutilation from another direction. Dazed by the fact that we, the people, are receiving the most perfect service from national post-offices; and that, in a few other directions, we are doing co-operatively what individually we could not so well do, a popular cry has risen and gained great force in different organizations for an entire upset of the old system and a total surrender to nationalism. Legislation seems to many the final remedy for all ills. I have no space for anything like a reasonable discussion of this momentous danger. It is, perhaps, enough to call attention to the fact that the most outrageous assumption of unwarranted authority has occurred from that service of which we have been most reasonably proud, the post-office. Our public carriers have notified us, that if our social and theological views do not accord with the views of the man whom we select to be responsible for an honest mail service, our mails are closed against us. There is already a censorship of literature. Shall we have also in due time a censorship of the press and of the pulpit? This has been the invariable tendency of centralized authority.

It has been impossible to even outline the policy of the greatest of American statesmen in a single article. We may digest his great principles as (1) Democracy, or the fundamental rights of the individual. (2) Decentralization in both State and general government. (3) Economy, by which he intended to deny the right of any government to demand the money of the people for any purpose not strictly demanded for public defence and common welfare. It is easy to see what would be his judgment of recent legislation. (4) Education, for this was the idea that from first to last he ever pressed as most important. In 1786, he wrote to Washington, "It is an axiom of my mind, that our liberty can never be safe but in the hands of the people themselves; and that, too, of the people with a certain degree of instruction. This it is the business of the State to effect, and on a general plan." Jealous of expenditure and of centralization elsewhere, he would have the State an educational as well as political organization. Mr. Henderson's volume on "Thomas Jefferson on Public Education" is timely. (5) Emancipation. On the subject of slavery Mr. Jefferson was a pronounced abolitionist. (6) Peace at almost any cost, as essential to the complete escape of the individual from bond-

age to imperators. He strained this point while dealing with Great Britain, and opened himself to abuse. But to him war was the very last resort. (7) Restriction of the official service of the President to two terms. He declined a third term emphatically as unpatriotic and unwise. (8) Toleration in religion. His opponents charged him with being an atheist. He answered, "I am a Christian in the only sense in which he (Jesus) wished anyone to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others, ascribing to himself every human excellence, and believing he never claimed any other." There is no other character in our early American history about which young enthusiasm may always rally, and become inspired for the best citizenship. As chaste as Washington, as brilliant with his pen as his friend Patrick Henry was with his tongue, Jefferson stands alone, and unequalled as the type forever of young America.

THE NEW TESTAMENT DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.

BY PROF. J. W. McGARVEY, D. D., OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY.

If there is any kind or degree of inspiration which believers are bound to affirm and defend, it is that which is set forth in the New Testament. To defend any other is not to defend the Christian faith. To set forth any other as if we were setting forth this, is deceptive. To attack any other is to attack something for which neither Christ nor his apostles are responsible. It is highly important, then, both for the purpose of clearing up the ground of controversy on this subject, and for the distinct apprehension of the truth, that the doctrine as set forth on the pages of the New Testament be clearly defined and exhibited. This, and not the defense of the doctrine, is the task undertaken in this essay.

Let it be understood that our task is limited to the New Testament; for whether the inspiration claimed in the New Testament is different or not from that claimed in the Old Testament, a question which we shall not discuss at present, the mode of its presentation to the reader is certainly different, and in the New Testament it is far more systematic. The systematic mode in which it is set forth in the New Testament is very favorable to successful investigation. We are furnished, first, with a number of promises of inspiration made by Jesus to his apostles, written chiefly in the Gospels; second, with certain statements in Acts intended to show the fulfilment of these promises; and third, some statements in the Epistles, which, though not so closely connected with the promises historically, yet serve the same purpose. We shall consider these briefly in the order in which we have enumerated them.

The first promise on the subject is quoted by Matthew in the following words: "But beware of men: for they will deliver you up to councils, and in their synagogues will they scourge you; yea, and before governors and kings shall ye

be brought for my sake, for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, be not anxious how or what ye shall speak. . . . For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you" (x. 17-20). The same promise is quoted by Mark and Luke, with the addition in the latter, "For the Holy Spirit shall teach you in that very hour what ye ought to say" (Mark xiii. 11; Luke xii. 12).

Here we have, first, a prohibition, "Be not anxious"; and it has reference to two things: first, *how* they shall speak; and second, *what* they shall speak. Under "how" is evidently included the manner, that is, the style, the diction, and the arrangement; under "what" the matter, that is, the thoughts and the facts. The apostles are told not to be anxious about any of these, even when their lives would depend on what they should say. This was demanding too much for humanity without supernatural aid, and this aid Jesus promises: "For it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak: for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you". . . "for the Holy Spirit shall teach you in that very hour what ye ought to say." This assurance would be sufficient to free them from anxiety, if they could only implicitly believe it; but if it really had this effect, how sublime must have been their faith.

In the words, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you," we have an obvious instance of the well-known Hebrew idiom by which, in comparisons, the absolute is put for the relative. They did speak, as appears from the fact that the Holy Spirit was to teach them what to say: but as their speaking with respect to both how and what they should say was to be determined by the Spirit in them, it was not they only or chiefly that spoke, but the Holy Spirit.

The second promise is reported by Luke alone. Jesus, after telling his disciples in his prophetic discourse on the destruction of Jerusalem, that they should be delivered up to synagogues and prisons, and be brought before governors and kings, continues: "Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate beforehand what to answer: for I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to withstand or to gainsay" (xxi. 14–15). Here the prohibition advances from anxiety to premeditation. A

courageous man, after sufficient premeditation, might make a speech on the effect of which his life depended, with little anxiety; but who could enter upon a speech under such circumstances without anxiety, and at the same time without premeditation? The apostles are not only told to do this, but the order is made emphatic by the introductory words, "Settle it therefore in your hearts." These words not only emphasize the order, but they also require that the execution of it shall be the settled purpose of their hearts. Such an order would have been but idle breath, had it not been accompanied by the promised supernatural aid of the Holy Spirit.

The third promise was made in the memorable discourse delivered on the night of the betrayal. The items of it are found in several distinct passages of the speech. First, "I will pray the Father, and he will send you another Advocate, that he may be with you forever, even the Spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he abideth with you, and shall be in you." . . . "These things have I spoken to you while yet abiding with you. But the Advocate, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all things that I have said unto you," . . . "I have many things yet, to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all the truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but what things soever he shall hear, these shall he speak: and he shall declare unto you the things that are to come" (John xiv. 15–17, 26; xvi. 12, 13). In this promise Jesus assures the apostles, first, that the Holy Spirit would be with them and in them always, as a substitute for his own presence; second, that he would teach them all things, and bring to their remembrance all that he had spoken to them; and third, that he would guide them into all the truth. Doubtless, we should understand by "all things," and "all the truth," only such things, and such truth as would be needed for the discharge of their office as apostles; and by "all that I have said to you," only that which they needed to remember, and did not remember already. But these are the only limitations which a fair exegesis can assign to these very explicit words.

The fourth promise was given on the day of the ascension. After charging the apostles not to depart from Jerusalem till they received the promise of the Father which he had previously mentioned, he tells them: "Ye shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit not many days hence." . . . Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts i. 6, 8). Here the gift previously promised is called a *baptism* in the Spirit — a figure for the subsidence of their own mental powers in those of the Holy Spirit, as a man's body sinks in the water when baptized. The power promised, by which they were to bear witness for Jesus, includes, as subsequent developments show, ability to work physical miracles, and to speak with absolute knowledge, concerning the exaltation of Jesus, and concerning his will in matters of which he had not spoken in person.

If these several promises were fulfilled the apostles were endowed as follows:—

1. The Spirit of God came upon them with such power that their spirits were immersed in it, and it abode in them to the end of their days.

2. The Spirit gave them or taught them what to say and how to say it, in such measure that on the most trying occasions they could speak with unerring wisdom, and yet without anxiety or premeditation.

3. To the end of enabling them thus to speak, the Spirit recalled to their memory, as fully as was needful, all that Jesus had in person spoken; and as the words he had spoken were intimately blended with the deeds he had done, it undoubtedly recalled these also.

4. To the same end, the Spirit guided them into all truth yet untaught, which it was the will of Christ that they should know and teach. This was needful in order that their utterances concerning items of God's will which they alone have revealed, and their statements concerning things in the spirit world, and concerning the future of time and eternity should be received as the word of God.

It is common to hear it said that the authors of our four Gospels do not claim to have written by inspiration. It is true that Mark and Luke set up no such claim for themselves, but it is far otherwise with Matthew and John. In setting

forth these promises of Jesus, as all four of these writers do, they mean either to assert that the apostles, including Matthew and John, experienced their fulfilment, or that they remained unfulfilled. No matter what we think of the truthfulness of these writers, we cannot suppose that they meant the latter, and thereby meant that their Master made solemn promises which he failed to fulfil. Unquestionably they meant to affirm that every one of these promises was fulfilled; and they wrote at a time when the fulfilment was a fact of experience if it ever became a fact. They do, then, claim that at least the two apostolic Gospels were written by inspiration.

We now turn to the fulfilment of these promises as it is stated in Acts. The author of Acts, after having quoted some of them in the close of his previous narrative, and also in the introduction to this, purposely and formally opens the body of this with an account of their fulfilment; so that the subject does not occur incidentally, but it is introduced formally and prominently. He represents the twelve as waiting for it, and expecting it, till it comes; and he declares that it came on the first Pentecost after the resurrection of Jesus. He says that on the morning of that day they were all together in one place, and suddenly "there appeared to them tongues parting asunder, like as of fire; and it sat upon each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." He adds that men were present from fifteen provinces of the Roman Empire, which he names, representing almost as many tongues and dialects; that they heard these Galileans speaking in the tongues of all these countries; that they were amazed and confounded by the fact, and that they inquired with one voice, "What does this mean?" He further states that one of the twelve, Simon Peter, arose with his eleven companions, and declared that this miracle was the fulfilment of a prediction uttered by Joel, which he proceeds to quote; that Jesus had risen from the dead and ascended to the right hand of God; and that it was he who had sent forth the Holy Spirit whose power the people were witnessing (Acts ii. 1–33).

Now here was a fulfilment of the promises of Jesus in almost every particular. First, both the "how" and the "what" of their utterances were given to them, and both

were given by giving the words alone; for as the words were to them unknown, the speakers did not catch the thoughts which they conveyed to their hearers. In this was fulfilled almost absolutely the words, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." Second, the speakers had no premeditation, for they knew not that they were to speak till they began, and they felt no anxiety. No amount of either could have helped them to speak in tongues. Fourth, the Spirit led Peter into truth hitherto unknown; for it enabled him to make known the coronation of Christ which had recently transpired in heaven, and to propound, in answer to the conscience-stricken multitude, the new law of remission of sins under the reign of Christ. It is highly probable too, that it brought to his mind the predictions which he quotes from both Joel and David, and that it enabled him to give an interpretation to both which he had not conceived before that hour. Fourth, so complete a possession of their minds by the Holy Spirit, fulfilled and justified the figure of a baptism in the Spirit. Fifth, by the audible miracle of speaking in tongues, they demonstrated both to the multitude and to themselves that they now possessed the promised power to be competent witnesses for Jesus in the whole world.

The power thus bestowed on the Twelve on the great Pentecost was, according to the promise, to continue with them. The fact is fully set forth in Acts that it did continue. In the first place, the author makes formal mention of it a few times, and then leaves us to infer that as it was thus far it continued to be till the end. For instance, when Peter was first arraigned before the Jewish Sanhedrim, the writer, as if to remind us of the promise, says: "Then Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit, said unto them," and proceeds to quote his speech. When all the apostles, having been forbidden to speak any more in the name of Jesus, had prayed, he says: "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and they spake the word of God with boldness" (iv. 8, 31).

In the second place, he quotes the apostles themselves as affirming the continuance of this power. He quotes Peter the second time he appeared before the Sanhedrim as saying, "We are witnesses of these things, and so is the Holy Spirit whom God hath given to them who obey Him" (v. 31, 32). This was an echo of the promise, "He shall bear witness of

me." Again, he quotes Peter three times as affirming that the miraculous gift of tongues bestowed on the Gentiles in the house of Cornelius, was the same as that bestowed on the Twelve at the beginning, thus reasserting the event of Pentecost (x. 44-47; xi. 16, 17; xv. 8). Finally, he quotes the apostles and elders who were in Jerusalem at the time of the conference about circumcision, as introducing their degree with the words, "It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us" (xv. 23, 28), thus affirming that their decision was the decision of the Holy Spirit, which it could have been only because they were guided in it by the Spirit.

In the third place the author makes the same representation on his own authority, by mentioning many miracles which the apostles wrought, these being at once a proof and an exhibition of the presence of the Holy Spirit within them. We should especially note, as distinct from the physical miracles which he describes, that of Peter, looking into and exposing the secret thoughts of Ananias and Sapphira — an unmistakable exhibition of mental power which the Divine Spirit alone could impart.

In the fourth place the apostles are represented as imparting the gift of the Holy Spirit to others, which is demonstrative proof that they possessed it themselves.

In the fifth place, all that is affirmed in Acts on this subject concerning the Twelve is affirmed of Paul after he became an apostle. He was filled with the Spirit at the time of his baptism; he was a prophet; he wrought many miracles; he imparted the Holy Spirit to others; and he was led by the direct guidance of the Spirit into proper fields of labor when his own judgment would have led him elsewhere.

The sum of the testimony in Acts, as we can now see, is the sum of the promises made on this subject by Jesus. The two stand over against each other as the two sides of an equation; and they combine to show that there abode permanently in the apostles and some of their companions, a power of God's Holy Spirit equal to their perfect enlightenment and guidance in all that they ought to know and say; and that it did, as a matter of fact, guide their thoughts, their words, and the course of their missionary journeys. Not only so; it enabled them to speak of things in heaven, on earth, and in the future, concerning which, without di-

vine enlightenment, men in the flesh know nothing. A more complete inspiration for their work of speaking, of writing, and of directing the affairs of the Church, is beyond our conception.

Let it not be forgotten by any who doubts the credibility of the authors of Acts and of the Gospels, that in this essay I am not aiming to prove the truth of any of the statements which I cite from these documents; for I am only striving to show what doctrine of inspiration they set forth, so that both those who believe what they say, and those who believe it not, may know what inspiration the believer is bound to defend, and what the unbeliever is bound to assail, if he assails the true Christian faith on this subject.

We now reach the third general division of our subject, the fulfilment of the promises as stated in the Epistles. These are not so closely connected with the promises as are those in Acts, which was written as a continuation of the history given in the Gospels, but they show distinctly that the apostles claimed in their experience all that we have found in the promises. As the second chapter of Acts furnishes the most comprehensive treatment of the subject in that book, and is a kind of key passage, so the second chapter of First Corinthians is the key passage in the Epistles. Here the subject is formally set forth, and we note the several items making up the discussion.

Paul introduces the topic by saying: "My speech and my preaching were not in the persuasive words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." The distinction drawn is that between conviction derived from philosophical reasoning, and that derived from visible demonstrations of power. He could have employed the former, and by it he might have convinced many; but had he done so, the ground of their faith would have been the conclusiveness of the course of reasoning; and this might have been overthrown afterward by an ingenious but sophistical course of reasoning leading to an opposite conclusion. To avoid such a result Paul abstained from a mode of conviction which he might have employed with effect, and adopted another which was safer; that is, a visible demonstration by the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit, that the message which he delivered was approved of God. No

sophistry could invalidate such demonstration in the minds of those who witnessed it. Here is a positive declaration that he had presented this miraculous evidence to the Corinthians, and also an appeal to their own consciousness for the fact that their faith rested on this demonstration as its foundation.

After thus repudiating the wisdom of men as the source of faith, Paul takes the next step in the discussion by admitting that he speaks wisdom among the perfect, but not the wisdom of this world. He speaks the wisdom of God, and by it he speaks of things which men had never seen, heard, or conceived; "But," he continues, "unto us God revealed them through the Spirit: for the Spirit searches all things, yea, the deep things of God." Here he claims to have received from God through the Spirit revelations of things which men did not know before, and which they could not know except by revelation. This agrees perfectly with the promise to this effect, which we have cited from the Gospel of John.

Passing on, he says, "We received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we may know the things which are freely given to us by God," — an assertion that he and his fellows had received from God the Spirit of whom he speaks, and that they had received it for the very purpose of making the revelations in question.

He next refers to the words in which the things revealed by the Spirit were spoken, and says: "Which things also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual." If we retain the word "comparing" here as the correct rendering, we must understand by it that comparing of word with thought which enables us to fit the one to the other. It is comparing the words taught by the Spirit with the things revealed by the Spirit, so that the former may properly represent the latter. The word "combining" suggested as an alternative on the margin of the Revised Version brings out the idea more clearly; but on this point we need not dwell. Suffice it to say, that there could not be a more explicit statement than we here have, that so far as the apostles were made mediums of revelation they were guided by the Holy Spirit as to the very words which they employed.

Finally, the apostle ends this invaluable series of statements by saying, "We have the mind of Christ." By this statement, interpreted in the light of the context, he clearly means that in all of their official utterances the thoughts of the apostles were the thoughts of Christ, or the very thoughts which Christ would have them to utter.

These affirmations made by Paul are as explicit and as comprehensive as those made by Luke in the second chapter of Acts; and if any one regards the word of the apostle as more reliable than that of the evangelist, he ought to accept the latter because thus confirmed by the former. Let it be remembered, too, that those rationalists who deny the credibility of Acts, admit the genuineness of the Epistles to the Corinthians, and consequently they admit that Paul actually wrote these affirmations. These, then, must be held both by believers and unbelievers as setting forth the apostolic teaching on the subject of inspiration.

This passage does not stand alone. Its thoughts are echoed again and again in other passages scattered through Paul's epistles. In regard to receiving revelations through the Spirit, Paul says of his knowledge of the Gospel, that he neither received it from men, nor was he taught it; but that it came to him "through revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. i. 12). He says, concerning the mystery of the call and the equal rights of the Gentiles, "It hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit" (Eph. iii. 1–5). He introduces his prediction concerning the great apostasy with the words, "But the Spirit says expressly that in the latter times some shall fall away from the faith" (1 Tim. iv. 1). He says, concerning his journey from Antioch to Jerusalem with Barnabas, "I went up by revelation" (Gal. ii. 2), thus affirming as Luke in Acts affirms, that on some occasions his journeyings were controlled by the guiding power of the Holy Spirit (Acts xvi. 6–8). Finally, he informs the Corinthians that his thorn in the flesh, "a messenger of Satan to buffet me," was given him to prevent him from being "exalted overmuch by the exceeding greatness of the revelations" (2 Cor. xii. 7).

The assertion in our key passage, "We have the mind of Christ," is echoed in another part of the same Epistle as follows: "If any man thinketh himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him take knowledge of the things

which I write to you, that they are the commandment of the Lord" (1 Cor. xiv. 37). Here the apostle not only asserts that what he wrote was the commandment of the Lord, which it could not be unless he had "the mind of Christ," but he assumes that any man in the church who was a prophet, or a spiritual man, that is, an inspired man, would know that what he wrote was in reality from the Lord. He assumes that in the Corinthian church there were men, well known, who, like himself, in kind if not in degree, were inspired prophets. And let it not escape our notice here, that this affirmation is made concerning what he *wrote*, and not concerning what he *spoke*. The circumstance shows that although in the promises of Jesus reference was made to the speeches of the apostles especially, no distinction was intended between what they spoke and what they wrote, but that speaking was put for all their utterances, whether with the tongue or the pen.

In regard to the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power" mentioned in our key passage, the testimonies elsewhere are abundant. Speaking in tongues was itself a demonstration of the Spirit's power, and on this point Paul says to the Corinthians, some of whom prided themselves on the possession of this gift, "I thank God, I speak with tongues more than you all" (1 Cor. xiv. 18, 19). He claims also to have imparted to some of the Corinthians miraculous gifts of the Spirit, including the gift of tongues, and to have done the same among the Galatians. (See 1 Cor. i. 5, 6; xii. 7-11; 27-31; xiv. 1-5, 15-17, 22, 23; Gal. iii. 5.) The notion advanced by some rationalistic interpreters, that by this gift of tongues was meant nothing more than the utterance in ecstacy of incoherent and inarticulate sounds does dishonor to its adherents as exegetes, and to Paul and Luke as men of sense. It would be more creditable to the interpreter to charge these writers with downright lying: for certain it is, that if there was no actual speaking in other human languages, Luke and Paul both have wilfully misstated the facts in the case.

The Epistles of the other apostles are so much less voluminous than those of Paul, that we have not the same means of knowing what they said on this subject apart from their words already cited from Acts: but what they do say, taken in connection with this source, is decisive. Thus

Peter, speaking of the old Testament prophets, says: "To whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto you did they minister these things which have now been announced to you through them that preached the Gospel to you *by the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven;* which things the angels desire to look into" (1 Peter i. 12). John, in almost the very language of the promise that the Spirit of truth, when he came, should bear witness of Jesus, says: "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is the truth. For there are three that bear witness, the Spirit, the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one" (John v. 7, 8). In like manner the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, an apostolic writer even if not the apostle Paul, says that the great salvation which was at first spoken through the Lord "was confirmed unto us by them that heard, God also bearing witness with them, both by signs and wonders, and by manifold powers, and by gifts of the Holy Spirit, according to His will" (ii. 4). Words are here multiplied as if for the purpose of fully covering the ground which we have now gone over.

We have now gone through with the direct promises by Jesus on this subject, and the direct statements of the historian Luke, and of the apostles, which show the fulfilment of these promises. We should have yet to consider, if our purpose were an exhaustive presentation of the subject of inspiration, some facts and statements which tend to modify and broaden our view, but none of which is contradictory to anything that we have said. We refer to such facts as the preservation by each writer of his own natural and acquired style; the play of human feeling which pervades many of these writings; the freedom with which quotations are made from both the Old Testament and the speeches of Jesus; the imperfect knowledge on some points which characterized the apostles in the beginning of their ministry; and the imperfections discernible in their characters as men of God. But in as much as all these facts are reconcilable, in ways well known to writers and readers on the subject, to the statements which we have quoted, it is not necessary to our present purpose that we do more than to mention them. The explicit and uncontradicted statements which we have cited justify us in the following conclusions:

1. The New Testament claims that a promise of the

Holy Spirit to abide permanently in the apostles with miraculous power was made by Jesus; that it was realized in the experience of the Twelve and of Paul; and that the same gift was imparted by the apostles from time to time to other faithful persons.

2. It claims, that the Holy Spirit thus abiding in the inspired, brought to their remembrance, to the full extent that was needful, the words and acts of Jesus, thereby guaranteeing such a record of these words and acts as God willed.

3. It brought to the inspired persons revelations concerning the past, the present, and the future; and when occasion required it revealed to them the secret thoughts of living men.

4. It claims that the Spirit taught the inspired how to express the things thus revealed, by teaching them, to the full extent needed, the proper words to employ; and that it demonstrated this fact to lookers-on by causing the inspired at times to speak in tongues which they had never learned, but which were known to those who heard.

5. It claims, that by thus acting within and through the inspired men, the Spirit enabled them on all occasions, even when life was at stake, to speak without anxiety as to how or what they should say, and to speak with consummate wisdom yet without premeditation.

I have now completed, very imperfectly I fear, the task undertaken in this essay. If I have in any particular misrepresented the doctrine of inspiration set forth on the pages of the New Testament, I shall be greatly indebted to any one who will correct me. If I have represented it as it is then it appears to me that there should be a decided change in the prevalent treatment of the subject both by believers and unbelievers.

AN INTERESTING SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT.

BY FRANK L. KING.

In a business point of view, Liverpool is, perhaps, more intimately connected with the United States than any other European city.

It is the principal seaport for American trade with Europe, attracted thither by its extensive and magnificent docks. Its population is nearly 600,000, while its area is only 5,210 acres. Therefore the average number of persons to the acre is 115.

Being one of the most densely populated cities in Great Britain, a vigorous sanitary policy became necessary, and the street and sewer departments have been thoroughly modernized. The corporation may now point with pride to its 250 miles of the best paved streets in the world, and its 249 miles of ventilated sewers, all constructed in the most thorough and economical manner, and generally by their own workmen.

Permission is never given to persons or companies to cut through the pavements, in any street, for any purpose. If necessary, the work is done by the corporation, at the expense of the interested party. This is a point worthy of the attention of authorities on this side of the Atlantic.

The Liverpool Corporation has not limited their reformatory measures to its streets and sewers.

In every densely populated city, there may be found sections where the evils of unscrupulous landlordism are marked by sanitary conditions too revolting for public description, and it is not necessary to cross the ocean to learn the nature of those evils.

To elevate the laboring classes, action is necessary, and while the people in other parts of the world have been discussing the subject, the corporation of Liverpool has been actively engaged in solving the problem in a thoroughly

practical way. It has entered upon the grand work of rehousing the artisan and laboring classes, in dwellings possessing all of the most modern sanitary improvements, at low rents.

The designs for this great work were furnished by Clement Dunscombe, city engineer for Liverpool. The plans were exhibited at the International Health Exhibition in London, two years ago, upon which a gold medal was then awarded to Mr. Dunscombe for the best design for artisans' dwellings.

The feasibility of the plans has already been demonstrated, and Mr. Dunscombe has made a report in detail of the artisans' dwellings erected at Victoria Square, Liverpool, from which we glean the following important facts, which give a fair understanding of the magnitude, thoroughness, and importance of the work accomplished.

The buildings occupy a part of the site formerly known as Nash Grove, situated in Scotland Ward in the parish of Liverpool.

The area cleared for the purpose contained 202,383 square feet of ground, and was taken under the artisans and laborers dwelling act of 1875.

A very large portion of the premises was formerly occupied by low-class, unhealthy dwellings, and buildings and yards for trade purposes.

The entire number of persons removed from the district was 1,310, of which 1,100 were of the working classes.

Many of these people were crowded into sections of this territory at the rate of 282 persons to the acre, and were there living under the very worst sanitary conditions.

The site occupied by the dwellings is bounded on its four sides by streets paved with syenite, having a six-inch cement foundation.

The square contains 82,755 superficial feet of ground, of which 35,316 superficial feet are covered by the buildings.

This area, after being excavated to the required depth, was covered with Portland cement concrete, to the depth of nine inches. The concrete for the walls was carried to a greater depth, with a width of from three to five feet.

The remaining 47,439 feet of the site is devoted to approaches and a central quadrangular open space, with concrete walks and carriage-ways.

The central part of this square is concreted and devoted to a playground. It is bordered with shrubs and flowers, and enclosed by a low wall and an iron railing.

The buildings are five floors in height, and divided by party walls into thirteen dwellings, each of seventy-five feet frontage, and thirty-six feet in depth, and are so arranged as to admit of a free circulation of air around them.

There are five entrances to the quadrangle, and each is provided with ornamental wrought-iron gates.

Each dwelling has an entrance from the quadrangle, and a common staircase gives access to the corridors and the tenements, which are arranged right and left on each floor.

There are 271 tenements made up as follows: —

	No. of rooms.
86 three-roomed tenements	256
164 two-roomed tenements	328
21 one-roomed tenements	21
Superintendent's house	4
Total	611

The three-roomed tenements are as follows: —

One living-room 13 feet, by 12 feet 4 inches.

One bedroom 15 feet 3 inches, by 9 feet 7 inches. This room is provided with a movable screen, by which it may be divided into two rooms, with separate entrance to each half.

One bedroom 13 feet, by 8 feet 6 inches.

The two-roomed tenements are the same as the two rooms first above mentioned.

The one-roomed tenements are arranged as a living-room and bedroom combined, and are 12 by 12 feet.

All rooms are 9 feet high.

There are also twelve shops on the first floor, which have a frontage of 12 feet 6 inches, by 32 feet in depth. They are 11 feet high and have a basement under each shop.

Two thoroughly ventilated water-closets on each floor are provided for the use of the four tenements, but are wholly disconnected therefrom. They are furnished with the best Bristol glazed flush-out closets, and water-waste-preventing cisterns.

The thirteen staircases and landings are of stone. Each landing opens to the quadrangular front to a balcony protected by a wrought-iron railing.

The stairs and corridors are well lighted by windows, which also afford thorough ventilation, from front to rear through each dwelling.

The floors of the laundries, sculleries, corridors, and water-closets are of Portland cement concrete. Living and bed rooms are provided with wood floors specially constructed to prevent the spread of fire.

All dust and ashes on each floor are disposed of through ventilated shoots formed in an angle of the lobby, which terminate in a receptacle on the ground floor. For other refuse special bins are provided within the railing of the enclosure to the quadrangle.

Spacious, thoroughly appointed, well lighted and ventilated laundries are provided on each floor for the exclusive use of tenants on fixed days or specified hours of the day.

It was the design of the corporation to make each tenement as attractive and cheerful as possible.

The walls of all rooms are plastered and finished in distemper. Around the living-rooms there is a dado of dark tint, surmounted by a stencilled border, above which the walls are finished in light colors.

Special care has been exercised in selecting pleasing tints for the finishing colors of the woodwork and distempering.

In order to dispense with movable furniture to the fullest practicable extent, each tenement is furnished with a series of useful articles.

A special combination dresser, larder, coal bunker, and closet is provided in each living-room.

The larder is fitted with slate shelves, hooks, and other useful devices, and has terra-cotta ventilators covered on the inside with perforated zinc. There are also cup rails, and small and large cupboards with drawers, under which is the coal bunker, which communicates with the corridor by means of a small door, through which the coal is delivered. Slide doors within the living-room give access to the same.

All rooms are provided with hat and coat rails, and the bedrooms have shelves and hanging closets.

The sashes for all windows open for their entire area. The lower portion of each window is glazed with cathedral-tinted glass, giving a cheerful appearance and serving as a window blind. The windows of all living and bed rooms are furnished with Venetian blinds stained and varnished. Fresh air is admitted through ventilators in the external walls and corridors, and foul air is expelled through flues in the chimneys, fitted with mica flap ventilators.

Each living-room has a specially designed cast-iron combination mantle, over mantle, and cooking range fitted with oven, plate rack, and other useful devices. All parts liable to heavy wear are made of wrought iron. At the back of the fire-grate a hot air chamber has been constructed, which is supplied with fresh air from ventilators in the external walls.

When warmed, the air passes through pipes into the living-rooms and bedrooms.

All tenements are numbered, and the outer doors are provided with knockers, and a special device in the handle of the door performs the function of a knocker for the use of children.

An adequate supply of water is furnished to all sinks, laundries, and corridors, and all water for domestic use is drawn direct from the street mains. A five-hundred-gallon, slate storage cistern is placed on the roof of each dwelling, which supplies a six-gallon flush-cistern over each water-closet.

All fittings are of the best description, stamped and approved by the water department of the Corporation of Liverpool.

Gas is supplied through a three-inch pipe, and the outlet from the main leads into the meter room in the basement of the superintendent's house, in which are two-hundred-light meters. The supply is under the control of the superintendent in his office by means of a wheel attached to a valve on the main.

The corridors and sculleries are provided with glazed lanterns fixed to the walls, and in each of the living-rooms and laundries an ornamental iron pendant is fixed. Over the entrance door to each dwelling a bracket lamp of ornamental design has been fixed, and lamps are also furnished at the main entrance to the court. All burners in the corri-

dors, sculleries, and laundries are under the control of the superintendent. Governors are fixed to all burners, limiting consumption to three cubic feet per hour of twenty-candle gas, excepting the outside lamps, which are limited to four cubic feet per hour. Fittings are the best of their class.

The buildings are of common gray brick, but red pressed bricks have been used for arches, window-jambs, mouldings, panels, etc. Red terra-cotta has been used in doorways and dormers. The roof is covered with Welsh slate, and the sills of all windows are of Yorkshire stone which project one foot from the face of the wall for plants in pots and boxes, and each is fitted with wrought-iron guard rails.

The drains in the quadrangle consist of glazed earthenware socket pipe. All waste and soil pipes discharge into the main sewer, and are provided with a six-inch ventilating shaft, discharging above the roof-line, and furnished at the top with a three-hundred-gallon flush tank.

The total cost, including land, is estimated at $338,800, and rents are estimated as follows: —

Three-roomed tenements at $1.44 per week.

Two-roomed tenements at $1.08 per week.

One-roomed tenements at 54 cents per week.

The same rates applied to the divided room would reduce the rent of each half to about 24 cents per week.

These rates include all rates and taxes and the use of laundries, but are exclusive of charges for gas for living-rooms.

Allowing a moderate return for shop rents, it is estimated that the buildings will yield a return of 4½ per cent. on their cost, and it is hoped that the example thus furnished by the corporation will induce private capital to engage in similar enterprises.

It will be observed that the entrances to all dwellings are from the enclosed square, which is comparatively free from street detritus.

The playgrounds are within call, and under the immediate oversight of many of the parents.

Children at play are encompassed by shrubs and flowers, instead of the constant exposure to the dangers and temptations of the street, and much may be expected from the improved environment.

The corporation undertook the enterprise as a sanitary

measure, and it would appear that the arrangements furnish the best possible conditions for a breathing place in the heart of a large and densely populated city.

It has been shown that improved sanitary conditions do not necessarily increase expenses, and the managers deserve the most hearty congratulations for their successful completion of this important "*object lesson*" in progressive science.

The example is foreign, but it is *good*, and may, at present, be imported free of duty.

TO MINOT J. SAVAGE.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

In boyhood's years — alas, how long ago!
I often stood upon the headland bare
And looked athwart to see far off the flare
Of a great beacon: it would brighten so
The thickest darkness, that the winds might blow
Their wildest way; yet, with that radiance there,
I for all ships that sailed could bravely dare:
How but in safety could they come or go?

'Twas "Minot's Light!" And now, with youth far gone,
As from the headland of my years I gaze
On life's rough sea, O friend, across the night
Thy radiance shines! O ships go sailing on!
My heart for you is gladdened by that blaze
Which rends the darkness from our Minot's light.

THE MALUNGEON TREE AND ITS FOUR BRANCHES.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

SOMEWHERE in the eighteenth century, before the year 1797, there appeared in the eastern portion of Tennessee, at that time the Territory of North Carolina, two strange-looking men calling themselves "Collins" and "Gibson." They had a reddish-brown complexion, long, straight, black hair, keen, black eyes, and sharp, clear-cut features. They spoke in broken English, a dialect distinct from anything ever heard in that section of the country. They claimed to have come from Virginia and many years after emigrating, themselves told the story of their past.

These two, Vardy Collins and Buck Gibson, were the head and source of the Malungeons in Tennessee. With the cunning of their Cherokee ancestors, they planned and executed a scheme by which they were enabled to "set up for themselves" in the almost unbroken Territory of North Carolina.

Old Buck, as he was called, was disguised by a wash of some dark description, and taken to Virginia by Vardy where he was sold as a slave. He was a magnificent specimen of physical strength, and brought a fine price, a wagon and mules, a lot of goods, and three hundred dollars in money being paid to old Vardy for his "likely nigger." Once out of Richmond, Vardy turned his mules' shoes and struck out for the Wilderness of North Carolina, as previously planned. Buck lost little time ridding himself of his negro disguise, swore he was not the man bought of Collins, and followed in the wake of his fellow-thief to the Territory. The proceeds of the sale were divided and each chose his habitation; old Vardy choosing Newman's Ridge, where he was soon joined by others of his race, and so the Malungeons became a part of the inhabitants of Tennessee.

This story I know to be true. There are reliable parties

still living who received it from old Vardy himself, who came here a young man and lived, as the Malungeons generally live, to a ripe old age.

The names "Collins" and "Gibson" were also stolen from the white settlers in Virginia where the men had lived previous to emigrating to North Carolina.

There is, perhaps, no more satisfactory method of illustrating this peculiar race, its origin and blood, than by the familiar tree.

Old Vardy Collins, then, must be regarded as the body, or main stem, in this State, at all events.

It is only of very late years the Malungeons have been classed as *families*. Originally they were *tribes*, afterward *clans*, and at last families. From old Vardy Collins the first tribe took its name — "Collins" — or as they call it, "Collinses." Others who followed Vardy took the name of Collins also. Old Benjamin Collins, one of the pioneers, was older than Vardy, but came to Tennesee a trifle later. He had quite a large family of children, among them Edmund, Mileyton (supposed to have meant *Milton*), Marler, Harry, Andrew, Zeke, Jordan. From Jordan descended Calloway Collins who is still living and from whom I obtained some valuable information.

But to go back a step. Benjamin Collins was known as "old Ben," and became the head of the Ben tribe. Old Solomon Collins was the head of the *Sols*. The race was increasing so rapidly, by emigration and otherwise, that it became necessary to adopt other names than Collins. They fell, curiously enough, upon the first or Christian name of the head of a large family connection or tribe. Emigrants arriving attached themselves as they chose to the several tribes. After awhile, with an eye to brevity, doubtless, the word tribe was dropped from ordinary, every-day use. "The *Bens*," "the *Sols*," meant the Ben and Sol tribes. It appears that no tribe was ever called for old Vardy, although as long as he lived he was the recognized head and leader of the entire people.

This is doubtless due to the fact that in his day the settlement was new, and the people, and the one name *Collins* covered the entire population.

The original Collins people were Indian, there is no doubt about that, and they lived as the Indians lived until some-

time after the first white man appeared among them. All would huddle together in one room (?), sleep in one common bed of leaves, make themselves such necessary clothing as nature demanded, smoke, and dream away the good long days that were so dreamily delightful nowhere as they were on Newman's Ridge.

The Collins tribe multiplied more and more; it became necessary to have names, and a most peculiar method was hit upon for obtaining them.

Ben Collins' children were distinguished from the children of Sol and Vardy by prefixing the Christian name either of the father or mother to the Christian name of the child. For instance, Edmund Ben, Singleton Ben, Andrew Ben, and Zeke Ben, meant that Edmund, Singleton, Andrew, and Zeke were the sons of Ben Collins. Singleton Mitch, Levi Mitch, and Morris Mitch, meant that these were the sons of Mitchel Collins. In the next generation there was Jordan Ben (a son of old Benjamin Collins) who married Abby Sol, had a son who is called (he is still living, as before stated) Calloway Abby for his mother. The wife before marriage takes her father's Christian name; after marriage that of her husband. Calloway's wife, for instance, is Ann Calloway. It is not known, and cannot by any possibility be ascertained at what precise period other races first appeared among the "Collinses." For many years they occupied the Ridge without disturbance. The country was new, wild, and the few straggling settlements were glad of almost any human neighbors. Moreover, these strange people, who were then called the "Ridgemanites," the "Indians," and the "Black-Waterites" (because of a stream called Black Water, which flowed through their territory, the bed of which was, and is, covered with a peculiar dark slate rock which gives a black appearance to the stream), had chosen the rocky and inaccessible Ridge, while the fertile and beautiful valley of the Clinch lay open and inviting to the white settlers. The Ridgemanites were not striving for wealth evidently, and as land was plentiful and neighbors few, they held their bit of creation without molestation or interruption for years. They were all Collinses, as I said; those who followed the first-comers accepting the name already provided them. There was no mixture of blood; they claimed to be Indians and no man disputed it. They were called the "Collins tribe," until having multi-

plied to that extent it was necessary to *divide*, when the descendants of the several pioneers were separated, or divided, into *clans*. Then came the Ben clan, the Sol clan, the Mitch clan, and indeed every prominent head of a large relationship was recognized as the leader of his clan, which always bore his name. There was, to be sure, no set form or time at which this division was made. It was only one of those natural splits, gradual and necessary, which is the sure result of increasing strength.

They were still, however, we must observe, all Collinses. The main *tree* had not been disturbed by foreign grafting, and while all were not blood descendants of old Vardy they, at all events, had all fallen under his banner and appropriated his name.

The tree at last began to put forth branches, or rather three foreign shoots were grafted into the body of it, viz: the English (or white), Portuguese, and African.

The English branch began with the *Mullins* tribe, a very powerful tribe, next indeed for a long time to the Collins tribe, and at present the strongest of all the several branches, as well as the most daring and obstinate.

Old Jim Mullins, the father of the branch, was an Englishman, a trader, it is supposed, with the Indians. He was of a roving, daring disposition, and rather fond of the free abandon which characterizes the Indian. He was much given to sports, and was always "cheek by jowl" with the Cherokees and other tribes among which he mingled. What brought him to Newman's Ridge must have been, as it is said, this love for freedom and sport, and that careless existence known only to the Indians. He stumbled upon the Ridge settlement, fell in with the Ridgemanites, and never left them. He took for a wife one of their women, a descendant of old Sol Collins, and reared a family known as the "*Mullins* tribe." This is said to be the first white blood that mingled with the blood of the dusky Ridgemanites.

By marriage I mean to say (in their own language) they "took up together," having no set form of marriage service. So old Jim Mullins took up with a Malungeon woman, a Collins, by whom he had a large family of children. Some time after he exchanged wives with one Wyatt Collins, and proceeded to cultivate a second family. Wyatt Collins

also had a large family by his first wife, and was equally fortunate with the one for whom he traded her.

After the forming of Hancock County (Tennessee) old Mullins and Collins were forced to marry their wives according to the laws of the land, but all had children and grandchildren before they were lawfully married.

The Mullins tribe became exceedingly strong, and remains to-day the head of the Ridge people.

The African branch was introduced by one Goins (I spell it as they do) who emigrated from North Carolina after the formation of the State of Tennessee. Goins was a negro, and did not settle upon the Ridge, but lower down on Big Sycamore Creek in Powell's Valley. He took a Malungeon woman for a wife (took up with her), and reared a family or tribe. The Goins family may be easily recognized by their kinky hair, flat nose and foot, thick lips, and a complexion totally unlike the Collins and Mullins tribes. They possess many negro traits, too, which are wanting to the other tribes.

The Malungeons repudiate the idea of negro blood, yet some of the shiftless stragglers among them have married among the Goins people. They evade slights, snubs, censure, *and the law*, by claiming to have married Portuguese, there really being a Portuguese branch among the tribes.

The Goins tribe, however, was always looked upon with a touch of contempt, and was held in a kind of subjection, socially and politically, by the others.

The Mullins and Collins tribes will fight for their Indian blood. The Malungeons are not brave; indeed, they are great cowards and easily brow-beaten, accustomed to receiving all manner of insults which it never occurs to them to resent. Only in this matter of blood will they "show fight."

The Portuguese branch was for a long time a riddle, the existence of it being stoutly denied. It has at last, however, been traced to one Denhan, a Portuguese who married a Collins woman.

It seems that every runaway or straggler of any kind whatever, passing through the country took up his abode, temporarily or permanently, with the Malungeons, or as they were then called, the Ridgemanites. They were harmless, social, and good-natured when well acquainted with one —although at first suspicious, distant, and morose. While they

have never encouraged emigration to the Ridge they have sometimes been unable to prevent it.

Denhan, it is supposed, came from one of the Spanish settlements lying further to the South, settled on Mulberry Creek, and married a sister of old Sol Collins.

There is another story, however, about the Denhans. It is said that the first Denhan came as did the first Collins from North Carolina, and that he (or his ancestors) had been left upon the Carolina coast by some Portuguese pirate vessel plying along those shores. When the English wrested the island of Jamaica from Spain, in 1655, some fifteen hundred Spanish slaves fled to the mountains. Their number grew and their strength multiplied. For more than a hundred years they kept up a kind of guerilla warfare, for they were both savage and warlike. They were called "mountain negroes," or "maroons." The West Indian waters swarmed with piratical vessels at that time, the Portuguese being the most terrible and daring. The crews of these vessels were composed for the most part of these "mountain negroes." When they became insubordinate, or in any way useless, they were put ashore and left to take care of themselves. It is said the Denhans were put ashore on the Carolina coast. Their instincts carried them to the mountains, from which *one* emigrated to Newman's Ridge, then a part of the North Carolina territory.

So we have the four races, or representatives among, as they then began to be called, the Malungeons; namely, the Indian, the English, the Portuguese, and the African. Each is clearly distinct and easily recognized even to the present day.

The Portuguese blood has been a misfortune to the first Malungeons, inasmuch as it has been a shield to the Goins clan under which they have sought to shelter themselves and to repudiate the African streak.

There is a very marked difference between the two, however. There is an old blacksmith, a Portuguese, on Black Water Creek, as dark as a genuine African. Yet, there is a peculiar tinge to his complexion that is totally foreign to the negro. He has a white wife, a Mullins woman, a descendant of English and Indian. If Malungeon does indeed mean mixture, the children of this couple are certainly Malungeons. The blacksmith himself is a Denhan, grandson of the old Portugese emigrant and a Collins woman.

This, then, is the account of the Malungeons from their first appearance in that part of the country where they are still to be found, Tennessee.

It will be a matter of some interest to follow them down to the present day. Unlike the rest of the world they have progressed slowly. Their huts are still huts, their characteristics and instincts are still Indian, and their customs have lost but little of the old primitive exclusive and seclusive abandon characteristic of the sons of the forest.

AT A PATRIARCHS' BALL.

NO-NAME PAPER.

From pomps of flowers the music floats
In peals of long luxurious notes,
High o'er the glimmering wax-clad floor
Where lights their tempered largess pour,
And where, gay waifs on music's tide,
With arrowy grace the dancers glide.

How sumptuous all this festal scene!
What maids and youths of daintiest mien!
What gallant men, what queenlike tread
Of matrons rich-bediamonded!
What radiance, fragrance, art, mirth, ease,
—What mockery overmantling these!

For here in our New World, hard-won,
A century since, with sword and gun,
Our New World that by right made bold
We tore from talons of the Old,
In rebel rage whose cry still rings
Through history with the scorn of kings—
How sad such creeds and codes to scan,
Degenerate, unrepublican!

This haughty belle, that simpering beau,
Once roamed Versailles and Fontainebleau;
This purse-proud fop, that dame chill-souled,
Through White's and Almack's oft have strolled.
We know them each; their signs live yet —
Snob, egotist, plutocrat, coquette!

Ah, brave Republic, young, fire-eyed,
Were these the boons you prophesied?
That freedom chiefly should make free
Monopolist, upstart, Pharisee?
That sweet fraternity should glance
Calm on such glacial arrogance?
That wise equality should find
Such chasms of caste still rend mankind?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IS SOCIALISM DESIRABLE?

In setting forth my views on Socialism, I shall aim to be strictly just, as well as perfectly candid and unreserved, the more so since I entertain for those who stand at the head of the present Nationalistic movement the profoundest respect, and because I am convinced that the movement is grounded in sincerity and unselfishness, while the noblest motives inspire the great body of its adherents no less than its leaders. In its growth in our midst I see nothing surprising, since it is merely the blossoming of a theory of government which has been fostered during the past quarter of a century by a great political party; a theory of government which in the abstract is very alluring. Furthermore, the leading spirits of the present Socialistic movement are men and women of earnestness and character, who come neither from the blindly ignorant class, nor the morally enervated *dilettante*. For them I cherish the highest regard. To them I freely accord aims and impulses which spring from hearts overflowing with desire to elevate and improve the condition of society. But while granting all this, I cannot, from my point of view, agree with them in imagining that their theory of government would prove as great a blessing as it would be a curse. The cost, it appears to me, would be far greater than any favorable results we could rationally anticipate in the light of the past and the present, which are the only guides we have in making reasonable, fair, or safe deductions.

A QUERY ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE DISCUSSION.

But before entering into a discussion of the problem let us inquire whether the great social evil of the present time, the distorted condition which confronts us, is, as our Socialistic friends would have us believe, chiefly the result of that liberty which has made us in many respects the greatest nation in the world. I think not. If you will subtract from our millionnaire aristocracy all the wealth that has accrued from class or protective laws, or from special privileges and land monopoly, you will find how great a part the law-making bodies of our government have had in fostering wealth and producing poverty which to-day flourishes beneath the shadows of the same spires. Of late it has been popular to saddle upon Individualism many burdens which have arisen in whole or in part from governmentalism. To such an extent has this been carried that thousands of people have

grown to distrust liberty and place a wholly fictitious value on the very government which has been largely responsible for the evils now calling so loudly for redress.

A FUNDAMENTAL ERROR.

The lack of faith which the Socialists entertain for the individual is made up in their blind adoration of an all-powerful government, to be composed of these very same individuals. This position appears to me as amazing as it is illogical. If shrewd, unscrupulous, and designing men now so manipulate elections and law-making bodies as to defeat the ends of justice, would the condition of the blind Goddess be bettered by delegating supreme power to a government composed of the same individuals ? The object of Socialism is most worthy, but its weakness lies in the fact that it grounds its faith not in liberty but in governmentalism, something which during the past and at the present time has exhibited a spirit for tyranny commensurate with the power delegated to it. Socialism and philosophical Anarchism seem to presuppose an ideal civilization, or a commonwealth where the integral parts are truly civilized; where each man and woman squares his or her life by the Golden Rule.

In such an ideal democracy, Socialism might be tolerable, as no law would be enforced which would interfere with the moral convictions and happiness of the individual. In a less civilized commonwealth, such would not be the result, and tyranny, if we can make any safe or just deductions from the past or the present, would be inevitable. Many people appear to imagine that tyranny is confined to monarchies, when, as a matter of fact, the most hopeless oppression frequently blossoms forth in republics, most hopeless because an individual ruler or despot can be removed far more easily than we can overcome the inherited prejudices of a people who have been inflamed by adroit or designing priests, politicians, or representatives of conventional and popular thought. People endure injustices and wrongs from a government which they would not tolerate from an individual. * The all-important point which is so often lost sight of in discussion is the fact that it is not a regenerated or an ideal society with which Socialism proposes to deal, but with our own people substantially as we find them at the present time, with their inherited and acquired wickedness, avarice, cunning, intolerance, bigotry, and prejudice. If it was with a society in which the spirit of fraternalism predominated, the Edenic state which Socialism hopes to inaugurate would be present without any governmental compulsion. As a matter of fact, however, it is with *our society as we find it to-day* (and which we are frankly informed is controlled by the shrewd, designing, and unscrupulous, who with craft and demagogy delude the masses, or with trickery manipulate laws to further their own ends) that Nationalism must deal in the event of its success, and this being the case, the question naturally arises, what transformation is to take place by which these all-powerful

* See case of Powell *vs.* Pennsylvania in this paper.

spirits are to be metamorphosed into guileless lambs? What would hinder this same element of craft from soon gaining ascendency over the masses under Nationalism, by appealing to the selfish interests of the voters and supplanting high-minded officials? What means can Socialism invoke which cannot be brought about without a surrender of Individualism to this mysterious something called Government, and which has through all ages, as well as at the present time, worked mischief and misery in proportion as despotic power has been delegated to it? Surely if craft rules and often oppresses now, as Socialists would have us believe, it would be none the less impossible for the same spirit to rule then; indeed are we not justified in presuming that the evil would be many times greater, for resistance to a tyranny which would be all-powerful as the government outlined by those who favor military Socialism, would be even more hopeless than resistance to the police power of Russia, which is one of the most striking illustrations of an autocratic political machine in the world. I am aware that some will urge that the government, by leveling wealth, by confiscating the property and dealing the same portion to every individual, will remove the incentive which stimulates avarice.

TYRANNY AND INJUSTICE NOT NECESSARILY INSPIRED BY AVARICE.

This excuse, however, does not answer the objection, for in the first place the worst tyrannies of the ages have not been inspired by greed for gold, or depended upon bribery to accomplish their ends. The mere removing or attempting to remove the power or temptation to acquire wealth would not transform the character of the individuals who make up the state, *and upon the character of the people depends the success or failure of true civilization.* The cannibal does not lose the ferocity of nature by having human meat withheld. The most such restriction can accomplish is to modify the appetite. So, it seems to me, the most the panacea offered by Military Socialism could accomplish would be a modification of the selfish propensities of men in one direction; while against all these advantages there must be considered the ever present seeds of tyranny, which sooner or later would raise barriers to happiness, to freedom, to progress, which in the nature of things would prove inconceivably more injurious to society than any blessings that could reasonably be urged in favor of its claim, not the least among which is involved in its fundamental assumptions of *governmental Paternalism*, demanding as it does a concession which I believe, judging from history past and present, will inevitably prove disastrous to human growth, development, and happiness; to the proper unfoldment of the highest elements in man's being, and the untrammeled progress of civilization in all its varied paths.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE NEMESIS OF PATERNALISM.

Military Socialism rests upon the assumption that the safety of the state and the happiness of mankind depend on the tremendous concession which makes the state the parent, and the individual merely the puppet or child, who has no rights, no liberties, or no authority to act contrary to the wishes of the

parental government. This plea is by no means novel; it has been present in some form or other ever since the dawn of history. Chameleon-like, its appearance changes, but the spirit is the same; a spirit fatal to all that growth, which depends on liberty and tolerance, all progress and development, which bows not under the yoke of conventionality. At times this assumption has been arrogated by monarchy, at other times by religion. Now it is proposed to lodge the power which we have denied to monarchy and Church with this mysterious something called government. When it was swayed by absolute monarchy, the masses remained in comparative slavery, progress moved only on conventional lines, servility and hypocrisy assumed the throne of liberty and justice, and with rare exceptions the degree of cruel intolerance exhibited by the monarch was measured by the power he wielded and the degree of security he enjoyed in the exercise of his authority. He always ruled or pretended to rule as a father who governed his children, as he deemed they should be ruled. When the Church assumed the sceptre, the result was more terrible than the tyranny of the monarchy. This was obviously the case for many reasons, not the least among which was the consciousness that no single individual could be held responsible for the acts of the hierarchy, which like a paternal government claimed the allegiance and sanction of millions. Thus she assumed the function of a parent, and while claiming to follow the banner of Him who said "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," set about persecuting all who saw beyond her distorted vision, or thought not as she taught. They who, standing on a higher eminence than preceding generations, or the rank and file of their time, proclaimed broader thoughts, nobler creeds, and newer truths were burned, as were Bruno and Servetus, were imprisoned as was Galileo, were banished as was Roger Williams, were tortured as were the multitude beyond number who perished, from the days of the Holy Inquisition to the judicial murder of witches, and the persecution of Quakers and Baptists on the shores of the New World. And yet it must be remembered that these persecutions were always justified on the grounds that public morals and the weal of humanity demanded the destruction of deadly heresy. And these terrible persecutions were tolerated by the multitude, itself impotent against the magnificently organized Church, or because the prejudices of the people were with the Church, for prejudice, you know, is often stronger than any sentiments of humanity or justice. Whenever organized and entrenched power, whether it is represented by a monarch, a hierarchy, or the masses, has felt strong enough to assert absolute sway over the minority, intolerance, bigotry, and persecution have blasted the best lives and killed the noblest thoughts that have sought to blossom outside the lines which the ruling spirits have prescribed. The tyranny of authority over hostile or unpopular thought has, as a rule, been measured only by its power. But we are gravely informed that what has been unquestionably true of despotisms, whether secular or religious, in the past, will not to-day apply to a social despotism,

we are assured that in the hand of the masses there will be no danger of tyranny. Here again, however, history warns us of the fallacy of such an assumption. Wherever the power and authority of a despot is vested, whether with the individual, the Church, or the State, sooner or later tyranny will appear. Monarchs given absolute power have in rare instances proved benignant and not abused their trust, but in due time successors have exhibited all the ferocity of tyrants. Even religions, which are supposed to appeal to the ideal and the lofty in man's soul, once given power, have manifested the savage cruelty of demons.

SOME RECENT ILLUSTRATIONS OF INTOLERANCE WHICH BEAR ON THE QUESTION.

Nor do we find the state, under the rule of the masses, any exception to this rule, and because this fact is so serious I must emphasize it by citing a few illustrations of exhibitions of state tyranny in our midst at the present time; tyranny which shows that persecutions are only limited by the power vested in the state; tyranny which is blossoming at the present moment from the identical material from which Socialists propose to make their all-powerful government. There is to-day languishing in prison in Tennessee a man named King. He is a Second Adventist, and sincerely believes that Saturday instead of Sunday should be religiously observed. After worshipping God according to the dictates of his conscience on Saturday, he performed work on Sunday, as he could ill afford to be idle on the day which he regards in no way sacred. For this work he was arrested, prosecuted, branded a felon, and incarcerated. He had committed no crime. He in no way deserves the shameful imprisonment he is suffering; yet the prejudice of the majority sustains the infamous law that makes criminals of the innocent and takes not into consideration the rights of the minority. And what is more, the religious press is so dominated by bigotry and ancient prejudice that it is *blind alike to the Golden Rule and the inexorable demands of justice.* If in any State the Adventists, the Hebrews, or any other people who believed in observing Saturday instead of Sunday should happen to predominate, and they undertook to throw Christians into dungeons, and after branding them criminals should send them to the penitentiary for working on Saturday, indignation would blaze forth throughout christendom against the great injustice, the wrong against the liberty of the rights of the citizen. The only difference is that poor Mr. King is in the minority; he is the type of those who always have been and always will be made to suffer when government is strong enough to persecute all who do not accept what is considered truth and right by the majority.

Another illustration is found in the prosecution of Mrs. Lottie M. Post, Dubuque, Iowa, who, after the Orthodox physicians had pronounced two cases in a neighboring town absolutely hopeless, was called to minister to them. In each instance the patient consigned to the grave by the regular physician recovered under the gentle ministrations of this simple, pure-lived Christian Scientist. As soon as the cures were assured, Mrs. Post prepared to return to her home. Before she could take

her train, however, she was arrested for a common felon, prosecuted and fined fifty dollars, because, to use the exact words of the indictment, "she had practised a cure on one Mrs. George B. Freeman, and others, contrary to the law of the State of Iowa." And this is true. She had violated a most infamous law; she was branded as a criminal, *though the only crime she had committed was ministering to those supposed to be dying and calling them back to life.* Yet we are gravely informed that there is no danger of tyranny in a republic. I repeat, *that the intolerance of a republic is frequently limited only by its power.* Another case: There is to-day in Chicago a man named Caldwell, a Christian minister, who has been arrested, and if convicted will be sent to the penitentiary, who is not only absolutely innocent of any crime, but whose only offence can be summed up in two phrases, "seeking to make mankind better, purer, and holier," and "criticising our censors of morals in the Post Office Department and the so-called Anti-Vice Society." The essential tyranny of this prosecution is revealed by the fact that not until the Rev. Caldwell presumed to criticise the Government and the Anti-Vice Society in their persecution of Moses Harmon, did the authorities arrest him, although the charge of circulating immoral literature is based in part on the circulation of copies of an issue of his paper, *The Christian Life*, published and distributed *a year ago last November*, or more than six months before he was so injudicious as to express his honest thoughts about the tyranny of government. Now while the problem involved does not require any elaboration of the facts, I will briefly state the circumstances of this outrage to illustrate the *extent* to which governmental censorship is carried on at the present time in our own country, through the acceptance in a measure, of this dangerous theory of Paternalism.

The Rev. J. B. Caldwell published a little paper entitled *The Christian Life*. It is the organ of the National Purity Association, and is devoted to marital purity. No nobler, more needed, or humane reform was ever undertaken than this championed by Mr. Caldwell. On November, in 1889, the editor published in his paper a contribution on marital purity, written by the Rev. C. E. Walker, a Congregational minister in good standing, and of exceptionally pure life. This paper is unexceptionable in phraseology, and is an earnest plea for chastity. It was sent through the mails, and while it may have disturbed the consciences of some slaves of lust, and aroused some persons to a better life, certain it is that it could have done no harm, even to the most fastidious of those delicate and fragile children, whose parents, with criminal stupidity, have taught them to blush at the sight of a chaste statue. No notice was taken of this paper by Rev. Walker until after the editor of *The Christian Life* characterized as an outrage the imprisonment of Moses Harmon. After this, however, this article, which was heretofore apparently innocent in the eyes of the postal authorities and the Anti-Vice Society, seems to have suddenly assumed criminal proportions; consequently Mr. Caldwell was arrested, one of the main charges being the circulation of *the paper on*

marital purity in November, 1889! *The arrest was made in October*, 1890. In other cases of similar persecution of reformers, their religious belief or the coarse phraseology of some of their printed articles has been used for the purpose of casting the dust of prejudice in the eyes of the people; no such charge can be made in this case. Here a Christian minister, of irreproachable life, publishes a noble little journal in which he avoids coarse or vulgar phraseology, while he calls attention to crimes which are more than aught else debasing our children and enervating the moral character of a race. This noble reformer, after daring to criticise the action of the Government and Anti-Vice Society, is arrested like a felon on a criminal charge, and from all appearances, so thoroughly has a stygian lethargy taken hold of the people and the press, that they alike seem blind to the enormity of the crime against freedom, purity, and progress, which has been committed in the name of law. It is true the Rev. Caldwell is poor and somewhat obscure, but in the theory of our government these facts should be no justification for such shameful persecution.

Another event of very recent occurence affords a startling illustration of the menace to rightful freedom and true progress which lies in the path of governmental Paternalism. This is the recent passage of the Senate Election bill in California, which at one fell stroke places the monopoly of government in the hands of the two old parties, while it practically disfranchises four per cent. of the voters of California. This un-American law provides that no independent nominations shall be made except on the petition of five per cent. of the electors. Now at the last election the combined vote of the Prohibition and American party was but four per cent. of the entire vote, thus it bars them from the field of active politics. It will be seen at once that this law not only practically disfranchises a portion of the qualified voters of the commonwealth, but is a deadly blow to all reform movements. It is in essence as despotic as a ukase of the Czar. It contains the germ of poison, which, had it been present in the past, would have throttled in its infancy the Republican party, and which in the future may destroy all radical reform movements. It is a startling illustration of the logical results of that legislation which assumes the right of the State to treat her citizens as she sees fit; the right of the majority to act regardless of the great principles of individual liberty. What would the founders of this Republic have thought of such a monstrous proposition; they who imagined they were founding a government where the rights of every citizen would be respected; where the cause of reform and progress, no matter how unpopular with the majority, should be tolerated, even until it could triumph by a healthful educational process under the sunshine of perfect freedom. Again, does not this act, which is only one of a number of similar occurrences of recent date, show conclusively that it would not yet be safe to increase the arbitrary power of the government, such as all plans of Nationalism and military Socialism necessarily involve?

That the State as now constituted, — the State made up of the individuals who, under Socialism, would rule with supreme power, is not as humane, just, or tolerant as society demands the individual to be, must be apparent to every student of political economy. As an impressive illustration of the essential tyranny of the State when power is delegated to this mysterious something which nationalists are ready to worship as the essence of goodness, let me cite a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, and a statement of the tyranny involved in the statute which the court sustains. In the case of Powell vs. Pennsylvania, it was shown that a citizen by the name of Powell invested a small fortune in an oleomargarine factory, conscientiously carrying out the provisions of the statute passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, which authorizes the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. A subsequent Legislature passed a bill making it a misdemeanor to manufacture or sell this commodity in any form. It was further shown and admitted that the food was not injurious, that it was at once healthful and cheaper than butter, and that the manufacturer had strictly complied with the law regarding the proper stamping of the article. Nevertheless after Mr. Powell, acting in good faith, had invested his capital in the manufacture of oleomargarine, *in strict conformity to the law*, he was by this subsequent statute made a criminal and prosecuted by the State for doing what a previous Legislature had authorized. Moreover, the State made no provision for compensation while thus outlawing his business, and the Supreme Court upheld the State on the ground that it was within the power of the Commonwealth to make it a crime to sell any goods. In commenting on this extraordinary decision, Samuel Cooper, in the course of a suggestive paper on the tyranny of the State observes: —

Could a greater outrage have been inflicted on a citizen? The State passes laws that provide for the manufacture and sale of a commodity; then, after the business has been established, makes the citizen a criminal who put his capital into it at its invitation. To produce a cheap, wholesome food would seem to be deserving of commendation rather than a prison cell. It is not necessary to read the dissenting opinion to be convinced that such a statute deprives the citizen of life, liberty, and property without due process of law. What should be said of a private person or corporation that committed the crime of inducing another, by false promises, to invest his all in a business acknowledged to be beneficial to mankind, and then deprived him of it and put him in jail?

This case alone forcibly illustrates how necessary it is to call a halt in the paternalistic tendency of our present legislation, which seeks to lodge absolute power, regardless of the principles of liberty, justice, and integrity, with the State; and secondly, to illustrate how dangerous it would be to sanction any scheme of government which insists on increasing the powers of this irresponsible government.

In the above instances I have given the absolute facts as they exist, in as few words as possible. I have selected typical cases where persecutions have recently occurred from widely different causes. I might

multiply illustrations of this growing spirit of intolerance until I wearied my readers, each emphasizing the all-important fact that all the majority wishes is the sanction of law to make its crimes against the minority assume a show of respectability. All that retards persecutions is the limit of the sanction of law, and I submit that in the light of history, and in the face of the wrongs of the present, any increase of governmental power menaces the liberty, the happiness, and growth of the individual. The sanction of authority has ever been the cloak for persecution; while on the other hand it is equally true that our growth, our marvellous strides in intellectual development and scientific attainment, our quickened moral and religious sensibilities, which compel us to realize to-day as never before the wrongs that exist, all this growth which alone marks the progress of true civilization, has been precisely in proportion as man has been free, exactly as he has enjoyed liberty of thought, of speech, and action.

THE REASON WHY THE PAST CENTURY IS THE FLOWER OF ALL AGES.

What so much as freedom and toleration has made the past century pre-eminently the flower of all the ages? Had Charles Darwin or Alfred Russell Wallace lived two centuries earlier, they would have perished had they insisted on proclaiming the great truths of evolution, and the conservative world would have sanctioned their destruction. No one who remembers the misrepresentation, calumny, and social ostracism heaped on the head of Charles Darwin, or the spirit of ferocious intolerance that blazed forth from the religious press and pulpit when the great apostle of evolution published the results of his years of patient study, can doubt that death would have overtaken him in an age that sanctioned governmental paternalism. Fortunately for him, and doubly fortunate for the world, he and his great co-laborers came forth at a moment when a tremendous reaction from Paternalism had set in. It was largely owing to this fortunate incident also, that the great Republic has become so splendid under the benign influence of liberty. It was grounded at a time when the current of human thought had set in strongly toward Individualism; when wearying of persecutions of State and Church, the people called for liberty and toleration. It was in this atmosphere that our Constitution was born, and only since we have taken to aping the habits of thought of effete and decaying monarchies, has the tide toward governmental control and against toleration and liberty set in.

THE VANGUARD OF PROGRESS MUST EVER BE IN THE MINORITY.

Humanity seems determined to ignore the great truth which every age has emphasized, that those scorned and hated by the masses to-day for their thought are the prophets of to-morrow. Slain in one age, they have monuments to their virtue and worth erected by a succeeding generation. The majority of the world's most valuable truths as Dumas has observed, "were in their infancy looked upon as idle dreams" or as poisonous errors which should be stamped out. *The vanguard of the ages have*

always been in the minority. If popular thought or conservatism had given to the world a tithe of the wealth in scientific discovery, in invention, or in ethics that has come from the despised dreamers, the iconoclasts, and the prophets, Socialism, which looks toward surrendering human liberty or the freedom of the individual to the State, would appear less tragic. It is a terrible thing to hamper the thought, fetter the brain, or check the honest utterances of anyone; but when this wrong carries with it the power of conservatism to say to progress "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," the crime becomes colossal.

The censorship of the press, the drama, and the rostrum, or the government control of these great voices of truth, which logically form a part of a paternal government, such as would be exhibited under Nationalism or military Socialism, means an embargo on independent thought and healthful liberty outside of orthodox or conservative lines.

A MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS OF THE CAUSE OF OUR SOCIAL EVILS.

Again, is it not possible that Socialists may be substituting a result for the cause of the evil? Is it not true that our present deplorable social conditions are merely results of human degeneracy, of a lack of the proper development of character? I think this is the case. And furthermore I think they are inclined to unconsciously magnify the evils in our present social and industrial conditions, or at least dwell on them at the expense of other evils almost as grave, many of which are the direct result of legislation or governmental interference. All physicians recognize the fact that frequently on the bodies of patients appear sores that are frightfully disgusting, resulting from poisons in the blood, and which, if healed without first placing the mind and body in a healthy condition, will result in far greater evils to the constitution than the ulcer, as frequently the poison which remains in the system attacks a vital organ, when death supervenes; whereas, if the system is placed in the way of health, and the poisons assailed at their fountain head, the sore heals. Now, as I view this matter, Socialism hopes to heal the economic sore by the application of legislation, while the body politic, the rank and file who compose those who to-day make up the Republic, are permeated with selfishness, ambition, the lust for power, the lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh. We are informed that the heartless selfishness of the moneyed power produces the major evils in our present economic conditions, but did you never reflect that selfishness and the lust for power permeate every stratum in the present condition of society? And here let us quote some sober and temperate thoughts recently expressed by Herbert Spencer:—

Instead of the selfishness of the employing classes and the selfishness of competition, we are to have the unselfishness of a mutually aiding system. How far is this unselfishness now shown in the behavior of working-men to one another? What shall we say to the rules limiting the numbers of new hands admitted into each trade, or to the rules which hinder ascent from inferior classes of workers to superior classes?

One does not see in such regulations any of that altruism by which Socialism is to be pervaded. Contrariwise, one sees a pursuit of private interests no less keen than among traders. Hence, unless we suppose that men's natures will be suddenly exalted, we must conclude that the pursuit of private interests will sway the doings of all the component classes in a socialistic society. Again there will come the rejoinder: "We shall guard against all that. Everybody will be educated; and all, with their eyes constantly open to the abuse of power, will be quick to prevent it." The worth of these expectations would be small, even could we not identify the causes which will bring disappointment; for in human affairs the most promising schemes go wrong in ways which no one anticipated. But in this case the going wrong will be necessitated by causes which are conspicuous. The working of institutions is determined by men's characters, and the existing defects in their characters will inevitably bring about the results above indicated. There is no adequate endowment of those sentiments required to prevent the growth of a despotic bureaucracy.

As Mr. Spencer observes, we are met the moment we point out the facts by the assurance that the people will be educated up to the point of fraternalism. If that is true, we will have voluntary co-operation which is highly desirable, instead of a military despotism. If fraternalism exists there will be no demand for Paternalism. If it does not exist, the same evils seething in the body politic at present, when given the powers of an absolute bureaucracy, must necessarily result as they have resulted in the monarchial, religious and popular governments of the past when power has been given the ruling class. After a careful study of this problem in the light of the past and the present, but in a purely friendly spirit, I find my conclusions accord with Mr. Spencer, when he observes : "My opposition to Socialism results from the belief that it would stop the progress to such a higher state, and bring back a lower state."

Once again : It has never been proved that the evils which have grown out of extreme wealth and the unjust inequality of conditions, cannot be overcome without resort to a policy which is open to such grave and well-founded objections as Paternalism. Revolutionary measures, or for that matter any legislative step which in the least infringes on the liberty of the citizen, cannot be justified, and should not be entertained until after it has been demonstrated that the menace cannot be removed by agencies which will not curtail the freedom of the individual. Now I believe that with a continued agitation and constant appeals to the conscience of the people in precisely the same way that Jesus appealed to the conscience of the individual, the time will soon arrive wherein measures which are not at variance with the principles underlying Individualism, and which will be free from the seeds of tyranny, will be brought about. Civilization is on the upward trend. The tremendous moral awakening of the present day which marks a new epoch in man's advancement, and which has been coming up to its present gigantic proportions for several generations, speaks most eloquently of the moral energy of the people. This agitation is healthful ; it is doing for us what

a true education would have accomplished. It is giving energy and force to character.

THE PRIME CAUSE OF OUR SOCIAL EVILS IS LACK OF CHARACTER.

To me the causes of the sad phases of life to-day are more than aught else traceable to a defective education through successive generations. Parents have largely overlooked the solemn responsibility of character-building which devolved upon them. They supposed that the school and the Church would cultivate the brain and soul. The school taught the brain along purely intellectual lines, leaving the Church and home to develop the ethical side of life, and the Church, forgetting her loftiest mission in profitless strife and contention over dogma, rite, and ritual, has largely failed in the work she might have wrought; hence the greatest need of the hour is a persistent ethical agitation; to quicken the dormant energies in the heart of the people. If this great work is faithfully pursued, while the necessity for liberty, toleration, and justice shaping our every act is strenuously insisted upon, I believe that measures will be devised for reducing uninvited poverty to the minimum and fostering all that is best, noblest, and grandest in the soul of man. *In the sunlight of liberty I see a growing world.* In the radiance of her smile man triumphs over error and superstition. But in the shadow of Paternalism, progress has ever withered, science has been a fugitive, and the vanguard of civilization have suffered ignominious death. No lesson is more impressively taught by the ages than that *science, progress, and human unfoldment move in the wake of liberty.* I have no faith in any theory of government that distrusts human freedom. I believe that no enduring progress or true civilization can be builded on other foundation than liberty and justice.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

VOLUME III. OF THE ARENA.

At the announcement of this, our third volume, we desire to express our appreciation to the magazine-reading public, for the cordial reception extended to The Arena since its inception. Our subscriptions and sales have steadily and rapidly grown since our first issue, and during the past few months our increase has been phenomenal. From the hundreds of letters we are monthly receiving from leading thinkers and prominent workers in the various practical reforms of the day, we feel that The Arena is a great ethical as well as intellectual power in the land; that it is doing a positive work in making people think broadly and bravely, in quickening their moral susceptibilities, and arousing their interest in all those great reformative measures, upon which depend enduring progress and true civilization. Our conscientious purpose in the future, as in the past, will be to make The Arena a great review of the best thought of the age, fair, progressive, just, and liberal, encouraging the greatest possible hospitality among thinkers, the cordial exchange of ideas among the master brains of the day. No pains or expense will be spared to make The Arena indispensable to every one who is thinking along live lines of thought, or who is interested in the great questions which must interest all who are in the van of the world's onward marching workers. Most of the names given below, who have contributed to The Arena during the past, will contribute to our pages during the ensuing year.

Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D.
W. H. H. Murray.
Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.
Bishop J. L. Spalding.
Pres. Chas. W. Eliot, of Harvard Univ.
Dion Boucicault.
Helena Modjeska.
Canon W. H. Fremantle, of Oxford.
Rev. Howard Crosby.
Rabbi Solomon Schindler.
Laurence Grönlund.
Mary A. Livermore.
Prof. W. S. Scarborough.
Louis Frechette.
Senator John T. Morgan.
Prof. Brentano, of Academy Paris.
Elizabeth Cady Stanton,
Prof. Sheridan P. Wait.
Geo. F. Shrady, A. M., M. D.
Prof. Paul Paquin, Mo. State Univ.
Jennie June.
Richard Hodgson, LL. D.
Frances E. Willard.
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Junius Henri Browne.
Rev. W. E. Manley, D. D.
Dr. Emily Kempin, LL. D.
Hamlin Garland.
Helen Campbell.
Joaquin Miller.
Edgar Fawcett.
O. B. Frothingham.
Senator Wade Hampton.
Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan.
Prof. Alfred Hennequin.
Rev. R. Heber Newton.
Henry George.
H. H. Gardener.
Hugh O. Pentecost.
Prof. N. S. Shaler.
Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge.
Judge J. H. Keatley.
James Realf, Jr.
Marion Harland.
Abby Morton Diaz.
A. C. Wheeler.
Prof. Chas. Creighton, A. M., M. D.
Rev. John W. Chadwick.
Gen. Marcus J. Wright.
Thomas P. Gorman.
C. Wood Davis.
Pres. E. B. Andrews, of Brown Univ.
Rev. Carlos Martyn, D. D.
Rev. Samuel W. Dike, D. D.

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS.

A number of other writers who represent the foremost thought of America and

Europe have prepared papers for THE ARENA, which will shortly appear, among which we mention

Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., LL. D., of England.

Two papers appear in January and February ARENAS, forming the opening contributions of a striking series of critical and scientific papers on "Psychic Research." I. PAPER. "*Are there Objective Apparitions?*" II. PAPER. "*The Nature and Causes of Apparitions.*" These papers will be followed by other papers by leading scientific investigators whose opinions and observations must challenge the thoughtful consideration of seekers after truth.

Camille Flammarion, the Great French Astronomer. A paper on the Planet Mars, which will appear in an early issue.

Prof. Th. F. Brentano, of Free School of Political Sciences of Paris. Two papers on *The Logic of Port Royal and Modern Science, with Introduction by Geo. Albert Meyers.*

Geo. L. Stewart, D. C. L., LL. D., of Quebec. A critical paper on *J. G. Whittier.* This is one of a series of biographical and critical papers on leading writers, thinkers, and moulders of thought, which will appear in THE ARENA for 1891.

Prof. Jas. T. Bixby, Ph. D. "*The Higher Criticism of the Old Testament.*" The opening paper of a series of contributions by leading essayists of the day who reflect the ripest scholarship of the nineteenth century.

Prof. Willis Boughton, of Ohio University. "*The Negro's Place in History.*"

Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Temple Adath Israel, Boston, Mass. "*Migration: a Law of Nature.*" The opening contribution of a series of papers on the Emigration Problem, which will be ably discussed during the ensuing year.

Hamlin Garland. "*A Declaration of Rights.*" A strong plea for freedom. This paper by the ablest advocate of the Single Tax in New England is the first contribution to our second series of papers on social and industrial problems of to-day, which will be a strong feature of THE ARENA for 1891.

Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan. "*The Education of the Future.*" The initial paper of a series of papers on education in its broader aspects.

John H. Keatley, late United States Judge of Alaska. "*Under the Arctic Circle,*" describing a portion of our domain about which little is known.

Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of Kentucky University. "*The New Testament Doctrine of Inspiration.*"

Among other writers who will be represented in early issues are the following: Hon. JOHN WELCH, LL. D., Late Judge of Supreme Court of Ohio; Rev. CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., Rev. W. E. MANLEY, D. D., HAMLIN GARLAND, Rev. HOWARD MAC QUEARY, Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE, LOUIS FRECHETTE, *Poet Laureate* of Canada, FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

These are a few of many writers who have prepared or are preparing papers for early issues of THE ARENA. Choice stories carrying strong morals, as well as ably written biographies, will be continued. Full-page portraits of leading persons will appear in each issue as heretofore. It will be our conscientious aim to supply our readers at all times with the brightest and best thought of the age and to fully meet the demand of this age of unrest, of progress, and of growth.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE PRESENT NUMBER of THE ARENA is an earnest of what our readers will receive each month during the ensuing year. We propose to make THE ARENA absolutely indispensable to every *live thinker* among magazine readers.

The letters of Count Tolstoï and the late Rev. Adin Ballou, in this issue of THE ARENA, form a valuable contribution to current magazine literature. They give, with great clearness, the views entertained by two remarkable men; children of radically different civilizations, but both influenced by the same life and teachings. The portrait of Count Tolstoï is from a photograph made from a painting, and forwarded by Tolstoï to Dr. Ballou.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the author of "Urania," and the greatest living astronomer of France, has prepared a paper on the "Planet Mars," which will be a feature of our January number. It is a remarkably valuable contribution from a man who has spent over a score of years in careful observation of this interesting planet.

OUR SERIES OF PAPERS treating on social and industrial questions, will be opened in the January ARENA by Mr. Hamlin Garland's scholarly presentation of the Single Tax theory. The paper is entitled "A Declaration of Rights," and will be an important contribution to the social and industrial literature of the day.

REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY, the scholarly clergyman who has created such a sensation in the Episcopalian church by his sermons on Evolution, has prepared a paper on Shelley, the Sceptic, which will appear at an early date.

OUR SERIES OF PAPERS on Psychical Research, which have attracted such wide-spread attention throughout the thinking world, indicate that the best brains of the age are ready to scientifically investigate the marvellous psychological phenomena that have, during recent years, challenged the thought of able minds in every civilized land. The belief is gaining currency, year by year, among an increasing body of scientific thinkers and investigators, that we are on the boundary of a realm of marvellous discoveries of the greatest scientific and ethical value. To arrive at the truth, and the truth alone, must be the conscientious desire of every earnest thinker. We have made arrangements for a series of papers on Psychic Research from the greatest and most authoritative scientific minds of the age. This series will be opened, in the January ARENA, by the great English scientist, ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, D. C. L., LL. D., whose opening paper entitled, "Are there Objective Apparitions?" will consist of an exhaustive examination of the data collected by the English Society for Psychical Research, and other authentic data. This paper will be followed by another from the pen of Mr. Wallace, entitled "What are Phantoms? or the Nature and Causes of Apparitions." These papers will be followed by others of no less importance, contributed to THE ARENA by some of the profoundest thinkers of this century. Our object is to have discussed all phases of the great problems involved, in a thoroughly scientific manner. Much has been accomplished in this direction, during the past few years, by leading thinkers and writers. Much more of the truth will be elicited by searching inquiry. It is the truth that we of the present age want, not any fine-spun theory, not any pleasing delusion, not any untrustworthy data, carelessly obtained for the purpose of bolstering up some old-time belief, or some ingenious modern theory. It is the truth, the plain, unvarnished truth. The thousands of interested investigators of psychic phenomena will find in THE ARENA, the ablest papers on all phases of this great theme to be found in any *review* published in the world.

THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT'S thoughtful paper on "What is Christianity?" will be followed by contributions from leading clergymen in other denominations who will discuss this problem in the light of nineteenth century thought.

GEO. L. STEWART, D. C. L., LL. D., the scholarly editor of the Quebec *Chronicle*, has prepared a brilliant paper on Whittier which will be a feature of an early issue of THE ARENA. An interesting criticism on Walt Whitman will also be a feature of an early issue.

GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT, whose paper on "The Prorogation of the British Parliament" in a recent ARENA was so widely quoted, has prepared a paper for THE ARENA of great interest on "The British House of Commons."

MR. GARLAND'S story in this issue of THE ARENA is one of the finest pieces of realism that has recently appeared. Many tears will start from eyes unused to tears who in this striking picture, will recall their home-coming after the war.

HELEN H. GARDENER'S powerful paper on the disposal of the "morally, mentally, and physically" dead by the great metropolis, should do much good. She has portrayed a frightful condition of affairs in a vivid manner. I do not think such things would be tolerated a day, if the people as a whole knew the facts as here given.

"WHILE other Reviews of its class," writes Kate Buffington Davis, "stimulate my brain but leave my soul to starve, in your Review both mind and soul find satisfaction." It is our aim to play upon the moral impulse as well as the intellectual faculties of our readers, that they may appreciate the great responsibilities that the present places on every soul.

THE PHOTOGRAVURES that appear in this issue are peculiarly interesting. COUNT TOLSTOI, the type of a noble soul which stands on the frontier of an awakening civilization—a great man intellectually but still greater morally, erratic and extreme in his belief perhaps, but a man whose sturdy virtue and self-denial is a positive inspiration in this age of moral cowardice, selfishness, and vice. HELEN H. GARDENER, the brilliant young authoress, is the daughter of a minister, though she herself is a rationalist. A woman whose soul is aglow with the most exalted moral enthusiasm—a lover of justice—a friend of the poor. REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, of Plymouth church, a brave, earnest worker, whose brave utterances prove how thoroughly he is in sympathy with the poor. He probably more consistently represents primitive Christianity in his teachings than any other leading orthodox clergyman in America. HAMLIN GARLAND, another friend of the poor, and a devoted worker in social and economic fields, is a young man who has the courage of his convictions, and, to my mind, one of the brightest young authors of the day. I believe he will prove an important figure in the social as well as literary world, within the next few years. Each face represents *positive thought* and *moral strength*. Though their views are widely divergent on most points, all are in profound sympathy with the great toiling poor of to-day.

President E. B. Andrews.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS, of Brown University, whose paper appears in this number of THE ARENA, was born in 1844. He was in the army from early 1861 till late 1864, in Virginia and Maryland. Coming home he graduated from Brown University in the class of '70. Became the same year Principal of Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield, and in 1875 President of Denison University, Granville, Ohio. Was there four years, resigning in 1879 to accept a professorship in the Theological Institution at Newton Centre. Resigned this position in 1882 to accept professorship of history and political economy in Brown University, succeeding Professor Diman. Instead of entering at once on this work, he spent a year studying in Berlin and Munich. Resigned at Brown in 1888 to accept professorship of Economics and Public Finance in Cornell University. After being there one year was called back to Brown as President.

Our No-Name Paper No. 8.

Our "No-Name" paper on the "Post-Master-General and the Censorship of Morals," has created widespread comment, and has been extensively noticed in editorials throughout the land, which is most gratifying in that it shows how general is the sentiment that the foreign born censorship idea is repellent to the best minds of America. In the course of a column editorial on this paper,

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS DAILY NEWS, of Denver, says:—

This subject and the danger it suggests has been revived by a pungent article in the October *Arena*, the youngest of the high-class monthlies, but not a whit behind the best in the intellectual calibre of its contributors, with a clear advantage over all in the scope of its utility — a point in literary enterprise that is now meeting with a measure of appreciation never accorded to it in the past. The dictum of Mr. Wanamaker against "The Kreutzer Sonata," and its exclusion from the mails, is the occasion of a timely warning against precedents that may be used to promote the stealthy efforts now being made in behalf of legislation designed to restrict personal liberty by imposing the views of one class upon another in respect to matters that are left to individual judgment by the constitution and spirit of our government. As to Count Tolstoi's book, enough has been said in these columns. No one acquainted with the author's life and character will question that it was written with a high moral purpose. It presents a repulsive phase of marriage life, true to nature, and the writer's great blunder is in treating it as the rule rather than the exception. While the picture is revolting, it has not the shadow of a licentious or immoral tendency. Such is the pronounced judgment of the best authorities in this country. Even Mr. Wanamaker has shrunk from the censure and ridicule of an act for which he is responsible, and now shifts it to the shoulders of a subordinate. But the incident has value only as it shows the irresponsible power that is vested by law in the post-office department, or at least is claimed and exercised by its officials.

TO-DAY, OF BOSTON,

in an editorial notice says: —

The article on the *Censorship of Morals and Literature* exercised by the Post-master-General on a recent occasion is admirably conceived and well written. It is a little unfortunate that the author should have deemed it necessary to enter into the question of the real character of "The Kreutzer Sonata," excluded from the mails by an order from Washington; for the rest of the article shows that he could have written quite as effectively from a broader political basis. However, the case is not without logical propriety, for it is the inseparable accompaniment of censorship that just such cases should arise. The writer does not confine himself to a discussion of the interference of the post-office merely, but deals with the other cases of censorship now so familiar to the American people as the performances of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Illustrations are given of the exercise of tyrannical power over individuals by the agents of this society. The tendency toward political aggrandizement and the restriction of personal liberty is ably described. The case against the Government and in favor of the individual is presented with clearness and force. It is much the best political essay in this number of the magazine. It is just as well that the article was published without the name of the writer; for it is one of the few that can stand on its own merits, and lose nothing by the absence of the fictitious value given by signatures.

THE COLUMBUS EVENING POST says:—

In the No Name Series is a strong article on the "Postmaster General and the Censorship of Morals." The article is one of exceeding plainness, lucidity, and force. Not only is Mr. Wanamaker's suppression of the "Kreutzer Sonata" from the mails, but the law which places such power in the hands of one man is strongly militated against, as affording an opportunity for political abuse.

The writer has the courage of his convictions, and takes a strong stand, while his earnestness and the force of his devotion make the article a readable and interesting one.

The above are examples of a large number of commendatory notices that have appeared in representative journals of the country.

THE voting on this paper has been very heavy, and as usual there has been a wide diversity of opinions as to its author, as will be seen in the following extracts from letters received:—

I have carefully read No. 8, but did not intend to make a guess at the author, but somehow I think that I have discovered him in Hugh O. Pentecost. It is hard to get at the author of this paper, as it is on a question of the day, and is an indignant protest nearly all the way through. It therefore has the style of an "indignant protest," and could be attributed to any number of writers of

THE ARENA, when "they are to wrath inclined." I think that it is Pentecost, because the writer carries to the ultimate conclusion the natural results of such invasions of rights as he is treating on. Most of us would steadfastly believe that before the "utmost" was reached the good sense of the people would interfere. Now, Mr. Pentecost may think likewise, but if he does he never betrays himself, but hammers away at the evil with all his might in the hope that it will be remedied at once, and not allowed to cause useless suffering while the slow conscience of the public is waking up.

The first part of the paper, while not part of the "protest" still does not give much chance to detect the author, as it is simply narrative in form. The next to the last paragraph puzzles me, for that *does not look* like Pentecost, and yet that is the only real place where the author is in his natural mood — stopping to take breath — and therefore ought to betray the authorship.

C. A. S., PAULDING, OHIO.

THINKS COL. INGERSOLL WROTE IT.

My guess for author of "No-Name" paper, No. 8, current number of THE ARENA, is Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

W. H., PENSACOLA, FLA.

BELIEVES MR. MURRAY THE AUTHOR.

The October number of THE ARENA is received and partly read. I desire to guess on the author of the "No-Name" Series, No. 8. I would take the author to be Mr. W. H. H. Murray. I base my guess on him from the fact that the author advocates the same view that Mr. Murray does on the question of religious legislation.

PENTECOST, INGERSOLL OR SAVAGE.

The fearlessness which characterizes No-Name paper, No. 8 (the Postmaster-General and the Censorship of Morals), leads me to think it must have been written by one of three persons: viz.: Mr. Pentecost, Mr. Savage, or Colonel Ingersoll. It does not seem to be in Mr. Savage's usual style. Of the other two I would guess Colonel Ingersoll. The sentiments of the last page, particularly, are sentiments which have elsewhere been expressed by him.

F. G. L., AKRON, OHIO.

THINKS IT WRITTEN BY COL. INGERSOLL.

I want to record my guess on the No-Name paper, No. 8.

I think Col. R. G. Ingersoll wrote it.

What a magazine THE ARENA is! there are none like it in our estimation. We look eagerly forward to its coming, and it is as eagerly read when received.

E. L. W., LYNDON, VT.

My guess as to the authorship of No-Name, article, No. 8, in October ARENA, is "Robert G. Ingersoll."

J. G., LOCKPORT, N. H.

HEBER NEWTON.

Is the author of No-Name Series, No. 8, R. Heber Newton?

N. F. W., NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

A number of votes were cast for Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Helen H. Gardener, and Professor Buchanan.

SOME CORRECT GUESSES.

I have read the "No-Name" article in October number. It was a long time before I could made up my mind who to suggest as the author, but finally thought I would suggest the editor. I hope I am correct, but whether I am or not, I would say that I entirely sympathize with the views expressed in it.

MRS. A. M. MITCHELL, MELROSE, MASS.

When I read "Postmaster General," I decided that the editor was the author, but the note on the "No-Name" paper in "Notes and Comments" staggered me somewhat; however, I still think he wrote the article.

JENNIE FULLER, HARTLAND, ME.

Dear Sir,— I feel that the grand article, "No-Name Series, No. 8," is worthy of your pen, and feel as well that you are its author. I ascribe it to you.

J. E. P. CLARK, 2721 So. Bryant Av.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Our next "No-Name" paper, which has been crowded out of this issue, will appear in January, entitled "Would We Live Our Lives Over Again?"

BOOK CHAT AND LITERARY NOTES.

THE new biography of WENDELL PHILLIPS by Rev. Carlos Martyn contains a fine picture of the great agitator as a frontispiece. It also contains three of Mr. Phillips' great masterpieces: The Scholar in a Republic, the Lost Arts and Daniel O'Connell. The biography is written in Dr. Martyn's brilliant, epigrammatic style. The author is so thoroughly in love with his subject, however, that one cannot avoid the impression that surrounding personages are often somewhat dwarfed in order that the hero may stand forth a giant. But with the exception of this blemish and an occasional phrase which seems somewhat out of place and conveys the idea of haste in composition, the work is a charming composition, which will hold the reader's attention from first to last. It is as absorbing as a strong work of fiction and very inspiring; a book that should prove very popular and which will undoubtedly do great good. I know of no better book to place in the hands of boys, or better still to read aloud during the winter evenings when the family circle have gathered around the fireside. A life like Wendell Phillips' will always prove a tremendou sinspiration to the moral elements in a child's nature, and Mr. Martyn has made a wonderfully fascinating story, bristling with anecdotes and pleasant incidents.

FOR one who wishes to gain a clear conception of the evolution theory without reading the great works of Darwin, Wallace, and others, tireless scientific workers, we recommend the scholarly, yet by no means dry, work of E. P. Powell, entitled "OUR HEREDITY FROM GOD." Mr. Powell, after thorough research through the works of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Fiske, Max Muller, Ribot, and many other thinkers, brings before the reader in a powerful way the result of his investigations. We believe our readers will appreciate this most excellent work.

"GLIMPSES OF FIFTY YEARS," by Frances E. Willard. This autobiography by Miss Willard is written in a most delightful manner. Her thousands and tens of thousands of friends doubtless appreciate the story of the life of one of the most remarkable women of to-day; a woman who does not believe as I do on many points, but who is a strong, brave, conscientious worker for what she believes to be man's highest need. I hope shortly to be able to review this work at length.

THE LADY WITH THE CAMELLIAS, published by Belford Co., of New York, is a translation of the well known work of the younger Dumas. It is well written from an artistic point of view, but the atmosphere of the book is unhealthy. We cannot recommend it because we believe such works do no good and not infrequently do harm.

NOT so with Mr. Fawcett's "HOW A HUSBAND FORGAVE." This is an able work which deals with the evil to be found in high life in New York, in the same manly manner in which he handles the terrible temptations which poor young girls are subjected to in a great city in his remarkable novel "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO." Both these works are powerful pen pictures of crying evils which exist to-day. They are books which will make men think; which will awaken in the mind of the reader some idea of the moral depravity of society, which is to-day sapping the vitality out of our national life.

WE are not surprised to learn that Miss Cynthia Cleveland's novel, "HIS HONOR," is meeting with great success. It is well written — a pleasing work by an earnest and gifted woman. Many of the passages are very fine, while the interest is well sustained. The cloth edition is very richly bound in white, blue, black, and gold.

"OCEANIDES," A PSYCHICAL NOVEL. This entertaining romance is on the whole well written. Its frequent repetitions of words and ideas is a serious defect, and gives the idea of hasty composition. It belongs to a rapidly increasing literature which deals largely with the occult; in fact, disembodied spirits occupy a prominent place in the work. A love story forms the skeleton around which much entertaining speculation about this life and the life to come is woven.

IN "MYSELF," by Lafayette C. Loomis, we have an admirable little work, containing extracts from the writings of earth's greatest teachers of all ages, relating to the origin and destiny of man and the right ordering of life. Mr. Loomis in his preface observes: — "The great teachers of mankind have bequeathed to us a record of their thought touching this most absorbing of all human interests; whatever their religion or their civilization, the supreme end of life with them to learn the will of the Creator of mankind, and to walk in the ways appointed by Him."

The extracts which make up the work are judiciously made, and contain much of the noblest thought of earth's loftiest children.

Mr. H. L. Greene has brought out in a tasty little cloth-bound volume of nearly one hundred pages, Lucy Coleman's "REMINISCENCES." This work, as all who are acquainted with the author will know, is well written. There are no dull pages and many of the incidents in this remarkable life are of thrilling interest.

PHYSICAL TRAINING, by Felix L. Oswald, is a work of rare value, scholarly, interesting, and rich in practical good sense. Those who read it will be greatly benefited by its suggestions.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"GLIMPSES OF FIFTY YEARS." 700 pages, richly illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth, stamped in gold, silver and black. Published by Woman's Temperance Pub. Association, Chicago.

"OUR HEREDITY FROM GOD," by E. P. Powell, third edition, 432 pages, cloth, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"UPWARD STEPS IN SEVENTY YEARS," by Giles B. Stebbins. N. Y. United States Book Co., cloth, 308 pages.

"REMINISCENCES," by Lucy N. Coleman. H. L. Greene, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

"WENDELL PHILLIPS, THE AGITATOR," by Rev. Carlos Martyn, 600 pages, cloth, price, $1.25.

"HIS HONOR, OR FATE'S MYSTERIES," Cynthia E. Cleveland. Handsomely bound in cloth, $1.50, paper, 50 cents.

"PHYSICAL EDUCATION," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D. Cloth, 257 pages, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"OUR DESTINY," by Laurence Grönlund, A. M., 200 pages, paper, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"ME AND CHUMMY," by Coyne Fletcher, 264 pages, paper, 25 cents.

"EASTWARD; OR, A BUDDHIST LOVER." A novel. 267 pages, cloth, $1.50. J. G. Cupples & Co., Boston.

"PENELOPE'S WEB." A novel of Italy, by Owen Innsley, cloth, 330 pages, price $1.50, J. G. Cupples & Co., Boston

"HOW A HUSBAND FORGAVE," by Edgar Fawcett, 222 pages, paper, illustrated, Belford Co., New York.

"THE LADY WITH THE CAMELLIAS." Alexandre Dumas, paper, 50 cents, Belford Co., N. Y.

"OCEANIDES." A psychical novel, by Ernst Von Himmel. 417 pages, price, 50 cents. Ernst Von Himmel Publishing Co., corner Tremont & Boylston Sts., Boston.

"MYSELF." L. C. Loomis, cloth, 95 pages. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

"WHAT WOULD FOLLOW THE EFFACEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY," by Geo. Jacob Holyoke. 15 pages. Published by H. L. Greene, Buffalo, N. Y., price 10 cents.

"THE GODS," by Robert G. Ingersoll. 4 pages, Published by H. L. Greene, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, 20 cents.

ANNOUNCEMENT. 1890-91. LECTURE SEASON.

OF

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Under the head of "American Literature," Mr. Garland announces twenty lectures, dealing with vital literary and art themes; among them are:—

THE LANDSCAPE SCHOOL. Studies of Bryant, Cole, and Cooper.
THE BALLADISTS. Readings from Whittier, Longfellow, and Holmes.
HAWTHORNE AND POE. The Romance.
LITERATURE OF THE WAR.
THE LITERATURE OF DEMOCRACY.
THE AMERICAN NOVEL.
WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.
THE LOCAL NOVELISTS.
THE PIONEERS.
SHARPENING SOCIAL CONTRASTS. Edgar Fawcett.
POETS FROM THE SOIL. James Whitcomb Riley, and others.
SIDNEY LANIER AND HIS ART.
THE SOUTH IN FICTION, ETC., ETC.

Prairie Song and Western Story.

The author of "Under the Wheel," "A Member of the Third House," etc., has grouped, under the above title, several distinct programs of original Readings, containing "The Return of a Private," "Under the Lion's Paw," "Mrs. Ripley's Trip," "Among the Corn Rows," and many other equally well-known dramatic stories of western farm life, together with lyric and descriptive poems.

Mr. Garland is also well known as an advocate of "The Single Tax," upon which he is always prepared to speak, on special terms.

A RADICAL IN CRITICISM. A REALIST IN ART.

"Mr. Garland is a rising literateur whose specialty is America and all things American. His own life and observations on the Western Prairies and amid the experiences of frontier settlers has been woven into both poetry and prose of great artistic merit and deep earnestness. In his stories will be found the humor, the pathos, and the spicy dialect of the actual western farmer, and in the poems the winds and flowers of the prairie. In criticism he is doing great work."—*Boston Transcript.*

"As a reader, Mr. Garland possesses wonderful power; he is a real poet; his heart is near to that of Nature's; his whole soul is thrown into his work, giving a power and expression to his work that is rarely met."—*B. O. Flower, Editor of* ARENA.

Mr. Garland will make a trip into the Northwest during December. Send for Special Circulars. For terms, etc., address the author at 7 Beacon Street; or

JOHN B. WILLIS,
New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE SCHOLARLY paper by Alfred Russell Wallace, in this issue of THE ARENA, will be read with great interest by the rapidly growing body of scientific investigators who are profoundly interested in the remarkable discoveries being made in the psychic realm. A second paper by Dr. Wallace will appear in the February ARENA; it will be even more interesting than the present contribution. The first paper states the problem, the second article gives, in great clearness, the conclusions of the eminent scientist. It is entitled "The Nature and Cause of Phantoms." These contributions coming from the greatest living naturalist, and one of the leaders of modern scientific thought, will prove valuable contributions to current literature. They will be followed by papers from scholars no less eminent, who have also exhaustively examined psychological phenomena in a critical manner. To all persons interested in the questions involved, freighted with such infinite possibilities, (and what thoughtful person can be indifferent to them!) this series of papers will be indispensable.

NEXT MONTH the distinguished French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, will give our readers a valuable paper on "Recent Discoveries on Mars." Mr. Flammarion has given his best thought for the past score of years to this planet, which has ever been a favorite with astronomers. His contribution will be noteworthy.

IN THE PRESENT issue appears the first paper of our second series of discussions on Social and Industrial Problems. Mr. Garland in "A NEW DECLARATION OF RIGHTS" gives a strong, clear, and exceedingly entertaining presentation of the single-tax theory. There is much food for thought in this essay, and at times one catches the spirit of the author and is carried as by a strong current into the lofty atmosphere of freedom and fraternity — that ideal realm to which all great natures and true hearts instinctively turn. Our contributions in this series will be of inestimable value to students of social problems in these days of universal unrest.

EACH ISSUE of THE ARENA during the ensuing year will contain a well-written story, which will point a moral or illustrate vividly some great truth. This feature of THE ARENA has been received with marked appreciation. It affords a delightful rest after one has perused the thoughtful essays on the vital problems of the hour. In this number, Kate Buffington Davis draws a striking picture between sensual love and that high and pure passion which perpetually burns in every lofty soul, and which elevates and purifies every life that comes within its influence.

WE CALL the attention of our readers to the admirable selection of books advertised elsewhere in this magazine, and which will be promptly forwarded by The Arena Publishing Company, on receipt of the price. They are for the most part works which no thoughtful student of the times can afford to overlook.

THE FIRST PERSON who furnishes the correct name of the author of our "No-Name" paper "WOULD WE LIVE OUR LIVES OVER AGAIN?" in this issue will receive THE ARENA for 1891 free. All who guess correctly, will receive the March ARENA free. All votes must be in by January twenty-fifth. The author is a contributor to THE ARENA, *Forum*, and other leading reviews.

THE REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY, who has offended some of the high dignitaries of the Episcopal church by his able work advertised elsewhere in this issue, has prepared an able paper for THE ARENA, entitled "SHELLEY, THE SCEPTIC." The paper, while reverent throughout, is broad and tolerant; in fact, a profoundly religious spirit pervades the essay.

It is not, however, the first instance where truly spiritual character has been

socially and theologically crucified by form worshippers and rite idolizers. It is gratifying to know that Rev. Mr. MacQueary's book is meeting with a splendid sale.

HELEN GARDENER'S new novel "*Is This Your Son, my Lord?*" is meeting with a large sale. It should be in the hands of all thoughtful parents, as it will awaken them to the awful dangers that beset their children. The details of this remarkable story are true, and what is more they are being duplicated in every great city, as every man who mingles with society, or who reads the papers well knows. The corruption that conservatism and immorality have fostered through the infamous subterfuge *that it was wrong to awaken the moral nature, or arouse the sleeping conscience of a people* by calling attention to the frightful immorality of the age, has wrought untold degradation, and is causing the very foundation of our moral character to be undermined. Helen Gardener has dealt a blow at this great evil, a blow that has hurt in some quarters, judging from one or two brutal attacks on her work. We cannot expect those whose toes are rocked on, however, to hold their peace. An occasional howl may not ease them, but it affords a certain satisfaction.

In olden times the prophets who sternly rebuked sin, and brought the evils home to the wrongdoer, were frequently stoned. It is not surprising that some of the *dilettanti* should be offended *when the evils that they do, but affect to abhor*, are unmasked. With, however, one or two exceptions, the criticisms, from Boston to San Francisco, have been in the main favorable. Many sincere, honest critics have taken exception to the author's religious views, some to her ethical opinions, but with the one or two exceptions alluded to, all appreciate and applaud the stern morality and high motives of the author. Elsewhere we give press comments on this remarkable work.

WE SHALL shortly publish "Another View of Newman," written by the brilliant liberal author William M. Salter. It is needless to say Mr. Salter sees the late Cardinal from another angle than that occupied by Professor Bixby when he described him in a late issue of THE ARENA.

FELIX L. OSWALD, Ph. D., some months ago prepared a paper for THE ARENA, showing in a striking manner the parallelism between Buddhism and Christianity. Recently Baron Harden Heckey, in the New York *Herald*, has charged Christianity with plagiarism, and has shown many of the singular points of similarity between the religions of India and that of the western world. This paper has stirred up a vigorous controversy, which will do much good. Free agitation by scholars alway eventuates in the spread of truth.

IN FEBRUARY we will publish a paper from the pen of Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, on "Nationalization of the Land," which will be characterized by the deep thought and keen penetration of this vigorous and profound thinker.

OUR BOOK CHAT is unavoidably crowded out this month. We hope to be able in our next issue, however, to notice at length several valuable works that have been received.

THE Arena Publishing Company have re-established the *American Spectator*, in order to furnish the thousands of homes who cannot afford a more expensive journal with a clean, fearless, independent home paper. It is an eight page, forty column publication, issued monthly, at fifty cents a year, or three copies to three addresses for one dollar. The *Spectator* is proving very popular. Its subscription list is increasing with astonishing rapidity. All persons sending a stamp for postage will receive sample copies of the *Spectator* free.

THE frontispiece of this issue is a remarkably fine reproduction of a recent photograph of Dr. Wallace.

NOTES on Living Problems give way this month to our symposium on Helen Gardener's work. This book we believe

will do much toward establishing a higher standard of ethics, and compelling society to shrink from the moral lepers among us, as readily as it does from the fallen of the opposite sex. "It is," writes a correspondent, "the first gun in as holy a war as was ever waged. A war as important to man as woman, and imperatively demanded by the present condition of society."

OUR SERIES OF PAPERS ON POPULAR LEADERS opens this month with a sketch of Mr. Cleveland by Wilbur Larremore. Other sketches of leaders past and present will follow in regular succession, the whole making, at the end of the year, a very valuable series of papers indispensable to the student of American politics and parties. In this series will appear two contributions, one on Alexander Hamilton, showing the close relationship of this statesman's position, to that held by the ultra wing of the Republican party to-day. Another will treat of Thomas Jefferson, while living leaders of thought will be described by those thinkers best able to write ably and candidly of their merits and demerits.

OUR USUAL editorial notes are omitted in this issue in order to give space for a brief sketch of Alfred Russell Wallace. We have given his views at length on evolution and immortality, as his position is not as generally understood by the people, as that held by Darwin and Huxley, and because it seems to us to be fully as scientific, and vastly more inspiring than the materialistic position maintained by many students of Nature at the present time.

THE December number of BOOK TALK of St. Paul, gives the name of the author of "Cæsar's Column,"—the social novel which has had such a remarkable run. The author is Ignatius Donnelly, the author of "Atlantis," "The Great Cryptogram," etc. "Cæsar's Column" is now running through its eleventh edition. All orders for this work received at this office will be promptly filled. Sent postpaid, paper 50 cents, cloth $1.25.

RABBI SCHINDLER'S noteworthy paper in this issue on "Migration a Law of Nature," is the first paper by this learned writer on the subject of emigration which will appear in THE ARENA during the next few months.

PRESS COMMENTS ON "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?"

SYRACUSE HERALD *(Syracuse, N. Y.)*

"A well-written American story."

PHILADELPHIA PRESS *(Philadelphia, Pa.)*

"A story with a purpose; a bold, vigorous piece of fiction, appealing powerfully to women."

DAILY HERALD *(Norristown, Pa.)*

"Written in a brilliant and absorbing manner, may be said to be a plea for justice to women, a cry that there should not be one standard of morality for men, and another for their sisters."

EVENING INDEPENDENT *(Harrisburg, Pa.)*

"This is one of the bravest, clearest, and best planned efforts ever made in fiction to effect a reform, the emancipation of woman from the bondage of men. Not the liberty to do the evil that men do, but the liberty to protest everywhere and every way, in the name of woman, against that evil, and to expose its hideousness. No man or woman who reads this novel will fail in being impressed by its wonderful merits, as well as by the success with which it has accomplished its mission as a teacher of good."

THE CAPITAL CITY COURIER *(Lincoln, Neb.)*

"One of the latest additions to the sociological fiction of the day is Helen H. Gardener's 'Is This Your Son, My Lord?' This new novel is one of the most fearless attacks upon social immorality that I have ever read. The author understands her subject thoroughly, and she deals with the debauchery prevalent in what is known as 'good society' in a masterly way, exposing without mercy the degradation and moral rottenness of the most petted leaders of fashion. False prudery is absent in 'Is This Your Son, My Lord?' but a healthy tone pervades the book, and there is nothing at which the most sensitive person can take offence. The story is peculiarly interesting, dealing principally with three young men and two young women, typifying the various component elements of society as it exists to-day. The book should be read by all thinking people."

WOMAN'S TRIBUNE *(Washington, D. C.)*

"It is a novel which has to do with the moral understratum of fashionable life, whose evils and sham it mercilessly exposes. The first pages give a glimpse into that black pit of moral iniquity from which, covered over by the garlands of fashionable religion and conventionality, there yet rises the noxious vapors that poison the whole social atmosphere. If one can have confidence enough in Helen Gardener's purpose, as all can who know the sincerity, purity, and courage of her writings, to trust her through the opening chapters, one finds that in this sad story of human experience, duplicated daily in the large cities and aped in the smaller, the most profound lessons are taught. It is an elaboration in fiction of the profound Scripture, 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.' Still it is always the novel and never the homily. It is scientific in its methods and disdains to appeal to any emotion or sentiment to enforce its high code of honor for men, and genuineness for society. Every page breathes sincerity and high purpose."

SUNDAY TIMES *(Boston, Mass.)*

"There is much material for reflection in this story, many truths are spoken which are terrible, and many morals drawn that will hit hard."

SATURDAY TIDINGS *(Buffalo, N. Y.)*

"Is This Your Son, My Lord? will be in wide demand, but we warn Helen Gardener that her telling and truthful thrusts at the hollowness of modern society will bring the society bees buzzing about her bonnet. Luckily their buzz is all there is to them."

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Our series of papers on "popular scientific topics" is opened in this issue by a brilliant contribution, by the distinguished French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, on "Recent Discoveries on the Planet Mars." The excellent map which the distinguished author forwarded with his paper, and which we have reproduced, will greatly assist the reader in gaining an intelligent conception of the geography of this wonderful sister star. Mr. Flammarion is preparing another essay for The Arena on an entirely different topic which, however, will be quite as entertaining and important as the admirable contribution in this issue. Our constant aim will be to present the best thoughts of those best qualified to write on living themes, and in order to do this, leading thinkers of Europe as well as America, are constantly preparing papers for our readers.

Much space this month is taken up in our editorial notes touching upon some appalling features of our civilization. The aim of The Arena is to arouse public sentiment in favor of a nobler civilization. The hour is ripe for grand reforms. Earnest, persistent agitation will educate and arouse the people.

Professor Buchanan in his thoughtful paper in this issue of The Arena takes issue with Professor Koch. It is quite possible that at an early date the alleged discovery of the German professor will prove more fatal to life than beneficent. Nevertheless, we believe that the tireless brain of man will yet find the golden key, which shall open wide the gates of hope to perishing millions.

The strange but charming story treated in our No-Name series this month deals with a problem of vast significance. The law of heredity is doubtless one of the questions which, in the near future, will command general attention, and over it a fierce battle will be waged. Indeed, the skirmish lines are already at work in Europe, and to a limited degree in America.

The low state of the morals of a people that tolerate law, which place the age of consent [to her ruin] on the part of a girl at from seven to sixteen years, that the lust of men may be gratified, is one of the most deplorable spectacles of our present Christian civilization.

A paper of great interest and peculiar value in this issue of The Arena is Mr. Davis' contribution to The Arena's series of essays on our present conditions. Last month Mr. Garland defined the position of the Single Tax. In this issue Mr. Davis writes in a most exhaustive manner on the Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway. This paper should have an immense audience, especially among the farmers and those who are the victims of speculators and stock gamblers.

Prof. Abram M. Isaacs, of New York City, is preparing a paper for The Arena on "What is Judaism?" Dr. Lyman Abbott's paper, "What is Christianity?" has attracted much attention. Professor Isaacs' will be the second paper in our series dealing with the world's great religions.

In this issue, Frances F. Russell writes most sensibly on Dress Reform. To us it has ever been a mystery why women persist in knowingly sacrificing their health on the altar of fashion. Through the lust and brutality of men and the tyranny of fashion, the physical condition of women in America to-day has become deplorable. "We are," writes one sensible lady, "a nation of invalids." The time is ripe for a sensible reform in woman's dress. There is nothing so absurd or contradictory as fashion, and it is custom alone that reconciles us to her absurdities. The Oriental woman feels no immodesty when exposing her limbs, nor do they excite the passions of men because custom has sanctioned the wide thin trowsers of the East. The women among the savages of many nations go to and fro practically nude, in blissful ignorance that there is any impropriety in their so doing. Custom sanctions it. At

the seashore, where waters are warm, we find the most refined and fastidious ladies clad in decidedly brief attire, yet nothing is thought of it among the bathers because custom has sanctioned it. There is no good reason why woman, who should, above all things, have her body absolutely free, should be unnaturally pressed by corsets, weighed down by heavy skirts, rendered miserable by pull-backs and made wretched by long draggling dresses. If woman will assert her independence, she will challenge the hearty approval of all men who value her health and comfort more than fossilized ideas.

THE paper of Alfred Russell Wallace, in this issue, will be read with great pleasure by the thousands of readers who are following our "Psychical Series" with profound interest. Dr. Wallace occupies a position second to no one in the field of psychical science, hence his views are entitled to considerate attention from thoughtful readers.

THERE are many critics, who are honest and sincere, but who represent a past generation of critical thought, rather than the aggressive and earnest thought of the opening era. Others there are who are honest, but who, unfortunately for themselves and their readers, are moral dyspeptics. Any exposé of truth, sufficiently positive and truthful to make men think, to arouse public sentiment against evil, throws them into a spasm of agony. They would have the world roll on as it is, while pulpit and press deal in platitudes that mean and accomplish nothing. They can smile sweetly while immorality is festering under their very eyes, and girls and maidens are being dragged to perdition; but let an honest, earnest writer call attention to facts as they are, and they become frantic. Let the evil spread; let manhood be degraded, and womanhood debauched, but do not speak of these evils. Such is the attitude of our moral dyspeptics.

UP to the time of going to press, no correct votes have been received, touching the authorship of "Would We Live Our Lives Over Again?" although scores of votes have been received. Who wrote this doleful paper?

DR. M. MAURICE, one of the regular contributors of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in pointing out the hopeful signs of the times, says, in a recent issue of that journal:—

But most happy of all is the outlook for the future. The air is red with reform. The restless activity in social affairs covers politics. Old forms are undermined. Our literature bristles with purpose. THE ARENA comes each month, with almost a devoutness in its devotion to a higher life, while the dear old *Atlantic* begins to place betterment above *belles-lettres*.

Thanks! that is one of the great purposes that has actuated the management of this magazine since its inception. We aim to make THE ARENA a leader of thought, not a camp follower.

PROF. ALFRED HENNEQUIN has prepared a paper which will appear in an early number of THE ARENA on "The Drama of the Future," which will doubtless elicit much criticism.

A NOTEWORTHY contribution which will appear shortly in THE ARENA from the scholarly pen of Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., will treat on "Evolution and Morality."

WE call the special attention of our readers to the extended review of Helen Gardener's preface to the second edition of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" In our BOOK CHAT department, this month, we give extended quotations from the preface because we believe that when the people know the real condition of morals and the frightful effect that the "conspiracy of silence" has had, we will have a moral revolution in society which more than aught else would create a new and permanent civilization.

THE ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY have just issued a second edition of 5,000 copies of "Lessons Learned From Other Lives." This new edition is printed on

heavy paper and substantially bound in plate, paper, and cloth. Each copy contains a remarkably fine engraving of the author from a recent photograph. The subjects are treated in a popular manner, it being the aim of the author to make the story of each life as interesting as possible in a brief and accurate sketch. Of the value of biography, when it is entertainingly presented, it is difficult to adequately judge, especially in moulding the lives of the young. In "Lessons Learned From Other Lives," will be found set forth in a fascinating manner, the lives, deeds, thoughts, and influences exerted by Seneca and Epictetus, the philosophers; Joan of Arc, the warrior maid; Henry Clay, the statesman; Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, the actors; John Howard Paine, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and John G. Whittier, the poets; Alfred Russell Wallace, the scientist, and Victor Hugo, the many-sided genius. The life of Hugo is considered in four chapters. I., "Boyhood and Love;" II., "Early Manhood;" III., "Ethical Teachings;" IV., "Political Life, Exile, Return Home and Death." This work should be in the hands of every young person in the land, and in order to enable all who appreciate helpful and entertaining reading to enjoy it, the publishers have placed the price of the paper edition at 50 cents a copy, the cloth at one dollar.

DR. R. OSGOOD MASON, of New York, has prepared an essay on Hypnotism which will constitute one of our psychical papers. It gives an interesting review of this problem, with recent striking developments in England, France, and elsewhere.

HELEN LONDON'S paper on "Morals and Fig Leaves," in this issue, is at once healthful and timely. We need more such brave, true moralists to counteract the baleful influence of prudes and moral dyspeptics who are to-day the most powerful allies of vice and immorality.

PROF. JAS. T. BIXBY, Ph. D., so well known to our readers as a scholarly essayist, is preparing a reply to Dr. Oswald's paper in the January ARENA. Professor Bixby has made an exhaustive study of both the Buddhist and Christian religions.

A PAPER prepared by Prof. J. W. McGarvey of the Kentucky University, treating on the inspiration of the Bible from a strictly orthodox point of view, will shortly appear in THE ARENA. Professor McGarvey is the author of one of the ablest works on Palestine that has ever been written. It is published by Lippincott, of Philadelphia. For many years he has occupied a foremost position as a Biblical scholar in the Disciples' or Christian church. It is our principle to give all sides a fair hearing when the thoughts are properly presented by representative scholars.

The opinion expressed by Dr. Shrady, of New York, and a number of the leading French Physicians, which have just appeared in the New York papers, are in the line of Professor Buchanan's paper in this issue. Professor Buchanan wrote, however, more than three weeks ago, when the medical world, with scarcely an exception, was wild over the alleged discovery of the German professor.

BOOK CHAT AND LITERARY NOTES.

The second edition of five thousand copies of Helen H. Gardener's new novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is out; it contains an admirable preface by the brilliant young author, in which she replies to certain strictures of some critics. It is a fact, though not to be wondered at, that those who seem most shocked at this wonderful plea for higher morals are the persons who most need its lessons. The doer of deeds of darkness loves the night; the lantern light brings consternation; like the thief, who, sitting on the jewels taken from one he has just garroted, lifted his hands in affected horror at the thought that in his part of the city, men could be so base as to rob and murder, these moral lepers feel dreadfully shocked when they see themselves photographed. They see in such a work as Helen Gardener's a potent moral force which must create a popular sentiment that will make it impossible for them to continue ruining girls, destroying homes, and polluting the holy fountains of life to gratify their animal natures. Below, we give some brief extracts from Helen Gardener's preface to the second edition of her novel.

Let a new idea, or an unpopular train of thought be suggested more or less plainly in a novel, and at once the cry goes up, "This has no place in fiction." *Its opposite may have held place therein without a protest* until it has grown fast in our mental life.

The discussion of religion was nothing new in fiction when the protest went up against "Robert Elsemere." It was only that the point of view and method of handling the material used was new to most novel readers as an argument in fiction.

Sex relations have been the theme of song and story since the beginning of fictitious writing. Woman's relations to man have been exploited therein from the time she entered the world until she was borne to the grave. Nothing has been too secret or too sacred to be used as argument or suggestion. Even the throes of maternity have not escaped portrayal. Her foibles have met with no veil of charity, and so, courtesan life (open and secret) is as familiar to the readers of fiction as is life itself — that is to say, the courtesan life of the woman. How long she would live after the "first false step"; how and when, and where, and why that step was taken, down through all its stages until the father waves her from his own immaculate presence with "You are no longer child of mine," etc. We all know the infinite variety of forms in which it has served to sharpen and supply the novelist's pen. But beginning with the "first false step" of a boy, whether innocently taken or otherwise, and following him from the other point of view,— in man's relation to woman,— is, it would seem, not fit for fiction, and has no place therein, according to one class of critics. There is nothing new in the criticism, and there is nothing new in the topic. The point of view only is unusual to these critics. There are those who think it might be well for this angle of vision to be more familiar to them.

This novel is not written as history, but there is not a material point in it which is not based on fact. Nor are they based upon isolated or particularly unusual facts, as would be well understood were readers accustomed to comprehend what they read in newspapers and in legal, medical, and historical works.

Here again comes in the effectiveness of fiction. One reads a legal or medical or philosophical essay wherein all the facts appear, but he is not stirred. His imagination is too weak or too little aroused to recognize the bearings of cold, formal statement. Then, again, the readers of such treatises are, as a rule, already informed of the facts, while the great general public, which does not dream of them, never reads such essays or books.

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Ten thousand essays on slavery would not stir the heart and conscience as did Mrs. Stowe's one dramatic story. People had thought and said that they knew all about slavery — but she was abused and denounced for "having pictured horrors that did not exist," as if it were possible to understand human slavery and do that!

The double system of morals which has legal and therefore social support — which makes of man a free and dominant human being and of woman a dependent function only and always — is not understood one whit better than was physical slavery in 1853. Race ownership with its double code of moral obligation is now illegal, and therefore looked upon as immoral and wholly pernicious. Sex ownership is still legal, and for that reason, and for that only, is it recognized as less vicious than a double standard of moral obligation should exist between the sexes. There is but one depth of degradation *below* that which allowed men to hold in bondage their fellow men and make of them financial dependents, and legal and social and moral pensioners because they were black; and that is the depth which is touched when, by all legal, moral, social, and financial conditions the marriage altar is but an auction block upon which, for the sake of the right to live, the purity and devotion and loyalty of womanhood are sold — not on equal terms — with no pretence of fair exchange — into a perpetual servitude of body and soul that knows no limit and can hope for no escape.

The black man had his food and clothes and code of morals and duties, in which he had no voice, served to him by a dominant race from which he could make no appeal. He was a dependent mentally, morally, and physically. That was the reason of his degradation. It was not that he suffered physical hardships. He was frequently better off, in that regard, than was his free brother. It was the root of the system that degraded him. He was held as an inferior with no voice in his own control and no right to his own development.

Woman stands in that position to-day. She has no voice in her own government, nor in fixing the standards by which she is judged and controlled. She is a dependent morally, mentally, financially and physically.

It is all very well — and very silly — to say that women control society and make the moral standards that govern it. They do nothing of the kind. Financial dependents and political nonentities create no standards. They receive them ready made. The merest modicum of reason will supply the proof of this.

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The present is a time of transition. The new thought and the old training cut cruelly across each other. This is true in the religious world, in the field of economics, and in the relations of the sexes. The old conservative training fixes the old habits, the new ideas arouse thought and aspiration and sense of progress and justice.

In religion we find a consequent development of the so-called reconcilers of the irreconcilable — those who vainly try to graft the old forms of faith and expression upon the new forms of scepticism. The result is (conscious or unconscious) hypocrisy and a vast and troubled unrest.

In the field of economics, the clash of old training and habits upon the new thoughts and aspirations have filled the world with what we call the "labor troubles."

The old training and habits as to sex relations, clashing with the new and higher conception of justice and honor, have begun to cut savagely into the heart and brain, not only of the women who, with intellects developed by study and thought, and a greater financial independence than they ever before enjoyed, reach out for a

love that shall not be mere tender patronage, which shall have within it the frankness and honor of comradeship—but it also finds the younger men unprepared to meet their own awakened sense of honor.

Young manhood is beginning to demand more of itself than it once did. There are men to whose souls neither secrecy nor confession brings relief. Their past is a horror to them and their future is in its shadow. This finer sense of personal honor was once thought to belong to pure and good women only, and the cry, "I have debased myself soul and body, and I do not dare accept your love," was a cry that no "manly" soul would have made in fiction a hundred years ago. It is made in life to-day.

Since writing this book one young man said to the author, with anguish unspeakable: "If I had read it ten years ago, it would have been worth everything to me.

It was asked of another: "Do you think it overdrawn from a college boy's point of view?"

"I am twenty-three years old," he said, "and I have known at least fifty cases so nearly akin to it that any one of them might easily dread lest it is his case you have drawn." This was a college boy. The other a business man in a village.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine*, conducted by the senior class of Princeton College, in its review of the first edition of this book says: "It states plain truths, and teaches a plain lesson. *It comes very close to any college boy who has kept his eyes open.* When we finish we may say, not 'Is This Your Son, My Lord,' but, '*Is it I? Is it I?*'"

Many of the younger men are ready for the new message. Their own thoughts run counter to their training and to legal and social conditions. It is almost possible to guess the age of the critic by the tone of his criticism in this matter alone.

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To those who think the picture of sex depravity in the Mansfield family is overdrawn, there is this to say. The case upon which this story was based is from life. The elder of the two is still living, and is a respected member of society to-day and a deacon. In the story he is killed off. That is about the only bit of fiction in his case. He made the request of the "doctor." He afterwards paid a bank cashier to do what he is made to do in the story. The aforenamed cashier is also a prominent "society" man to-day.

That it is *not* an isolated case can be proved by many *medical*, *asylum*, and *legal records* to which access is not general—but quite possible. TO SHOW THAT THE PRESENT LEGAL MACHINERY IS ACCESSORY BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER THESE AWFUL CONDITIONS, AND THAT THE GENERAL PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW IT, IT NEED ONLY BE SAID THAT IN ONE STATE IN THIS UNION A LITTLE CHILD SEVEN YEARS OLD MAY GIVE HER "CONSENT" TO HER OWN RUIN, WHILE IN NINE STATES THE LEGAL AGE IS TEN, IN SIX IT IS TWELVE YEARS, IN ONLY ONE IS IT AS HIGH AS EIGHTEEN. In thirty-six States and Territories the age of consent is to-day under fifteen years, and—can words express the awfulness of it?—in "secret session" year after year it is sought to reduce this age, so that men may be safe from legal penalty! These same girls may not give legal consent to honorable marriage until sixteen and eighteen years of age. They may not sell property; but, in order that men may legally send down to moral and physical death little children, fourteen, ten, and seven years, is made the age of discretion in the one matter which is her social, moral, and physical death! Why is this? Does it not take as bad a man as "Mansfield" to do deliberately so terrible a legal wrong? His character is only an illustration of the logical outcome of a civilization that makes legal such atrocity as this; that leaves it a possibility in a civilized land to witness the spectacle of a legislature refusing—after debate—to raise the "age of consent" from seven and ten years to fourteen or sixteen, as was done only last year by legislators who would, no doubt, insist in public, that so low a moral type as the elder "Mansfield" is, if not impossible, at least too rare to be reckoned with. If our legislators so carefully pave the way to develop and protect such men as the elder "Mansfield," no one need be surprised when he appears to tread the path made smooth and easy for him.

"Do not put these things in fiction—legal, medical, and scientific works are the place for them," cry one set of critics. My reply is they have had that place during 1890 years of Christian civilization and the above is still possible. If the general reading public—including the mothers—understood, the author believes the remedy would be devised. To bury such universal wrongs in technical works is to help perpetuate them. They touch the welfare of all. All have the right to know of them—*and women and young girls most of all.* To them it means everything. To our legislators it has meant a somewhat amusing and salacious "secret session." What will it mean when the manly men are made by the dramatic presentation in fiction to see the infamy as it is? What will it mean when women and girls *know* that it exists and receives legal and therefore social sanction? That is the question now to be answered.

Few people know the terrible state of our laws as pointed out elsewhere and hinted at above, or the degradation in society life, especially in our great cities. Of course the galled jade winces, and sets up the cry, such things must not be spoken of; it will defile our daughters to know the truth, and by their actions they say, it is all right for us to debauch innocent and defenceless girls by the thousand; it is all right for us to betray with artful lies sweet and pure maidens; but it is all wrong for you to warn those maidens of their danger or awaken a public sentiment that will make it dangerous for us to continue our lecherous course. Such works as Helen Gardener's alone will save the young girls and produce that ethical revolution that shall elevate the standard of masculine morality.

"HIS HONOR" is sufficiently indicative of the true purpose and meaning of Miss Cleveland's work. In fact those who expect an hour's amusement in "A Thrilling Realistic Story of the Army" will be quite surprised to find themselves more and more engaged with the author in the study of a great practical problem of life, imminent and vital.

There are here no accounts of heroic physical contests, but rather forcible invention of moral dangers passed, and moral battles won; nothing of physical hardships and sufferings, although the scenes are chiefly laid in "Army" life, and the hero is a distinguished soldier.

In the story, Colonel Atherton, of the regular army is at once the hero and the narrator of his own experiences. To the heroine his lover, Marian Percival, he is made to appear false through a simple train of untoward circumstances to which Atherton impulsively conforms, acting, as he conceives, under a mandate to himself to protect the name and life of his ward, Ethel Grey, whom he marries hastily, despite his betrothal to Marian Percival. His uncertain motive for so doing, skilfully involved and hidden by the writer till the end of the story, remains unknown to Marian, who regards him as fickle-minded, the victim of a momentary passion which he had not the manliness to control. From this view is sought to be drawn out the chief lesson of the work.

Atherton is regarded as a man not to be trusted as a husband by Marian Percival, although she continues to love him.

Ethel Grey is his second wife. She loves him fondly, but conceals her passion until it is forced into view by Leo Winchester, who in turn madly loves her, and, on being refused, hotly charges her with a passion for her guardian, Colonel Atherton; who on learning of the rudeness of Winchester, rescues Ethel's reputation by sacrificing himself and marrying her. This is at once his "honor," and, apparently, to Marian Percival, his crime.

Atherton, as Winchester's superior officer, watches for and finds occasion for disgracing Winchester, and securing his dismissal from the service. Imagining Winchester to have sought favor in the eyes of Marian Percival also, personal jealousy and vindictive hatred characterize his action in securing a court martial of Winchester, and his dismissal.

Ethel dies, and Atherton again seeks the hand of Marian Percival, who resolutely refuses to become his wife, despite her love for him which as positively excludes from her affection all others. She regards Colonel Atherton as the victim of a physical inheritance, cruel and tyrannical as fate itself, a fate that is born to humanity, more sinned against than sinning, a fate irreconcilable with pure and happy companionship in marriage, involving in misery and unnameable sorrow and evils thousands of unions. Marian Percival determines to sacrifice her human lover to an ideal "Hugh Atherton," who can never be more than an ideal to her."

In this character, and right here lie the great merit and strength of a novel — not all fiction — that, already popular, seems as yet not to have challenged the profound consideration, at the hands of thoughtful men and women, which it deserves.

Atherton conceives it his duty, his "honor" to marry a helpless girl who loves him, but whom he cannot love, — why ? Is it that the world may not discredit Ethel Grey's passion ? This were a noble sacrifice indeed. But it was an impulsive act, not done in full view of the consequences, however heroically borne until the death of Ethel.

Marian Percival's sacrifice, assumed for a lifetime, was prompted by devotion to a lofty principle. She would utterly silence the passion of a pure heart rather than marry a man whose evil propensities might not only lead him into new infidelities, but reappear in degenerate offspring. And finally, when, convinced of Atherton's "honor," she becomes his wife, the same fidelity to a pure purpose, viz.: to illustrate in her life the true and noble intent of marriage, is carried forward, and made a part of the instruction of their son. He must be so trained in infancy and taught in childhood and youth up to maturity as to grow into the full stature of a man of "honor." In this peculiarly delicate work mother and father must do their respective parts. Now, here is a lesson for all humanity and the ages, which no writer, hitherto, seems to have dealt with so pertinently, and so admirably.

Leo Winchester is a real person. He becomes the victim of personal hatred on the part of a superior officer, and is disgraced through a false presentation of circumstances in which he became indiscreetly involved. He is tried, convicted, and dismissed. The facts in the case are afterward shown to be in no way discreditable to him. Yet he is allowed to continue in disgrace. Every effort is made by his friends to secure his restoration to the service. It is proven that he deserved complete exoneration. Two administrations are appealed to without avail. His enemy is too influential. His sister dies of grief. Leo Winchester himself, died after the publication of this work. The bereaved mother may soon follow. We here turn aside for a moment from the domain of fancy to the real province of truth. It is more striking and infinitely more painful than the most harrowing fiction.

We lay down our pen with a blessing and God speed for the author who teaches so great a lesson with a free hand, and relates disagreeable facts so plainly. — W. E. CRASKY.

"FROM SOUL TO SOUL" is a charming book of poems by Emma Rood Tuttle. The poems are on the plane of the people; they appeal to every-day persons in every-day life. Many exquisite touches are visible on almost every page. Many sweet, sad, and joyous strains run through the volume, but, best of all, a profound ethical purpose is everywhere visible. The poems are calculated to make those for whom they are written better, purer, and nobler in thought and aspiration. The volume, which contains the photogravure of the author as a frontispiece, is handsomely printed and bound in cloth stamped in gold. Twelve of the two hundred and twenty-two pages contain the words of some of Mrs. Tuttle's gems set to music by the veteran poet and composer, James G. Clark.

"ART LIFE AND OTHER POEMS," by Benjamin Hathaway, contains many poems of rare poetic merit. Many gems here appear, which, if they had been published as unpublished works of our most famous popular poets, would have been readily credited by critics, as they are worthy of high rank, owing to the true poetic spirit, the delicate, indefinable something that stamps gems.

"AMERICAN CHRISTIAN RULERS," compiled by Rev. Edward J. Giddings, is a ponderous volume of almost six hundred pages, consisting of about two hundred brief biographical sketches of some noted and many obscure personages, who have acted in some official capacity since the settlement of America. Many names, such, for instance, as Alexander Hamilton, placed in the list of our Christian rulers, will excite a smile on the part of students of American history. The author, however, explains at length that, while Hamilton did not profess Christianity during the years of his public career; while he was no Christian until he received the fatal bullet from Burr, he died a Christian! We sup-

pose much the same way as almost every murderer who perishes on the gallows dies a Christian. We, however, confess we cannot see why a man who does not profess Christianity until his career on earth is at its end, should be classed among our Christian rulers, unless the author desired to make the list as large as possible, or relieve the many sketches of obscure lives by as many well-known names as possible. The work will prove valuable as a reference book for clergymen and others desiring to know the dates connected with the lives of Christians among our rulers, and the principal events of their lives, together with all evidence obtainable pointing to their religious professions. One, of course, will not find the names of many of the grandest lives and profoundest thinkers among our rulers, such, for example, as Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, for the reason that they were not Christians.

"UPWARD STEPS IN SEVENTY YEARS," is an interesting autobiography by Giles B. Stebbins, author of several works of sterling merit. The author in a vivid manner reviews the rise and onward march of many great progressive moves during his pilgrimage of seventy years. His style is simple but very entertaining. In a series of pen pictures, as fascinating as fiction, you walk with the author over this career, pausing to note the marvellous progress of humanity. Among the subjects touched upon are Old Time Good and Ill, Religious Growth, Temperance, Transcendentalism, The Hopedale Community, W. E. Channing, Theodore Parker, Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Agitation, Spiritualism, Psychic Research, Psychometry, The Present Religious Outlook, Coming Reforms. It is a book that will do one good to read. Published by the U. S. Book Co. of New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"AMERICAN CHRISTIAN RULERS," by Rev. E. J. Giddings. Cloth, pp. 590, price $3. Published by Bromfield & Co., 658 Broadway, New York.

"ART LIFE AND OTHER POEMS," by Benjamin Hathaway. Second edition, cloth, 230 pages. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

"FROM SOUL TO SOUL," by Emma Rood Tuttle, cloth, pp. 222, published by M. L. Holbrook & Co. of New York. For sale at this office.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN," from the French of Dubut DeLaforest by Frank Howard Howe, paper, 75 cents, pp 220, published by Belford Co., New York.

"THE AURORAPHONE:" a romance of Cyrus Cole, cloth, pp. 250, price $1.00, Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn St.

"THE GENIUS OF GALLILEE," an Historical Novel, by Anson N. Hancock, cloth, pp. 506, price $1.50, Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn St.

"MY UNCLE BENJAMIN," by Claud Tillier, translated by Benjamin Tucker, cloth, $1.00. For sale at this office.

"INQUIRENDO ISLAND," by Hudo Genone, cloth, price $1.00, New York, Twentieth Century Publishing Co.

"RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE," by Hudson Tuttle, cloth, 314 pages, published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

PRESS COMMENTS ON "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?"

DAILY PRESS (Philadelphia, Pa.)

"It is a tale that preaches a powerful sermon, and lingers in the memory."

THE DAILY REPUBLIC (St. Louis, Mo.)

"Helen Gardener is a staunch advocate of what may be called natural morality, and thinks nothing is so untrue as the assertion that people cannot be moral unless they subscribe to a certain code of dogma or theologic statement. Her book is not pleasant reading, but it is able and honest, and undoubtedly contains a necessary lesson for such as are disposed to lead good lives merely on the basis of authority, and not on the firm stand that to do right, deal justly, and walk honestly, is the only safe, manly, and admissible course, and that the opposite of this is inevitable ruin and death. One feature of Helen Gardener's book is especially well done, namely, her exposure of the extent to which caste-worship and false, Brahminical culture has gone in certain Eastern circles, chiefly Boston. We have had numerous instances where wealthy parents objected to alliances between their children and the children of poor, though 'cultured' families. Here we have a telling picture of the other side, a poor, but highly 'cultured' Boston family objecting to a marriage with wealth, because its possessor is not quite the equal in caste of one born in the classic shade of Beacon Hill."

BRITISH AMERICAN (Phil., Pa.)

"Helen Gardener's powerful work entitled 'Is This Your Son, My Lord?' is attracting the attention it deserves. Vices that are undermining society, and yet are generally regarded as unmentionable, which the Church and press both flinch from attacking, dangers lurking around of which even parents hesitate to warn their children, are herein dealt with in the plot of a novel, in a manner to cause the licentious to hesitate in their perilous course."

NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE (Edited by the Senior Class of Princeton College.)

"This is a terribly realistic novel. The very first chapter gives us a shock. It is the story of three graduates of Harvard — a study of the effect of college temptations upon their lives. It does not lay stress upon the fact of their college experiences, except in so far as they are a type of the things which young men meet and are influenced by. The one young man, Fred Harmon, is [Boston] bred, one 'of the fastidious, rapid world, which keeps its church pew, its English cob and its opera box quite as a matter of course.' 'Good form' is his only standard of morality, and to him vice is all right if kept quiet. He was betrothed to a beautiful girl, but her father thoroughly understood Harmon, and treated him to some vigorous Western talk, which was not all in 'good form,' perhaps. Finally Harmon marries an artificial girl of his own set, and enters the Episcopal ministry. Preston Mansfield was a Western boy, whose father led a double life, and almost forced his son into sin. But in all his wild life he ever hates a lie, and the day comes when he heaps terrible curses upon the unnatural father who had wrecked his life. The third fellow, Harvey Ball, comes from college clean hearted, and is a ray of light in this story. There is nothing sanctimonious about him. He is possessed of the wholesome morality of common sense. It states plain truths, and teaches a plain lesson. It comes very close to any college man who has kept his eyes open. When we finish we may say, not 'Is This Your Son, My Lord,' but 'Is it I? Is it I?'"

DAILY TIMES (Chicago, Ill.)

"'Is This Your Son, My Lord?' by Helen H. Gardener, published by The Arena Publishing Company, is a novel of power, and one which is quite likely to stir up a breeze, unless certain hypocritical classes are wiser than they usually are. The second page will shock most conventional readers, for it boldly refers to certain practices often prevalent in boys' schools, which are not usually referred to in polite society, and which, whether Helen Gardener knows it or not, are not confined to boys' schools. It is not possible to follow the story in detail. It pictures three young men of different types. One is the conventional, fashionable, hypocritical gentleman, who will 'take holy orders,' 'lead' in prayer-meeting, be eminently proper in public, and in private will drink cocktails, play poker for money, and betray by almost any trick a confiding woman, yet feel that he is no worse than the average. Another is a youth of good impulses, rather weak, betrayed by his father into what is both vice and crime, to save him from another vice, and the third is a young man of strong mind, frank, outspoken, manly, fearless, who does his own thinking, and seeks what is right and just, regardless of who it may hit. All are boldly drawn. No one who has seen much of the world will fail to recognize the first and third as 'drawn from life,' at least from the general if not the particular view. The second, also, is just

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A FORGOTTEN PEOPLE.—The paper entitled THE MALUNGEONS which appears in this issue will doubtless excite widespread interest. It was prepared for us by that brilliant young southern writer, Will Allen Dromgoole, whose paper "Fiddling his Way to Fame," in the October ARENA called forth such favorable comment, and was by several designated the finest piece of character work of the season. It is strange that for the past quarter of a century this strange race has remained undiscovered, even during the past decade when the argus eyes of the author, the tourist, and explorer have been cast over the southern plains, valleys, and mountains. Here in an isolated region has lived a strange race whose history is obscure and whose place scholars are at a loss to assign. Great credit is due Miss Dromgoole for dauntlessly taking her life in her hands and penetrating the land of this strange and forgotten people, dwelling with them for some weeks on a pretext of enjoying the health-giving properties of their mountain mineral springs, and living upon bread and honey. The carefully prepared contribution which appears in this issue is the first authoritative and comprehensive magazine paper describing this race yet published. More particulars of a most interesting character will be given in a subsequent paper. While other travellers are penetrating the dark continent and remote regions of the world, it is interesting to be made acquainted with unknown or forgotten races who dwell in unexplored and unfrequented regions of our country. It is fortunate or unfortunate according to the point from which you view the case, that Mr. Potter did not have a census taken of these people last summer. The full page picture of a typical Malungeon is drawn from a photograph taken by Miss Dromgoole.

LAND NATIONALIZATION AND PLUTOCRACY. Three papers by Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan will appear in early issues of THE ARENA, two on "A Rational View of Land Nationalization," and one termed "A Radical Remedy," in which Professor Buchanan will probe the existing problems of poverty and plutocracy to their depths, and offer some radical suggestions. These papers will richly repay careful perusal. Mr. Garland's "New Declaration of Rights" and Mr. C. Wood Davis' "The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway" have attracted much attention throughout the entire country. Professor Buchanan's articles are calculated to enlist the general interest of thoughtful readers on social and economic problems. Other important papers bearing on kindred topics will appear in early issues.

THOMAS G. SHEARMAN ON "INDIRECT TAXATION." A contribution of great interest to our readers from the pen of Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, dealing with indirect taxation, will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA. In this paper, Mr. Shearman shows how heavy and unequal the burdens borne by the poor, which are unobserved through the present system of indirect or crooked taxation.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "UNCLASSIFIED RESIDUUM." Our psychical paper this month is from the pen of a gifted American lady, who for some years filled the chair of English literature at Smith College; for some time she has been an active member of the English Society for Psychical Research. From a well written pen picture of this remarkable lady, which appeared in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* a short time since, we extract the following:—

Mrs. Chenoweth was married in early girlhood to Colonel Bernard Peel Chenoweth, son of the Rev. Alfred Griffith Chenoweth, of Virginia. Colonel Chenoweth did gallant service in the war of the rebellion, and was afterward sent to China as consul to Canton. He died while at that post, one of the results being that Mrs. Chenoweth was called upon to administer the affairs of the consulate for several months. She settled up these affairs in a manner rather surprising to those state department officials whose duties bring them into close relations with the consuls, the business of the office being conducted after a fashion which made the suggestion that Mrs. Chenoweth be appointed as her husband's successor quite a pertinent one. Many influential people took up her cause and General Grant himself regarded it with favor, but Secretary Fish had ideas on the subject which he declined to modify, no matter how exceptional the circumstances, and

Mrs. Chenoweth did not remain in China. On her return to this country she had occasion to see the Secretary of State, and in response to a question on the subject of the settlement of the consulate's affairs, Mr. Fish said :—

"I compliment you, Mrs. Chenoweth, on the manner in which you brought to an end your connection with the office, and you would know how well that compliment is deserved if you understood to what an extent the death of a consul almost invariably involves us in confusion."

Mrs. Chenoweth has the distinction of being the only woman who ever, so far as is known, held diplomatic correspondence with the viceroy of China on her own responsibility. Before her somewhat recent removal to Brooklyn she had resided in Boston, where she found abundant occupation in literary work. A high tribute to her literary capacity was paid her by Professor Seelye when he asked her to fill a vacancy in the chair of English literature at Smith College. This she did for several terms, relinquishing the chair after having established for herself a reputation in which she is justified in taking much pride. For many years previous to this and after, she was one of that brilliant coterie, of which Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Godard, E. P. Whipple, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, Professor Davidson, and others equally distinguished were members. Many of Mrs. Chenoweth's fugitive pieces have attracted attention. Her sketches of life in China have been extensively copied, and her verses, which are devotional in tone, float unclaimed through various newspapers. She is a member of the London psychical society, and her recent carefully considered papers on experimental psychology have provoked considerable discussion in circles in which contributions to such literature are eagerly awaited. Mrs. Chenoweth holds rather advanced ideas on this subject. She apparently sees her way clear to going a good deal further than those who demand inexorable and positive proof before making any concessions. The study is an exceedingly fascinating one to those who devote themselves to it, and Mrs. Chenoweth has gone far enough to be persuaded that we are behind the times in the matter of psychic inquiry, or, to speak with stricter accuracy, we are not so far advanced in this as in other directions. In her judgment the investigators of other days were better equipped with psychical facts and theories than we are. Mrs. Chenoweth has read a good deal and observed a good deal. She talks as fluently as she writes, so that when a vindication of the faith that is in her is called for, those who take opposition views find that she carries guns of a tolerably heavy calibre. She bristles with cases in point, and is not disposed to give extreme allegiance to the nebulous. In her opinion we are on the eve of revelations which will astonish those who know comparatively little of matters psychic. By that she does not mean that they are certain to come in a week or a month, but that they are impending she has no doubt. What their character is to be she either does not know, or does not care to say. All this may seem to be perhaps a trifle out of place in a sketch dealing with Mrs. Chenoweth as a literary factor pure and simple, but as she has written much on psychic subjects and as she will probably be again heard from with reference to them, the pertinence of discussing her in this connection will be conceded.

The London psychical society numbers among its members Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ruskin, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon, M. Taine, Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College, and many other well known persons.

PROFESSOR HENNEQUIN.—Prof. Alfred Hennequin's "Future of the American Drama," in this issue of THE ARENA will be read with great interest by magazine readers who are interested in the progress and future of the drama in America. Professor Hennequin's recent work on the dramatic art is meeting with phenomenal success.

OUR NO-NAME PAPERS.—Our No-Name paper this month is by a well-known magazine essayist. This series of papers has proved exceedingly popular, as is seen by the great number of votes cast monthly for the paper. Many letters show rare discrimination, while others seem to seize on a word, hint, or sentiment, without evidence of careful study. The latter class, it is needless to say, are rarely correct. Many well known writers have contributed to this series, among which have been Dion Boucicault, Junius Henri Browne, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Helen Gardener, and a leading conservative clergyman who requested his name to be withheld from publication. The first correct guess to our January No-Name paper was given by N. A. Preston, of Eldred, Pa., who writes as follows:—

"I offer as my vote on the No-Name paper in January ARENA, the name of JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE. The style is his,—even to the happy selection of adjectives. THE ARENA is worth all the

other monthlies put together as a promoter of thought."

There were but three other correct guesses, out of an immense poll of votes.

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM.—A specimen of the reckless spirit which characterizes much of what is termed popular journalism of the present day, and which was so ably discussed by Mr. W. H. H. Murray in a recent issue of THE ARENA, was strikingly illustrated in a recent issue of the Chicago *Mail*. This journal published a sensational article about Rev. Howard MacQueary, in which, after describing his personal appearance, etc., the writer declared that a few months ago he forwarded to a Boston magazine an essay on Shelley which was returned with the usual apologetic circular; after which the writer continues:—

"Then followed the now famous church trial. Immediately upon its heels came a telegram from the Boston publishers, begging for an article for publication. The young clergyman answered that he was 'too busy.' This would not do. The wires were kept hot by the editors of the great Boston publication, who asked again and again for 'anything you can let us have at once.' But Mr. MacQueary insisted that he was unable to comply with these requests, and at last sent the following dispatch:—

"'It is utterly out of the question. Have nothing ready for publication, and am too busy to do literary work at present. Only thing I have you declined few weeks ago.'

"This brought a prompt answer:—

"'Send it again immediately, and name your own price.'

"And thus it happened that 'Shelley' started upon its second trip to the Hub a few days ago. It has not been published yet, but a check for $100 received by the author is a sufficient pledge that it will appear soon."

It is perhaps needless to say that the above extract is a tissue of absolute falsehoods, manufactured for sensational effect, if nothing worse. It is probable that the author based his article on the statement made in our publisher's department some months ago, that a carefully prepared essay on "Shelley the Sceptic," by Mr. MacQueary, would shortly appear in THE ARENA, for, aside from this basis of truth, everything in the above article is unqualifiedly false, both in spirit and letter, as will be seen below. This article was substantially quoted in the New York *World* and *Tribune*. Immediately on seeing it in the former paper, the editor of THE ARENA sent a positive denial to the *World*. Mr. MacQueary also sent the following letter which the *World* promptly published.

The short article copied into your issue of the 17th inst. relative to my forthcoming article on "Shelley" in *The Arena*, of Boston, astonishes me beyond measure, for it contains no less than four positively false statements which, in justice to *The Arena* and myself, I am sure you will allow me to correct. First, the article says, "Just before his trial Mr. MacQueary sent to a Boston magazine a carefully written essay on Shelley." This is not so. The article was written last August, while I was taking my vacation, and has been in the hands of the editor ever since. It was written, therefore, before I "became known to every newspaper reader in the land." Secondly, it is said my article "was at once respectfully declined, with the usual apologetic circular." The article was at once accepted, and the check for it sent to me by return mail. Third, "But," continues your article, "as soon as the trial began to attract attention, the Boston editor sent several telegrams to the heretical clergyman," begging for the article. I have never received a telegram from the editor of *The Arena*; but one or two articles that I have sent him "since I became known to every newspaper reader" have been declined by this editor, because he had no space for them in his overcrowded magazine. Fourth, your article says that I received $100 for my article. This is a great exaggeration. I received much less for my humble contribution. I hope that this statement of facts will tend to exonerate both *The Arena* and myself from the charges of sensationalism so plentifully circulated. Yours, etc.

HOWARD MACQUEARY.

The *Tribune* also promptly published in substance Mr. MacQueary's denial. From the above it will be seen that the only merit the *Mail's* article possessed was originality, while it was well-calculated to injure a magazine with the reading public. Such baseless assaults on a magazine are no less criminal than a false, vicious attack on the character of an individual. We do not suppose that the *Mail* wilfully published the above article knowing it was false, but the author knew he was deliberately penning a tissue of unmitigated falsehood, and it

would certainly seem that after bringing the journal into disrepute and disgracing his honorable profession, he would be promptly dismissed for such a heinous offence. A man, who, in, the hope of making a sensation or actuated by baser motives, would thus recklessly pen that which is calculated to injure others, is a disgrace to decent journalism.

WE VERY MUCH DOUBT if another magazine in the land can boast of a constituency as loyally attached to the publication as ours. This is evinced in the earnest work of our subscribers who are constantly securing subscriptions among their friends, as well as the hosts of commendatory letters that are daily received. In this morning's mail the editor received three letters: (1) one from a prominent editor and teacher; (2) another, an orator and author of national reputation; (3) a third from a regular contributor to the leading American Reviews and Magazines, from which we make the following extracts merely to illustrate the character of letters which are daily coming from all parts of the country.

(1.) "The February ARENA is glorious, powerful, courageous, progressive, and true. Its power for good cannot be estimated."

(2.) "Your splendid editorials and 'Froth and Dregs' (which is a most happy title, and which I include in speaking of editorials) stirred me to the bottom of my heart.—I thank you! I feel profoundly thankful that at last an editor of a great and able magazine has taken high ethical grounds. Some of us have shielded our eyes and looked across the vast array of periodical literature vainly hoping to see such a man and such a journal arise. The *North American* failed us. We turned our eyes with eagerness to the *Forum* only to be disappointed again. I hardly dared believe in THE ARENA at first. Mr. B—— talked of it to me, and kindled a spark of hope that it might not travel the old road of a conservative caterer to established things. Truly you may say, 'We aim to make THE ARENA a leader of thought, not a camp-follower.' That is it exactly. And so long as such editorials as those in the February number continue to appear, it *won't be* a camp-follower and it *will* be a leader of thought, indeed. These alone are worth the price of the magazine for a year. I shall keep this issue on my table where every one will see it, and I shall tell every one I know to read it."

(3.) "I have just read your article in the February ARENA on 'The Froth and the Dregs.' It is admirably put and excellently calculated to set people thinking. The idea is happy and excellently wrought out. 'His Mother's Boy' is striking, impressive, and mentally arousing. THE ARENA is assuredly doing good work."

These are fair specimens of hundreds of letters that are monthly being received, and which indicate how enthusiastically the constituency of this review regard it.

THE story by Mr. Garland in this issue of THE ARENA is one of the most graphic sketches of a phase of Western life we have read in many months. The atmosphere, the mode of expression, the incidents of life in the small towns and settlements of the West are reproduced with wonderful power.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.—The New York *Press* in speaking of Helen Gardener's novel "*Is This Your Son, My Lord?*" says: "*If the subject is to be treated of in print Helen Gardener has chosen a method that will not be disproved. There is nothing sensational in the little volume. Virtue is shown to have its reward, and punishment is meted out to vice. But is it right that the few, innocent people into whose hands the book may fall, should be made aware of the frailties of human nature that they wot not of?*" Or to put the same facts in different words, ought the "*few innocent*" girls to be warned? Ought the mothers and fathers who do not begin to realize the terrible temptations which beset their sons and daughters to be impressed with the danger, and the necessity of taking into their confidence their children and educating them on the highest moral plane? Is it not amazing that such a question should arise in view of the appalling results that have attended the "conspiracy of silence" during the past?

BOOK CHAT AND LITERARY NOTES.

A VERY remarkable volume has just appeared, in Boston, bearing the striking title of THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY. It is from the pen of Prof. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, which is a sufficient assurance that it will be found original, peculiar and profound. But the title will puzzle most readers. The word "Therapeutic" implies that it has to do with the healing art, but "SARCOGNOMY" is a new word, hardly yet introduced into dictionaries, for the reason that the word was coined by Prof. B. to represent a new science, which he has taught for many years as a portion of philosophic biology, but has for some years past been applying to therapeutics as the guide to a new medical philosophy and practice.

SARCOGNOMY purports to be the solution of the greatest of all biological problems—problems with which the scientists of present and past centuries have not dared to grapple—the relations of the soul, the brain and the body. The colleges of to-day do not recognize the soul as a subject of science, or even as an entity that can be positively known; and as the brain is the seat of the soul they profess to know nothing of the brain, except as related to muscular motion and to its own diseases. Dr. Buchanan claims that this is not a true biology, but a fragmentary system, and that the study of life is not limited to the material mechanism which by itself is but a mass of decaying flesh and bones, but is pre-eminently a study of the life which constitutes the man, the departure of which leaves a corpse, without a single vital property.

This life residing chiefly in the brain, and from the brain moulding and governing the body, is the most essential element of the human constitution, by far the most important in health and in disease, and is the only permanent element as it survives the decomposition of the body. While soul and body are united, we have life, in which the soul is the dominant element that determines the development and destiny of the individual; for to all physical appearance the original germs of men and animals are the same, but an invisible element determines the destiny of each.

The omission of this permanent and controlling vital element, he contends, renders our physiology as defective, false and unscientific as the old Ptolemaic geography, before the Western Hemisphere and the rotundity of the earth were known. The new science recognizes the *entire man*, and thus brings into view a thousand vital energies which have been ignored, but which are potent and often omnipotent in disease as well as in health.

With all the powers of the soul, whether Love, Will and Wisdom, or any of the countless passions, faculties and propensities of the million, he recognizes for each a special nervous structure in the brain, and plunges into a Cretan labyrinth of research to determine how every portion of the brain acts upon the body in physiological processes, which may appear as respiration, muscularity, digestion, calorification, etc., and how the same portions act in connection with the psychic energies. To state this problem shows its infinite complexity, and at once suggests its impossibility of solution; and such has been the world's decision. Our greatest scientists have looked upon the solution as hopeless, and been content to wait the slow progress of ages to prepare for its study.

But a few have dared to approach the problems of which Dr. Buchanan now offers a solution. The investigations of Swedenborg, of Gall, and Spurzheim, and of a score of able vivisectors, among whom Ferrier is pre-eminent, have dealt with portions of this subject, of which Dr. Buchanan offers a methodical and complete statement, the result of investigations begun fifty-four years ago, which established the essential principles of the new science in 1842, and won for it even then the indorsement of investigating committees, one of which, headed by the poet Bryant, pronounced the new discoveries presented by Dr. B. "second to no other in immediate interest and promise of important future results to science and humanity." These discoveries have been taught for many years by Dr. B. as a professor in flourishing colleges, with most cordial acceptance, and are annually presented by him, with all their practical bearings, in the College of Therapeutics in May and June, illustrating upon this basis a new system of practice enforced by experimental demonstration at the time.

This is what the book presents. It is a grand programme, and proposes the greatest revolution that has ever been known in the medical profession, and not only in therapeutics, but in the philosophy of man—a revolution that demands the attention of every progressive thinker who would keep up with the "march of mind;" for it comes as a matter of experimental investigation, offers decisive experiments, and defies criticism; and if established as a demonstrated science among the scientists of this country, the name of Dr. Buchanan must necessarily take the very highest position among the philosophers and scientists of the nineteenth century—a position already given him by his disciples. The question must be decided in the next ten years, and we wait the issue with great interest, believing that Dr. B. has mastered his subject.

But what does SARCOGNOMY mean, may be asked. The word comes from *Sarkos*, flesh, and signifies the development and character of the living body. The form of a human or animal body expresses its character and capacities and is as important an index as the conformation of the brain or countenance. The chart of human sarcognomy shows how all portions of the body express the soul as well as physiological action, and therefore offers the scientific basis of artistic expression in sculpture and in oratory. In the healing art it shows how all parts of the body, brain, and soul co-operate and modify each other in a definite manner, which Dr. Buchanan traces in anatomy, physiology, pathology, and the natural language of the passions, solving the mysteries of disease, and making a new system of eclectic therapeutics.

The therapeutic work which he offers now will, we understand, be followed as soon as possible by another addressed to artists showing the application of Sarcognomy to sculpture and painting, and by others, illustrating the scientific laws of oratory and all other modes of expression. Though derived from extraordinary experiments, the science he presents does not rely alone upon them, but finds visible illustrations, which "he that runs may read," in the survey of the entire animal kingdom, and not only in the revelations of the sick chamber and the autopsy, but in the aspects of human life which are read by all.

"THE GENIUS OF GALILEE," by A. U. Hancock, is called an historical novel, but it is rather an exposition of the new and fast growing conception of Jesus, as voiced by that school of thinkers of which the great French author, Ernest Renan, is the leader. The story is merely the vehicle for a clear, able, and noteworthy unfoldment of rational religion. The spirit of reverence is conspicuous, even in the most critical notes, where the author's views will conflict with the prejudices and beliefs of orthodox Christians, but in his copious notes, his preface, and epilogue, Mr. Hancock gives good reasons for the views he brings forth. As a story, the work disappoints. The author is at home in argumentative discourse; he is at sea as a novelist; although there are some passages, especially his description of the life and death of Mary Magdalene, which contain touches of pathetic beauty, that will charm all readers. Those who read this novel will gain a clear conception of the attitude of a rapidly growing school of thinkers, who do not regard Jesus as the "Only begotten Son of God," nor do they regard him as the hypocrite which many orthodox and atheistic critics maintain Christ was, if he was not all the records which have come to us claim that he claimed himself to be. A very significant hint is given by the author, which I am surprised more writers have not dwelt upon, and that is, the possible influence which Essene teachers may have had on Jesus, seeing that many of the grandest utter-

ances of the great Galilean were a part of the teaching of this noble spiritual brotherhood which rose about one hundred and fifty years before Christ, and which, at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, numbered over four thousand souls. To me the greatest blemish of the work, aside from its somewhat faulty style and weakness as a novel, is the extremely materialistic view which the author takes of Jesus' resurrection. While it is not improbable that his body was taken away, I do not doubt the appearance, nay, frequent appearance of Jesus, to his disciples. The researches of the Psychical Societies, and of great scholars and scientists, have demonstrated the reality and frequency of apparitions—*objective apparitions*, at the present date. Jesus was a powerful sensitive, being in the closest *rapport* with the divine life; he had wonderful magnetic or healing powers; he had so thoroughly imbued his disciples with his spirit, so perfectly conquered them with his great, loving heart that all conditions would be favorable for him to manifest himself to them. Their souls were in *rapport* with him. Is it strange that they should frequently see him, even though it may sometimes have been by second sight or clairvoyant vision? Therefore, granting much exaggeration and some marvellous legends, with small bases of truth, found their way into the gospel,, which is highly probable, in that they were composed so many years after the crucifixion; nevertheless, I believe much of the great vitality of early Christianity was due to the reality of the phenomena of the risen Master.

"THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT," by the able editor of the *Christian Leader*, John F. Rowe, is a work that should be read by all ministers and those interested in following the history of Christianity from its inception to the present time. The author is a member of the Disciples denomination, the church of which President Garfield was a member. In his preface Mr. Rowe says:—

"In preparing this work for the public, we have drawn from the most reliable and distinguished authorities extant. We have prepared the work with much labor and patient research. The present work is the condensation of many volumes. For authorities, we have depended on such standard works as McClintock and Strong's *Encyclopedia*, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Chambers' *Encyclopedia*, Prof. George P. Fisher's *History of the Reformation*, Philip Schaff's *History of the Christian Church*, Neander's *History of the Christian Religion and Church*, and Prof. R, Richardson's *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell*. In delineating the development of the great apostasy from the original apostolic order of things, in describing the successive Protestant reformations, in setting forth the restoration and identification of the Church of Christ, as accomplished through the labors of Alexander Campbell and his co-adjutors, and in giving a brief history of the nineteen Ecumenical Church Councils, we have followed the order of events as closely as it was possible to be done. We have aimed to give places, dates, and authorities, and corroborating testimony from disinterested parties. In a word, if there is any reliability in history, it will be found in the following pages. We have aimed to present a systematic compendium of reformatory movements, and as such we ask our readers to receive our work, bating all imperfections, as purely a labor of love."

There is a spirit of earnest candor evinced, as well as exhaustive research in this work, which is very refreshing in the present age, when shrewd thinkers too frequently sacrifice truth to prejudice.

In "THE STRIKE OF A SEX," Mr. George N. Miller has contributed a valuable work to the rapidly increasing literature of feminine freedom,—not the freedom of license but the freedom of long denied justice. We are coming, day by day, to see more clearly that woman has a destiny far grander than the veiled slavery of the ancient Greek conception which was voiced with such disastrous effect by St. Paul. The ethical revolution that is now pressing so urgently upon society, and which is being so strenuously combated by the vicious and the conservative, will be accomplished only when woman is free and untrammeled.

In "THE FRUITS OF CULTURE," by Count Tolstoï, I am much disappointed. The work claims to be a comedy, but it lacks the sparkle and genuine humor which is so essential to make a light dramatic work readable. To me, the book is "stale, flat, and unprofitable," though doubtless many of Count Tolstoï's readers will find in it much pleasure. Coming from a less distinguished pen, I do not think it would have been deemed worthy of translation.

"MY UNCLE BENJAMIN," by Claude Tillier, and translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker, is a rare gem, bright, entertaining, and instructive. Of course, one does not have to agree with all the brilliant observations of the somewhat cynical philosopher, in order to appreciate the work, which is immensely valuable for its suggestive quality. Its wit is keen, its pathos delicate, the forcible manner in which it presents truths, which the multitude, while believing, condemn, is charming. Mr. Tucker deserves great praise for resurrecting so valuable a work.

"ME and CHUMMY" is a delightful little paper-backed story, by Coyne Fletcher, a bright, young, southern writer. Just such a book as one wants to read on the railway train, or at the fireside, when overcome with care or work, and the mind calls for a rest. The negro dialect, as may be surmised from the title, crops out on almost every page. There is a dash of politics, which adds to the interest of the work, without being offensive *even to a rabid protectionist.*

ERRATA: The review of Miss Cleveland's novel, "His Honor," last month, was signed W. E. Clasky: it should have been W. E. Crosby.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE FRUITS OF CULTURE," by Count Leo Tolstoï, published by Benj. Tucker, Boston, Mass. Cloth, 185 pp., price, $1.00.

"HISTORY OF THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT," by John F. Rowe, published by J. F. Rowe, Cincinnati, Ohio. Cloth, 515 pp., price, $2.00.

"THE STRIKE OF A SEX," a novel by Geo. N. Miller. Paper, 235 pp., price, 35 cents; sent post-paid.

"THE CHURCH AND STATE," by Count Tolstoï, published by Benjamin Tucker, Boston. Cloth.

"LIBERTY IN LITERATURE," by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, with frontispiece of Walt Whitman, published by the Truthseeker Co., New York. Handsomely bound in cloth, 75 pp., price, 50 cents.

Words of Fire.

I WISH every reader of THE ARENA to carefully peruse the following letter, especially the part that suggests our individual efforts in palliating the misery of uninvited poverty as found to-day. Mr. Morrill utters *words of fire* that should burn into the conscience of every reader. After perusing the letter I beg each reader to frankly ask himself how much he is willing to give to aid those who are sinking in the great ocean of want, not through any fault of their own, but owing to the rapacity of soulless individuals or corporations, or to a cruel fate over which they have no control. To reach forth our hands and save as many as lie in our power, of these poor children of adverse fate, is the simple duty of every person who enjoys life's comforts. It is not a question as to whether we can help the many ; can we not save a few ? We are only required by the laws of ethics to do what we can; nor must we lose sight of the important fact that this work is merely a palliative measure. As Mr. Morrill truly says: "The social structure must be reconstructed." It is the duty of every thoughtful person to work incessantly for a social reconstruction, which will render "uninvited poverty" impossible. But it is none the less the solemn duty of *all* while this great agitation is going on, to rescue those who are sinking. One class of philanthropists seem to imagine that our social system can never be reformed or reconstructed; that all efforts, looking in this direction, will prove futile, and the most that we can do is to palliate matters by dealing out charity. Other reformers seem to demand all or nothing. They enthusiastically work to bring about a general social regeneration, and I believe their laudable labors will, in time, meet with success, but many of them persist in ignoring the present phase of the problem. The promise that a steam launch will be sent on the morrow, to rescue a drowning man, means nothing; a board cast to him now means everything. While the launch is being prepared, it is clearly the duty of each one to, so far as lies in his power, throw out planks to the sinking.

Think of the gravity of the problem that confronts us! Thousands of our fellow-beings are slowly starving every year in this republic; thousands of noble girls and young women are forced, by grim necessity, to starve or sin. Thousands of noble mothers, fathers, and children are dying of wasting diseases that would disappear if they had proper treatment and food. There are to-day, in Boston, says the *New Nation*, 38,200 men and women, who depend for food, lodging, and dress on the work of their hands, *now out of work*. The following clipping from an exchange is quoted merely because it typifies the fate of hundreds, if not thousands, in our great cities: —

"Mrs. Clara Kloin was evicted on Saturday [in New York]; turned out in the cold rain with a baby only a few weeks old, because she was unable to raise the paltry rent. She walked about all day Saturday seeking a lodging. The baby died on Washington's birthday, and the mother is likely to die."

In the face of such misery, all of us who feel drawn toward Jesus or any other of the splendid souls who have lived for, and in sympathy with, the poor and oppressed, must appreciate the fact that a positive, a solemn, a grave duty rests with us. That duty is to do all that lies in our power to ameliorate the condition of the destitute, while laboring to inaugurate a better order of things. Many are silently, nobly working and liberally giving to the worthy

who are destitute; but thousands of others could give, if they were less indifferent, or would aid, if they knew how or where to give. To such we make the following proposition: Every dollar forwarded to us for the deserving poor, will be credited and published monthly in our publishers' department. The money will be placed in the hands of a committee of noble-hearted workers among the destitute, who enjoy the confidence of the public, and who are devoting their lives to relieving the suffering of humanity. And this committee will, from time to time, render a full report of how every dollar is expended, which report will be published not less frequently than once a quarter, in this department of THE ARENA, in order to let all those who contribute know how their money has been expended and the results that have followed. This seems to be a practical and feasible manner of relieving a great amount of suffering and misery. We urge all our readers to carefully peruse Mr. Morrill's letter and then determine how much they can afford to give for their sinking fellowmen; how much to save lives from starvation, and virtue from destruction. The question is a solemn one. The appeal is to your conscience.

MR. GEORGE W. MORRILL'S LETTER.

TOLLAND, CONN.

B. O. FLOWER, *Editor of* THE ARENA.

MY DEAR SIR: — I beg your pardon in taking a moment of your time, but I do want to say that the February ARENA is good in the deepest and highest sense. Your article on the "Froth and the Dregs" sharply brings the state of our present surroundings before us, and how true that a revelation of man to man is taking place. *Cannot something be done by the great army of readers of The Arena to aid such cases as the widow with Constance and Maggie (mentioned in your editorial of February number)? In saying this I well know the whole social structure must be reconstructed, but while the old is going to ruin, cannot we do something to rescue some from the wreck?* I am thinking of taking our town hall, Sunday night, and reading your article on the "Froth and the Dregs." We are not rich here, but I should be happy to send the first living stone from these Connecticut hills, to enable THE ARENA to build some structure of practical aid to such as have been mentioned in your editorial, "Uninvited Poverty." I have worked as a missionary in New York City along the east side; had some three hundred and fifty families under my charge, and I tell you Christianity must take off its kid gloves and meet these people as man to man, or they will rot in the slums of our present Christian civilization. I have just had $1.00 handed to me which I enclose for the mother of Constance and Maggie. 'Tis but a grain, but it may prove the seed of more to follow.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE W. MORRILL.

[The dollar was promptly given to my friend, the Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, who labors among the very poor of the North End, Boston, and through him, gladdened the home of Constance and Maggie. ED. of ARENA.]

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.

Every one can do something. A little child of eight of my acquaintance, who heard her mother read the editorial about Constance and Maggie, referred to above, quietly set about to earn money for these children. She lives in a large Boston hotel and is very popular with the other little ones. As she owns several boxes of children's water-color paints, which the other children are always ready to enjoy with her, it occurred to her youthful brain, that she might with her paints raise a dollar for the poor children. She immediately requested an older companion to write her a card, stating that she would give painting lessons three afternoons in the week;

terms, two cents a lesson. This she is doing and has already collected a number of pennies. "As soon as I get a dollar I want you to send it to the poor little girls," she said to me a few days since. If all children were so raised as to thus think and care for the poor, how different would our world appear. I have cited this case to show how all can do something to relieve "uninvited poverty." All money sent to the editor of THE ARENA for this fund will be promptly acknowledged and applied as indicated above.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE. Dr. George W. Winterburn, formerly editor of the *American Homœopathist*, of New York, and for many years one of the most prominent writers and practitioners among the disciples of Hahnemann, contributes an essay of great force in this issue of THE ARENA, on the Future of Philosophy. Dr. Winterburn in his treatment of this subject displays great breadth of thought and that quick discernment, by no means prevalent among popular thinkers, which enables him to think along the lines of advanced scientific research. The tribute he pays to Professor Buchanan is richly merited.

NATIONALIZATION OF LAND, BY PROFESSOR BUCHANAN. A number of correspondents have written us for positive assurance that the brilliant contribution from Professor Buchanan on "Nationalization of the Land" was, in fact, written over thirty years ago, as stated in a footnote in the March ARENA. One writer declares, "It seems incredible that such utterances could have been published so long ago and have found no echo in the hearts of the people; while at the present time almost the same language, and exactly the same views are expressed in crowded halls throughout England, the United States, and Australia, and call forth ringing applause." A prominent lecturer on social subjects exclaimed in our office a few days since, "Why those are almost the exact words I use every week from the platform. Has not the essay been changed or edited since its publication in 1847?" To which we replied that the essay as it appears in THE ARENA for March and April is an exact reprint from the copy printed in *The Herald of Truth* in '47, save the footnotes, which, of course, are original at the present time and introduced to make the essay more complete. The thoughts advanced by Professor Buchanan a generation ago in this paper are in such perfect accord with the belief of tens of thousands of the best thinkers of to-day, that we chose to publish them as they were first given to the public, believing that they would be as timely as if prepared at the present time; while they also reveal the foresight and mental acuteness of a profound thinker, who is ever in the van of scientific and reformative thought.

GERALD MASSEY'S POEM. Events of the present quickly obscure thrilling passages in the lives of prominent persons, especially when they transpire beyond the sea; therefore it is probable that many of our readers will fail to catch the heart fervor that fires the great soul of England's poet of freedom and the people, as he recalls the gallant fight of Charles Bradlaugh for his convictions, and the right to hold views which he conscientiously believed to be true, without being outlawed for such opinions. Mr. Massey is the sworn foe of tyranny, a lover of liberty, a defender of the oppressed. His whole heart goes out to anyone who suffers for his honest belief. To him the ignominy heaped on the great liberal thinker is as vivid as if it happened but yesterday.

A STUDY OF HAMILTON. The second paper of our series on Popular Leaders, Past and Present, has been prepared by the well-known writer, E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," and other scientific works. Mr. Powell is always fair as well as critical. His paper on Alexander Hamilton will be followed by a striking essay on Thomas Jefferson.

THE AGE OF CONSENT LAWS. We have been greatly gratified by the effect of our editorials on the infamous age of consent laws. A great number of leading papers have published long editorials on the subject; other journals have copied the editorial in full. In Minnesota this paper seems to have created a profound impression from the number of journals which have taken up the agitation. The following is from an editorial in a recent issue of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*:—

The presence of such a law is a constant reproach upon our people, and a disgrace to any enlightened state. That men who have little sisters or daughters of their own should permit it to remain, is one of the strangest vagaries of human nature.

Is there a member of this legislature who has a daughter ten years old? If so, he knows whether the child is so versed in the world's villainies that she can protect herself. If so, let him answer whether, if he found that daughter's purity sullied, if he learned that some wretch had taken advantage of her innocent ignorance, worked upon her affections and compassed her ruin, he would consider it an adequate defense that the girl did not offer violent physical resistance. The possibility is too revolting for calm discussion. And yet Minnesota is one of nine States of the Union where the age of consent is ten years, while in thirty-six States and Territories it is less than fifteen. The barbarous features of this law, the discrimination which it makes against virtue and in favor of property, are forcibly stated in an editorial article in THE ARENA:—

"Here, for example, is a poor girl, she has a little property left her, but she is only fourteen. The State, to protect her from being unduly influenced, because she is a frail child — a minor — steps in and forbids her handling her property. She wishes to make a contract; the State declares that owing to her minority the contract shall not be binding. She falls in love with a man, and wishes to enter the bonds of honorable matrimony. Again the State interposes; her consent is of no value. Again we find another girl struggling to sustain her failing strength on meagre wages. It is winter; she may have a helpless mother dependent upon her; her employer takes advantage of her extremity, and makes the price of her virtue the condition of her continued wages. Does the law step in here where the poor child most needs protection, declaring in the name of justice that he who pollutes and disgraces this defenseless minor shall suffer a punishment commensurate with the terrible crime? Oh, no! the fathers, husbands and brothers who make laws for women and children have stamped their own degradation on our statutes: for here the law comes forward and says, though the child shall be protected in her property, though her contracts in business affairs shall not be binding, though she shall not be allowed honorable marriage where parents or guardians object, she may consent to her spiritual, moral and physical ruin, and the arch fiend who has thus robbed her of the crown of womanhood — her virtue — is protected behind those infamous laws, enacted by fathers, husbands, and brothers for the furtherance of animal lust and moral degradation in men, and the destruction of maidenhood."

There can be no argument, no excuse, no palliation for a law which makes ten years the age of consent. Let a man be as liberal in his views as he will, he cannot, if decently intelligent, claim that a child who is not yet mentally or physically a woman is the proper guardian of her own virtue, and competent to sign away that whose value or even whose meaning she does not yet understand. Even the States that are most careless in this particular have raised the age of consent to fourteen years, the very lowest figure which ought to be named in the United States. Minnesota leaves it at ten. For how many years must the protest of fatherhood, of decency, of all that makes man higher than the brute, go up to our legislature for a revision of this most monstrous law, before our shame is wiped out by its change?

This editorial called forth the following from the Minneapolis *Tribune*, which further illustrates the beneficial work which THE ARENA'S outspoken stand has accomplished in arousing public sentiment in a single community.

THE AGE OF CONSENT.

THE St. Paul *Pioneer Press* yesterday had an editorial on the subject indicated by the above headlines. It was O. K. If the boss himself had tried to do a big thing, he could not have done better. We do not, as a rule, agree with Joe Wheelock, but when he does his duty, no one takes off his hat sooner than we do. Now, what are we driving at? The age of consent. In Minnesota a girl may "consent" to her ruin if she be only ten years old! If her father had died when she was at the age of eight, or ten, or twelve, or fourteen, there is not a State in the Union that would have admitted the girl to have any sense as to her judg-

ment concerning the property, soon to be hers, by the recognized age of eighteen. But in the case of her womanhood, the point of her honor, which some men regard as a mere commercial quantity, but which mankind regard as vital, she is to be sole, and absolute, and complete, and competent judge at the age of ten ! ! ! Such a law is not only barbarous, but absolutely inhuman! The *Pioneer Press* is right when it says this abominable statute should be repealed and the age of consent placed at fifteen, at least, but it advocates a doctrine so plain and intelligent that if the present legislature does not take up the question and fix it on the basis of common sense, its members should be relegated to the rear, and none of them permitted to hold office more.

In the name of common sense, in the name of decency, in the name of humanity, in the name of citizenship, and the great common Father, repeal this awful law, which must have been made for Indians, and not for Christians, and no longer hold your sisters and your daughters in this horrible bondage ! Repeal this abomination of barbarity, and obtain the applause of Christendom even though the applause of the hour may have been forgotten.

These are examples of numbers of editorials which have appeared throughout the Union since THE ARENA unmasked this great wrong, which a conspiracy of silence is fostering. We have received scores of letters of thanks from mothers and fathers from every section of the land. The pulpit as well as the press is becoming aroused, as we note from many discourses recently delivered. Once thoroughly unmask a great wrong and inaugurate a general agitation of the subject, and positive reforms will follow.

This year, a person by the name of Lane, who represents, — or rather, let us hope, misrepresents — Otsego, N. Y., has introduced into the assembly at Albany a bill to reduce the age of consent to thirteen years. Outside of the keepers of brothels and the blacklegs of society, it is inconceivable that anyone could seriously favor such a measure. The bill has aroused the strongest opposition, and can never pass unless it should be hurried through the legislature in the rush of the closing hours, in which event we will take pleasure in publishing the names and addresses of the miscreants who would thus seek to fatten the dens of infamy and remove from our daughters the slender protection they now enjoy.

THE KOCH MANIA. — The views presented in THE ARENA by Professor Buchanan, when the Koch mania was at its height, are fully sustained by public opinion in Europe. The European edition of the New York *Herald* says: —

"I thought it would scarcely be necessary to refer again to Dr. Koch's remedy —if the name of remedy can be given to a means which, in the majority of cases, renders worse the complaint that it is supposed to cure. But since the abovementioned Dr. Koch, with singular audacity, has just declared publicly that all the experiments that have been made confirm the results which he announced. I think it may be well to reply to him that he is mistaken, or that he has led us astray, as what the experiments really have shown is precisely the contrary to what he says. On all sides I hear of consumptive patients either killed by the treatment or left in a worse condition than before they underwent it, or else of chronic and torpid cases transformed into acute forms. I only ask to be shown one case of cure of pulmonary tuberculosis, a single case, and I shall at once make the apology due to the German science of the German Dr. Koch."

Virchow and Cornil have condemned the Koch process. Dr. C. Arnot, a French army surgeon, says of Virchow's opinion (who may be considered the most eminent authority), "The Berlin professor handles his compatriot's method without gloves. He seems like a prosecutor drawing up a severe requisitory, or like an arbiter who, after a battle, should count the number of dead and wounded, and, unfortunately, it is already considerable."

A remarkable feature of this professional craze is the servility to European authority and the neglect of American originality. The discovery claimed by Koch was made in this country in 1889 by Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, and modestly published; but Dr. Dixon did not kill any patients by rash experiments, and did not have the patronage of an emperor.

HYPNOTISM. — A very entertaining and instructive contribution to our psychic series appears in this month's ARENA,

from the pen of Dr. R. Osgood Mason, of New York City. Dr. Mason is a member of the London Society for Psychical Research, a careful student and scientific investigator. His paper on Hypnotism will be read with great interest.

NATIONALISM VERSUS INDIVIDUALISM. — Our "No-Name" paper this month comes from the camp of our Nationalist friends. It is from the pen of a well-known contributor to THE ARENA.

THOMAS G. SHEARMAN ON CROOKED TAXATION.—We take pleasure in publishing this month a strikingly suggestive paper from the pen of Thomas G. Shearman, on "Crooked Taxation." This essay, together with Professor Buchanan's paper on the "Nationalization of Land," are valuable contributions to the social and economic literature of the hour.

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S PORTRAIT. — The admirable portrait of Prof. J. R. Buchanan, which appears in this issue, will be much prized by the host of friends who love and respect this noble *savant*. It may be interesting to our readers to know that when a young man, Dr. Buchanan was exceedingly delicate; few friends expected he would live, but by a life of temperance and strict observance of the laws of health, to-day finds him past seventy-five, hale, robust, and as straight as an army officer. Professor Buchanan has ever avoided all excesses. His life has been characterized by temperance in the broadest sense of that term. He has always chosen to live in a moderate way, expending all money not so required for the good of his fellowmen. Although the snow of time rests on his brow, like Victor Hugo, his heart remains youthful and his brain seems to grow in power and vigor as the years pass by.

AN EARNEST WORD.— I earnestly urge all readers to thoughtfully peruse the letter from Mr. Morrill which appears in the note, "Words of Fire." It seems to me that an opportunity is presented for all of us to do a great work for those who are perishing for the very assistance which we can give. Let us, hand in hand, aid our brothers and sisters who are less fortunate than ourselves.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY. — In this issue, Prof. James T. Bixby enters THE ARENA in defense of Christianity against Dr. Felix L. Oswald, who set forth the claim in the January ARENA that Christianity was of Buddhist origin. Dr. Oswald is a philosopher and author of national reputation, while Professor Bixby has made the history of the world's great religions a subject of exhaustive and profound research. We thus give this question, which has for years engrossed the minds of religious thinkers, an able presentation from each point of view.

WHAT IS JUDAISM?—In the May ARENA we will publish our second paper of the series on the world's great religions, which was so ably opened by Dr. Lyman Abbott in his thoughtful contribution on "What Is Christianity?" This essay will be entitled "What is Judaism?" It has been prepared by Rabbi Abram S. Isaacs, editor of the Jewish *Messenger* and Professor of German and Hebrew in the University of New York. An admirable portrait of Professor Isaacs will accompany this notable paper.

A SPECIAL FAVOR.— As a special favor I ask every reader of THE ARENA to carefully peruse the note which appears under the caption "*Words of Fire*" in this issue, and especially do I urge you to give Mr. Morrill's letter, filled with burning eloquence and lofty enthusiasm for humanity, your careful attention. Here is a great work which should engage your sympathy. Will you help rescue those who are struggling in the sea of "uninvited poverty"?

WOMAN'S DRESS REFORM.—Our readers will remember a paper of great interest, by Mrs. Francis E. Russell, on Dress Reform, especially as applied to women's business costume which appeared in the February ARENA. This subject afforded one of the principal topics for discussion

at the recent Council of Women in Washington, and a committee of ladies has been appointed to take this subject under consideration and report on what appears best suited to meet the exigencies of the case. In this, as in the promulgation of other great reform movements, THE ARENA anticipated the expressed wishes of a great class, and was the first leading review to place the case before the magazine-reading public. Unlike many reviews which decline to present any subject until it has received the stamp of approval from conservatism, or has grown at once old and popular, THE ARENA ever essays to herald real reforms, and lead thought rather than to rest content in following in the wake of conservatism. In speaking of the action of the Woman's Council in reference to the subject so ably treated in Mrs. Russell's paper, the New York *World* says editorially:—

The most sensible thing done by the great convention of women recently in session at Washington was the initiation of a movement for devising a business costume for women which shall answer the requirements of comfort, convenience and comeliness.

The conventional dress of men has been adapted in precisely that fashion to the new needs of a new time. In this age of universal work men do not wear white satin-faced coats, silk stockings, knee breeches, laced waistcoats, ruffled shirts, and powdered perukes, as they did in an age of leisure. They have work to do for which such costume is unfit, and so they have adopted the new costume with the trousers, the sack or cutaway coat, the short hair and derby or crush hat, so that they may be free from embarrassment of clothes.

But while women have in large numbers become workers they still wear the costume designed for women of leisure; they go out of the home to find their duties, but they go clad in garments fit only for the duties and conditions of home or for the promenade. Working-women and business women and professional women are handicapped in many ways in their competition with men, but in none more heavily than in the utter unfitness of their clothes for the conditions in which they are worn.

It is for women themselves to remedy this evil. The matter is entirely in their own hands and they have not too soon set about considering it with practical intent.

The February Arena and the People.

That our people desire a bold, fearless treatment of the great root evils which are menacing our very civilization, rather than long essays on the superficial symptoms or timid hints at those great moral wrongs which are sapping our national vitality, is illustrated in the fact that during the past three months we have been compelled to issue extra editions of THE ARENA to meet the public demand. The February ARENA has called forth a far greater number of commendatory letters than any previous issue. As the best answer to the once popular cry that a magazine must not emphasize ethical or progressive thought, I quote below from a few letters out of more than a hundred similar communications prompted by the February ARENA.

A CLERGYMAN SPEAKS.

Rev. T. J. Shelton, editor of *Christian*, and pastor of the Independent Christian Church, Little Rock, Ark., writes under date of Feb. 17, 1891.

"God be with you. THE ARENA is a mighty John in the wilderness, in the spirit and power of Elijah."

A PROMINENT EDITOR.

Karl Snyder, whose editorials in the *Daily Nonpareil*, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, have attracted general notice, owing to their power and the strong humanitarianism that permeated them, writes:—

"My congratulations to you on THE ARENA's unparalleled success. It is easily the leader among our great western reviews — the leader of America's best, most vigorous, and thought-provoking. If America escapes the pessimism of Europe, it will be due to that 'new movement' which seeks to give point and purpose to the intellectual and humane energies of our time. Of this 'new movement' THE ARENA stands chief."

A MISSIONARY:—ONE ARENA REGULARLY VISITS THREE STATES.

Mrs. C. A. Spence, Fond du Lac, Wis., under date of Feb. 4th, writes: "Thanks are due you from every man, woman, and child in the country, for your strong, brave editorial on 'The Age of Consent

Laws,' and the spreading broadcast of the knowledge that such diabolical laws blot our statute books; also for the righteous, advanced stand THE ARENA takes upon all topics that affect the social, religious, and political world. It is the peerless queen among magazines. Many more read than subscribe for it. My one copy visits two families in Wisconsin, one in Minnesota, and thence goes to California."

A WORD ON THE GREATNESS OF THE ARENA.

Alex. M. Gow, Mechanical and Consulting Engineer, Pittsburgh, Pa.: "I have just dropped the February number of THE ARENA, to congratulate you on the greatness of your review. It is an achievement. Like a piece of engraving, it is a great conception, perfectly designed, thorough in detail, and as it progresses, admirably superintended. From my point of view, I liken it to the Brooklyn Bridge, only the bridge does not grow."

FROM THE MANAGER OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A. D. Williams, D. D., editor and manager of the *Christian Herald*, of Nashville, Tenn., under date of February 9th, writes: —

"While somewhat strongly dissenting from some of the articles in THE ARENA I am pleased with its frankness and courage, and more than pleased with some of the articles, especially with such as your editorial discussion of 'Masculine Immorality.' Use the scalpel still more vigorously, until the public cries out with horror at the facts, and not alone at the seduction of innocents, but until the male lepers shall be deemed no better than their female associates."

A WORD FROM THE EMPIRE STATE.

Willis T. Seymour, Seneca Falls, N. Y.: "I have just read the February issue of THE ARENA. In your splendid article 'The Froth and the Dregs' you express my sentiments exactly and I wish to thank you for giving to the world such vital thoughts. I thank you in the name of justice, right, and humanity."

A MEMPHIS MERCHANT WRITES.

William Horgan, Vice-President of the J. S. Menken Company, of Memphis, writes: —

"Pardon the liberty, but your articles in the Febuary ARENA are so clear and suggestive that I desire to express my admiration. I have just clipped the following from the *Daily Commercial* of this city: —

"The pathetic story of gilded splendor and grim squalor is boldly and briefly told by Editor Flower in the February ARENA. Ward McAllister's froth, and General Booth's dregs of society, furnish the typical cases commented on by Mr. Flower. While a banquet at Delmonico's costing $10,000 is enjoyed by seventy-two persons, thousands of women are working for the sweaters of the East Side, making shirts for 35 cents a dozen—working from eleven to sixteen hours daily in order to earn $4 to $6 a week. This in free America!

"Have the patriotism and humanity of the fathers of our country produced no better results? No more, but this? While the polished scholar utters pleasant prophecies to his hearers from St. Paul's pulpit in London, a chemist of Holloway attempts his own, his wife's, and his child's life to escape starvation, in sight of the parish clergyman's residence, who, although solicited, could not spare time to call.

"These are strange things to happen in this age of boasted civilization and advanced Christianity.

"Mr. Flower, and other thinkers who look beneath the surface, see the seeds of violent eruptions in the cities of Europe and America, and yet no adequate remedy is suggested. 'In olden times,' says Mr. Flower, 'when Christianity meant something'—yes, truly, when people felt that their sojournment in this world was merely a preparation for a better life hereafter, Christianity 'meant something.' There was an elevating sentiment in every bosom that prevented the worship of Mammon and luxury. The gulf that separated the feudal lord from the serf was not so broad or so deep as that which now separates, let us say, a Vanderbilt from a switchman on his railroad. As Mr. Flower remarks, while Vanderbilt was entertaining his friends with balls and banquets at Newport, there was suffering in the cottages and hovels of the poor strikers on the Central Road.

"In the editorial notes of this same periodical the social problems are boldly dealt with under these headings: 'Deplorable Social Conditions,' 'Uninvited

Poverty,' 'The Rum Curse,' 'Masculine Immorality,' 'The Age of Consent.' Each one is a study — simple, truthful, and to the point. The fathers, husbands, brothers that make our laws, are responsible for much of the crime and misery that exists, especially among females. Men ruin women, discard them, brand them as outcasts, and hide like cowards behind the laws that they themselves have made. My God, what shall we do to be saved? Saved from the moral degradation that has turned legislative halls and other high places that should be the refuge and the protection of the weak and innocent, into dens of hypocrites? Shall our teachers and preachers still continue to 'prophesy to us smooth things?'

"The 'rum curse,' says this writer, 'all admit is the most fruitful cause of crime and misery, and yet, the clergy of the Christian Church is not thundering against it.' But nowhere is the degradation of manhood more vividly illustrated than what are known as the 'age of consent' laws, continues Editor Flower.

"Poor Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who did more than all the men of the day to change these vile laws, was rewarded by two years in prison. O wise, prosperous, and pious nation, the flower of Christian civilization and progress! where is the remedy?

"Have we a spirit of Saint Paul among us? Is our religion a weekly incident, or a system of social by-laws? Are we moral sluggards or religious hypocrites? Nothing better is suggested for relief by the editor of THE ARENA than the united influence of the press, the pulpit, the novel, and the drama. But the pulpit denounces the drama and fights shy of the novel. Where is the preacher that can show us how to be saved from the poverty, degradation, and vice of the age?

"Coming events cast their shadows before,' and those who are gifted with spiritual vision discern the shadows and warn the people. Such men foresaw the French Revolution, but the rulers were deaf and blind. Must every nation have its French revolution? Are we varnished savages or gilded hypocrites?"

A VOICE FROM FAR-OFF WYOMING.

James A. Becker, Sheridan, Wyoming:— "God bless the editor of THE ARENA for his powerful blows against immorality, and in favor of reform. Be not too severe upon the preachers; they certainly have an unenviable lot here in this western land, and I am afraid they often wish they were back in 'God's country.'"

NO LANGUAGE ADEQUATE TO EXPRESS APPRECIATION FOR THE ARENA.

Julia Mills Dunn, Moline, Ill.: —"No language at my command can express my appreciation of your review. I have suffered keenly from ostracism that rewards independent thought. But as Dolet said at the heretic stake, 'These flames are sweet for truth's sake.'"

FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT OF LEGISLATIVE WORK OF THE KENTUCKY EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

Josephine R. Henry, Versailles, Ky.:— "There is no section of the country that needs THE ARENA, with its broad news, progressive thought, and educative power, as much as the South. I am doing all in my power to interest people in this State in the best magazine I have ever seen in periodical literature. Success to the grand work you are doing."

SHAME ON OUR CIVILIZATION.

J. R. Bane, Attorney at Law, West Superior, Wis.: —

"I read with interest your editorial in February ARENA on 'Deplorable Social Conditions.' You are on the right track. You are lifting the veil. Agitation is what is needed. The public good requires it. How morally leprous and rotten our social fabric inwardly! When will good people awaken to the needs of the present? Your remarks on the 'Rum Curse' and 'Masculine Immorality' are timely and the arguments cannot be successfully refuted.

"It makes one's blood boil as the thoughts you write are dwelt upon. Shame on our civilization that permits such things. What a travesty on justice are some of our laws! Hooker, the law writer, remarks: 'Of law there can be no less said, than that the very least feel her protecting care and the greatest are not exempt from her power.' Such should be the case. Where, we would ask, is the 'protecting care' in the numerous cases cited by you! And in the second clause the word *not* is almost if not quite eliminated in our system of procedure. Go on with your good work. 'The field is ripe for the harvest.' Sow the good seed. 'He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

AN EDUCATOR'S WORD OF THANKS.

William Scott, Altoona, Pa:—"I read the February ARENA to-day. It is a splendid number. Accept my thanks for your paper on the 'Froth and Dregs.' THE ARENA is doing a great work for humanity and I feel grateful to you."

JUST WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.

E. Channing Chilcott, La Grace, South Dakota:—"I have been a subscriber to your paper for almost a year, and am much pleased with the spirit of perfect fairness with which you have edited the same, and the noble stand you have taken in your editorials on all the leading topics of the day. Although I do not quite agree with you on some points, your editorials in the February number are on the right track and just what is needed to set people to thinking, and when you have succeeded in doing that, they will soon act."

COULD SPARE ALL OTHER REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES BETTER THAN THE ARENA.

James Henry Young, Orient, L. I., N. Y.:—"THE ARENA is a great success. Our center table is graced each month by copies of THE ARENA, *The North American Review*, *Forum*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Century*, and *Atlantic*. We could spare all the others better than THE ARENA. As a magazine for bringing to the front those questions which seem to me so important at the present stage of human progress, THE ARENA has no equal."

ANOTHER WORD FROM THE EMPIRE STATE.

E. W. Fuller, Meridian, N. Y.:—"God bless those who projected THE ARENA."

THE FAVORITE AND MOST DISCUSSED REVIEW IN HIS SECTION.

J. M. Dunn, Garden City, Kan.:—"Your review is certainly the Moses of the age. We have an exchange here composed of THE ARENA, *The North American Review*, *Scribner's*, *Forum*, *Open Court*, *Twentieth Century*, and other magazines, but THE ARENA is the *favorite*. It is the first read and always the most discussed. I am glad to see in the fearless character of its contributions, the rising light which will dispel the foul mists of social oppression and conservative despotism. Go on; may your power be equal to the mighty task you are undertaking."

SALES FIVE TIMES AS HEAVY AS HERETOFORE.

Joseph Barrett, dealer in books, periodicals and stationery, Carthage, Mo.:—"I deem it a pleasurable duty to apprize you of the success of THE ARENA at this place. My sales of the February ARENA have been *five times as large as heretofore*. I trust equally good results come from other sections."

PRINCIPAL OF THE LUTHERAN HIGH SCHOOL.

L. S. Stevenson, principal of the Lutheran High School, Albert Lea, Minn.:—"No magazine comes to my table equal to THE ARENA."

IN A BRIEF YEAR HAS SURPASSED ALL RIVALS.

Alexander F. Matthews, Bank of Lewisburg, W. Va.:—"Allow me to congratulate you upon the wonderful success of THE ARENA, and to thank you for its publication. I have been its constant reader from the appearance of its first number, and in my opinion *in little more than one short year it has so surpassed all rivals*, that none are worthy to be named in comparison with it. Its phenomenal success, apart from the ability of its management, is due to its boldness in discussing living issues, and its fearlessness in attacking prejudice and ignorance."

FROM THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE SOCIOLOGIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

E. A. Bryant, Corresponding Secretary of Sociologic Society of America, York, Me.:—"Why do I write thus to you? That I may express the gratitude awakened in my heart by the work you are doing for humanity. I cannot particularize, for from the first article of the February ARENA, every word, line, and sentence will be to most minds a revelation, leading, we may hope, to higher conceptions of life and its duties to our fellow creatures."

THE MORAL CONVICTIONS OF THE ARENA ARE NOT FOR SALE.

Charlotte Ware Galletly, Janesville, Wis:—

"I am so overwhelmed with gladness on receiving each number of your fearless magazine, I feel like extending my hand in gratitude. I would most gladly make the circuit of this little city to obtain new subscribers for it, were I not such a victim of rheumatism as to prohibit the effort. But I feel it *must* be sustained, and that it is everybody's duty to help circulate it. Each and every article is so full of interest it is hard to discriminate in favor of any, but those bearing on the outrages, cruelties, and the injustice of the ruling powers, enter most deeply into my mind and heart. The article entitled "The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway," in the February number, filled my soul with such indignation toward that greedy monopoly that I forgot my painful malady and came near springing out of bed where I lay reading aloud to my husband. 'Yes,' he said in reply to some remark of mine, 'he is a fearless editor, as yet, to publish such a magazine, but he will be made to feel the pressure of the money power ere long or suffer himself to be bought as others have been, and then—' 'No such thing,' I replied. 'I am sure it is impossible that this publication shall ever be other than what it is, a fearless exponent of human rights.' Hoping you may never grow weary in such good work as that evinced in the 'Froth and Dregs,' I remain."

We have taken the above extracts from more than a hundred similar letters called forth by THE ARENA for February, and coming from every section of the Union as well as from almost every walk in life. When we remember the moral and intellectual character of the readers of a review like THE ARENA, these expressions reveal a wonderful awakening on the part of our best people, to the great needs of the present; indeed I know of no more inspiring sign than the multitude of letters I am constantly receiving from all parts of the Republic. The great evils that are grinding so heavily on the masses can be removed. The great sins which are sapping the vitality of our nation may be checked, and the Republic saved from a soulless plutocracy — the decay of moral stamina on the one hand, and the wild frenzy of a crushed and exasperated population on the other, if those who appreciate the dangers of the hour will unite, and, standing side by side, sinking all petty differences, work for the triumph of justice, of freedom, and a nobler civilization.

SOME IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE MAY ARENA.

Our May ARENA will contain a paper by C. Wood Davis on "The Wheat Supply of Europe and America," giving valuable statistics, brought down to and including the recently taken census. This paper has been prepared at a cost of many weeks of careful research. It will be a most important contribution, not only to every farmer in the wheat-growing section, but to all who are interested in the resources of our country. Another important feature of the May number will be a discussion by two prominent authors of a problem which has recently occasioned much interesting discussion, probably growing out of Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's notable recent contributions to THE ARENA and the striking facts brought before the public by the London Society for Psychical Research during the past year. A portrait of each author will accompany the paper.

IMPORTANT PAPERS BY C. WOOD DAVIS.

The remarkably brilliant paper of C. Wood Davis in the February ARENA, has called forth much comment. Several hundred copies have been ordered for

use in Western legislatures. Papers by Mr. Davis on "Government Control of Railways," and on the "Wheat Supply of America and Europe," will be striking features of early issues of THE ARENA.

OUR FEBRUARY NO-NAME PAPER.

More than two score of correct votes were received for our "No-Name" paper in the February ARENA. The first correct answer was received from Mrs. Frances E. Russell, of St. Paul, Minn., who will consequently receive THE ARENA for the ensuing year free. All others who have guessed correctly will receive the April ARENA free. The author of "His Mother's Boy" is Helen H. Gardener.

OUR LITERARY BULLETIN. Several new works of importance are advertised in our literary bulletin this month. Each reader should examine these pages. All orders sent to us will be promptly filled. Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World" is having a splendid sale. Sent postpaid for $1.75, as will be seen by advertisement. Another important work advertised this month is Mr. Harben's brilliant story, "Almost Persuaded." Dr. R. T. Trall's "Hydropathic Encyclopædia," Prof. Dowd's "Physical Culture," Dr. Taylor's "Movement Cure," Dr. Dio. Lewis' great works on weak lungs and on gymnastics are commended to those who appreciate good health, as works of rare practical value.

GREAT ESSAYS AT A NOMINAL COST. We call the attention of our readers to a page advertisement in this issue of THE ARENA of the republication of three important papers on Social Problem.

I. C. Wood Davis' great essay on "The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway," from THE ARENA for February.

II. Hamlin Garland's brilliant presentation of the Single Tax theory from January ARENA.

III. Prof. Joseph R. Buchanan's remarkable paper, "The Coming Cataclysm of Europe and America," from ARENA for August '90. This last paper presents a startling picture of social conditions as they are found to-day, with predictions of appalling catastrophies that threaten us. These remarkable essays should be scattered broadcast, and for this reason we have issued them at popular prices. See announcements elsewhere.

MR. HARBEN'S BRILLIANT NOVEL. In our book review this month, we make a brief note of Mr. Harben's remarkable story "Almost Persuaded." It is a book that every reader of THE ARENA should possess. I have seldom read such an eloquent sermon, a more earnest, heart-touching lesson, than this book breathes. Besides this, it is an intensely interesting story. The book, which contains over three hundred pages, printed in large type, and bound in heavy paper, will be sent postpaid from this office for fifty cents.

PYOKTANIN. Since the publication of Professor Buchanan's paper on Dr. Koch and Dr. Stilling, we have had a great number of communications from subscribers to THE ARENA, inquiring where they could procure Pyoktanin. In reply would say that Dr. J. P. Chamberlain, No. 6 James Street, Boston, manufactures Pyoktanin, the price at his office being one dollar per pint. Those interested in this new germicide should address Dr. Chamberlain.

BOOK CHAT AND LITERARY NOTES.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." One of the most important works of recent months is the publication of Sir Edwin Arnold's great poem, "The Light of the World." It is a noble creation, not so strong as it might be, not so dramatic as one could wish, but possessing the charm of a beautiful stream winding through a land of varied loveliness. We could have wished that Sir Edwin had treated his exalted theme in a somewhat broader spirit; that greater attention had been paid to modern critical thought; that he had laid more stress on the splendid life and precepts than on those incidents which it is highly probable, he himself does not believe transpired; such for instance as the slaughter of the infants by Herod, and other narratives which will almost inevitably be classed as traditional or legendary stories by the next generation. Had he treated his theme thus broadly he would have probably received less praise to-day, and his work might not have sold as readily at the present time, but I think it would have occupied a much more important place in the future than posterity will accord. By such a treatment he would have taken nothing from the grandeur of the life of Jesus, while placing himself in more sympathetic relation with progressive than critical thought, which is reverently searching for truth, and paying homage to all that is grand, inspiring, and ennobling in religion, while discarding that which does not bear the credentials of veracity. Had not Edwin Arnold himself been a Liberal, I should have expected less in this direction. With this exception, however, which to me is disappointing, I can recommend the work as a noble and inspiring creation, the influence of which will be pure, elevating, and helpful. The main portion of the book is devoted to a narration of the life of Jesus: first to Pontius Pilate some time after the latter had condemned the great Galilean to death, and afterward to a Buddhist who devours with great interest every detail of the sublime life, which should in after ages be sung of as "The Light of the World."

According to the poet, Pilate is haunted with the face of the man he "did adjudge unrighteously." While tarrying a night in Magdala, he stops at the palatial house of Lady Miriam, better known as Mary of Magdala, who gives him a history of Jesus after the crucifixion. So earnestly does the fair disciple tell her story, that Pilate's conscience smites him. He breaks off the interview:

But Pilate leaped
Fierce from his place; with visage white and writhed—
"Call them to horse!" he cried, "for I will ride
To Sepphoris, before the sun is high,
If spurs can prick. One other watch spent here
Will brand me Nazarene!"

On the next day an Indian who had the story heard in part, prayed a full narration of the life, death, and resurrection of this great God-sent One.

The remainder of the work consists of Mary's story of the life of Jesus, and the interruption of the Buddhists. There are many passages of great beauty. Here are a few lines in which Mary argues with Pilate, that ultimately love shall be justified.

"When all is known
And the Eternal Wisdom whispers, glad,
Its secret to the soul, laughing to learn
Death was so friendly, and the toils of life
So fruitful for all living things; and pain
Seed of long pleasure; and our worst of woes
So like the foolish anguish of the Babe
Whereat the Mother, loving most, smiles most.

. . . . . .

"The steadfast, onward-moving march of Change
In use and beauty! yea, and what obstructs
Of harm and evil — for our World must grow
By Love's slow conquest of the stubborn will
Free to will wrongly! these be parables
Forever murmuring wider wonders, hints
Of what hides inner, deeper."

The poem closes with the following lyrical hymn of the angels:

Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquility:
Hearts of men upon earth
Never once still from their birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of heaven on their breast!

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hatred are dead,
And sorrow and death shall cease:
"Peace on earth and good will!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!

The publishers deserve great praise for the manner in which they have brought out the poem; large, clear type, heavy paper, a fine portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold as a frontispiece, and numerous full-page illustrations on plate paper, contribute to make a handsome volume, that should find its way into tens of thousands of libraries.

"INQUIRENDO ISLAND." This book is to me a delightful surprise. I anticipated a somewhat dry, philosophical dissertation on the absurdities of conventional religious thought, treated in the rather popular style of a burlesque on religion, in which, as is so frequently the case in such works, truth is held up to ridicule with error—the wheat condemned with the chaff. In this as well as the general character of the work, I find my preconceived impression wholly at fault. The work is in the first place what it purports to be, a tale of adventure; a story containing many more or less spirited adventures on the strange island of Inquirendo: a love story cleverly wrought out, and sufficiently well written to hold the reader's attention to the end. In my judgment it is a stronger piece of fiction, considered as such, than Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which at times it reminds one of. The purpose of the work, for it has a purpose — a noble and most praiseworthy aim, is to expose the absurdities of the dogma, the rite,

form, and ritual of modern Christianity, which has been so lamentably exalted above the spirit of its Founder: to show that it is not every one who says "Lord, Lord" who shall enter the Kingdom of God; that lip service is not religion. It is a merciless exposure of Phariseeism and hypocrisy, which Jesus so severely condemned, and which is so prevalent in fashionable Christianity of to-day. It is a good book, and while it will offend many, should be read by all.

"ALMOST PERSUADED." One of the best novels that has appeared in many months is entitled "Almost Persuaded," and comes from the pen of Will N. Harben, the gifted author of "White Marie." In his new novel Mr. Harben,—who by the way is a southerner,—voices in a most striking manner the hunger of the age, which cries for deeds rather than creeds; for life rather than profession; for works rather than dogmas. From first to last the reader's attention is held. He is fascinated rather than thrilled. His interest, while it never flags, at no time reaches a feverish or unhealthy pitch. The atmosphere of the book is wholesome as well as charming. A love story that is pure and exalting, and which teaches in a most delightful manner the most vital lessons of the day. I wish every minister or clergymen in America would read this work, they need it. It would be a revelation to them, showing them "that truth which would make them free." Never have I seen a more graphic parallel drawn between Christ's teachings and the established religious order of his time, and the similar condition as found to-day—human philanthrophy versus ecclesiasticism. Here we see the wealthy and pampered clergymen of New York bleeding their constituents for loftier spires, grander organs, higher priced singers, and missionaries for China, brought in bold relief with practical Christianity, as evinced by the life and precepts of Jesus, but which is so rarely seen in our fashionable churches. We trust that Mr. Harben will give us more works breathing the same great lessons as are so strongly emphasized in "Almost Persuaded."

"LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS." Frederick Douglass, the Colored Orator, is the last issue of the valuable series of American reformers, being edited by the Rev. Carlos Martyn, and published by Funk and Wagnall. This admirable volume is written by Frederick May Holland, author of "The Reign of the Stoics," "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty," "Stories from Browning," and other works of real merit. Mr. Holland is at home in the field of biography, possessing that rare power of making his subject live and walk before the mental vision of the reader. The work was written, the author tells us, in the hope, partly, that it would in some degree reduce the color prejudice, and partly as a fitting tribute to a man for whom he entertains a high admiration. The work deals with all the romantic incidents of Frederick Douglass' life, following him from the log cabin of his childhood on the bank of the Chopbank River in Maryland, through all the best and worst phases of slavery, to his long-cherished escape therefrom, and to his advance, stride by stride, to the distinguished position he now holds as the representative man of his race, a position in which he has won the confidence of his own people, and wrung from the white race unqualified admiration for his purpose, character, and intellectual grasp. The main incidents of Frederick Douglass' life have already been detailed in scattered notices in the press of the country. The author has not only collected, arranged and verified all those, but has given an added interest to the work by valuable information obtained from Mr. Frederick Douglass, Jr., and by numerous anecdotes related to the author by the hero of the story, shortly before his departure for Hayti. A series of ten unpublished lectures and many other manuscripts were at the same time handed to the author, and have proved useful in illustrating Mr. Douglass' views and character.

"LIBERTY IN LITERATURE." The great oration recently delivered by Col. Ingersoll for the benefit of Walt Whitman has been brought out by the Truth Seeker Co. in a worthy manner. It is well printed on heavy paper, consists of fifty pages, bound in brown and gold, and contains a fine picture of the "good, gray poet." Of this oration it is difficult to speak too highly. It is in my judgment one of the greatest and most timely utterances of recent years, and should be in the home of every American who values liberty, and appreciates the danger that threatens free thought in the Republic by a class of stealthy, Jesuitical conservatives, who have imbibed the spirit of a cowardly and bloody past, and who are strenuously seeking to foist that spirit upon this generation. In order to give the reader an idea of this work I give the following extracts.

"In the republic of mediocrity genius is dangerous. A great soul appears and fills the world with new and marvellous harmonies. In his words is the old Promethean flame. The heart of Nature beats and throbs in his line. The respectable prudes and pedagogues sound the alarm, and cry, or rather screech: 'Is this a book for a young person?'

A poem true to life as a Greek statue — candid as Nature — fills these barren souls with fear.

Drapery about the perfect was suggested by immodesty.

The provincial prudes, and others of like mould, pretend that love is a duty rather than a passion — a kind of self-denial, not an overmastering joy. They preach the gospel of pretence and pantalettes. In the presence of sincerity, of truth, they cast down their eyes, and endeavor to feel immodest. To them, the most beautiful thing is hypocrisy adorned with a blush.

They have no idea of an honest, pure passion, glorying in its strength, intense, intoxicated with the beautiful, giving even to inanimate things pulse and motion, and that transfigures, ennobles, and idealizes the object of its adoration.

They do not walk the streets of the City of Life; they explore the sewers; they stand in the gutters, and cry 'Unclean!' They pretend that beauty is a snare; that love is a Delilah; that the highway of joy is the broad road, lined with flowers and filled with perfume, leading to the city of eternal sorrow.

Here is a thought, which, till recently, all sensible men accepted as axiomatic. Not until our irresponsible censors took to marking here and there a passage in the Kreutzer Sonata, did a true man suppose that a work or a life was to be judged by a line or an act. The work or the life, whether it leads upward or downward, that is the only true question; whether it is calculated to awaken society and bring about a healthy revolution, or lull it to sleep in the lap of sin.

No writer must be measured by a word, or line, or paragraph. He is to be measured by his work; by the tendency, not of one line, but by the tendency of all.

Which way does the great stream tend? Is it for good or evil? Are the motives high and noble, or low and infamous?

If I were to edit the great books of the world, I might leave out some lines and I might leave out the best. *I have no right to make of my brain a sieve, and say that only that which passes through belongs to the rest of the human race.* I claim the right to choose. I give that right to all."

"LOOKING FURTHER BACKWARD." Arthur Dudley Vinton, whose admirable paper on "Morality and Environment" appears in this issue of THE ARENA, is the author of a delightful work, entitled "Looking Further Backward," in which many of the weak points in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" are brought out in strong relief. Mr. Vinton, however, does not touch on many of the points which impress me as being the most open to grave objections, when we take Edward Bellamy's delightful romance seriously. Mr. Vinton's book purports to be a series of lectures delivered by a Chinese professor in Shawmut College, some time after China had completely subjugated the defenceless Nationalistic United States. These lectures give the causes that led to China's invasion; the helpless condition which rendered an easy conquest for the three great Chinese fleets. All who have enjoyed "Looking Backward" should look still further backward with Mr. Vinton.

BRIEF NOTES.

"A MYSTERY OF NEW ORLEANS," by Dr. William H. Holcombe, bids fair to be an interesting novel, dealing with psychological problems. I hope to be able to review it next month.

"DRUMMOND'S NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD," a new edition of which has been forwarded us by the publishers, James Pott & Co., will be reviewed at an early date. Everything from the pen of Mr. Drummond is richly worth reading. He is one of the few great writers among conservative thinkers who elevates the spirit above the letter, and teaches the broadest humanity and noblest ethics.

"THE BACTERIOLOGICAL WORLD," edited by Dr. Paul Paquin, director of the Bacteriological Laboratory of the Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo., is a well edited medical review, devoted to the study of micro-organisms, and diseases of bacteriological or parasitical origin. Those interested in the subjects should not fail to send for this review. Terms, single copy, 30 cents. Per year, $3.00.

"ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE." The well known firm of Parker & Wood, No. 49 North Market Street, Boston, have just issued a sumptuously illustrated catalogue of seeds, plants, and bulbs, comprising one hundred and eighty pages. All persons interested in agriculture or horticulture, should not fail to secure this comprehensive work. Their lists and descriptions of flowers, small fruits, and vegetables are very full and complete. The catalogue will be sent free to any reader of THE ARENA who mentions this magazine when writing.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"INQUIRENDO ISLAND," by Hurdor Genone. Twentieth Century Publishing Co., N. Y. Cloth, pp. 348, price $1.00.

"A MYSTERY OF NEW ORLEANS," by Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D. Cloth, pp. 334, price $1.00. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," by Sir Edwin Arnold. Cloth, pp. 286, price $1.50.

"ALMOST PERSUADED," by Will M. Harben. Paper, pp. 316, price 50 cents. The Minerva Publishing Co., New York.

"LOOKING FURTHER BACKWARD," by Arthur Dudley Vinton Paper, pp. 236, 50 cents, Albany Book Co., Albany, N. Y.

"LAWYER'S CODE OF ETHICS," a satire by Balmaer. Cloth, pp. 144. The F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.

"THE NEW REFORMATION," a lay sermon, by Prognostic. Flexible cloth, pp. 76.

"PROFESSOR KOCH'S METHOD TO CURE TUBERCULOSIS," popularly treated by Dr. M. Birnbaum. Translated from the German. With an Appendix, being Professor Koch's first communication on the subject, translated from the Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift, and explanatory notes by the author. With illustrations. In paper cover 75 cents; and $1.00 in cloth.

"THE WITCH OF ENDOR," and other Poems, by Francis S. Saltus, superb, limited edition, bound in half morocco, gilt top, pp. 332, handsomely printed on linen paper, price $2.50. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"SHADOWS AND IDEALS," by Francis S. Saltus; uniform with "Witch of Endor," pp. 366, price $2.50. Charles W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"SUMMERLAND SKETCHES IN MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA," by Felix L. Oswald, with numerous illustrations. Cloth, pp. 426. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"HUMAN LIFE; OR, THE NEW COURSE OF TIME," a poem by Caleb Weeks, Cloth, pp. 360, price $1.25. Published by Samuel C. W. Byington & Co., New York.

"THE SALEM SEER," by Geo. C. Bartlett. Cloth, pp. 157, United States Book Co., New York.

"FREDERICK DOUGLASS," by Frederick May Holland. Cloth, pp. 422. Published by Funk and Wagnall, New York.

"THE GREATEST NOVEL OF THE DAY."

The *Detroit Commercial's* criticism of Helen Gardener's . . .

. . . "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?"

"Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is the greatest novel of the day, beyond all doubt, and, first issued only a few weeks ago, is already in its third edition. Some idea of its scope is shown in the following quotation from the author's preface to the second edition.

THE BATTLE FOR WOMANHOOD.

The first condition necessary to any real manhood was liberty to do and be the best that was in him to do and be. Woman belongs to the same race. Her needs are the same. It is far more important that she have the soul and consciousness of dignified and independent individuality than that men have it. Why? The race is stamped by its mothers. The codes of morals that teach woman to lack all proper self-respect — to accept a status which throws to her, as quite good enough, that which man scorns to accept for himself, gives man an inheritance from his mother that keeps the world filled with sly, incompetent, subservient, double-dealing, over-reaching, or mayhap mentally befogged and morally distorted human animals, who fight with each other, and scuffle like dogs in a pit for the tid-bits of life.

The battle for womanhood is the battle for the race. Upon her dignity of character and position depends the future. A slave she was, who was courted with a club. A subordinate she is, who is held as a toy. In both cases she was and is a perquisite of man. She has had no status for and because of herself. Man has. Woman shall have. It is not a struggle to dethrone man. His dignity is far greater when he stands as an equal among the free, than when he towers an owner above those whom he denies what he demands for himself. The dignity of Abraham Lincoln grasping the hand of a freedman surely stands higher than that of the kindest "master" on earth, as his slave kneels before him. With an equal social, moral, financial, and political status for men and women, surely the relation of the sexes will be sweeter, nobler, purer, and holier than it can hope to be where Power and Patience sit by the hearthstone, and suspect each other of double dealing, because they are sure that the words liberty, morality, honor, and justice have two sets of meanings according to the sex to which they are applied.

Perfect trust and perfect love never yet existed between equals. One may trust, and the other love; but an ideal marriage will never be made until legally, morally, and financially there sits at the hearthstone two who are equals, and who use language and thought to mean for each what it means for the other.

The present is a time of transition. The new thought and the old training cut cruelly across each other. This is true in the religious world, in the field of economies, and in the relations of the sexes. The old conservative training fixes the old habits, the new ideas arouse thought and aspiration, and sense of progress and justice.

In religion we find a consequent development of the so-called reconcilers of the irreconcilable — those who vainly try to graft the old forms of faith and expression upon the new forms of scepticism. The result is (conscious or unconscious) hypocrisy and a vast and troubled unrest.

In the field of economics, the clash of old training and habits upon the new thoughts and aspirations have filled the world with what we call the "labor troubles."

The old training and habits as to sex relations, clashing with the new and higher conception of justice and honor, have begun to cut savagely into the heart and brain, not only of the women who, with intellects developed by study and thought, and a greater financial independence than they ever before enjoyed, reach out for a love that shall not be mere tender patronage, which shall have within it the frankness and honor of comradeship — but it also finds the younger men unprepared to meet their own awakened sense of honor.

Young manhood is beginning to demand more of itself than it once did. There are men to whose souls neither secrecy nor confession brings relief. Their past is a horror to them, and their future is in its shadow. This finer sense of personal honor was once thought to belong to pure and good women only, and the cry, "I have debased myself, soul and body, and I do not dare accept your love," was a cry that no "manly" soul would have made in fiction a hundred years ago. It is made in life to-day.

VOLUME IV. OF THE ARENA.

With our next issue The Arena opens its fourth volume. The past six months have marked a period of prosperity that has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Our subscription list has during that time more than doubled; our sales are constantly increasing. During three of the past six months we have been compelled to issue extra editions to supply the demand, while one month three editions were called for. Another gratifying fact, something which gives us great pleasure, is the enthusiasm exhibited by our army of subscribers. From every State and Territory we monthly receive many hundreds of letters expressing in the most unqualified terms appreciation for The Arena. It is daily more and more apparent how strongly this review has taken hold of our broad-minded, earnest, and thoughtful people. To feel that we have such an army of workers who are thus deeply interested in The Arena, and the cause of free and fair thought for which it stands, affords us more pleasure than we can adequately express.

Steadily pursuing our course, we have continued to present all sides of the great fundamental problems which most intimately affect our civilization, and upon which depend the progress of humanity. In this respect The Arena is unique. We devote little space to the superficial aspects of affairs, knowing that to arrive at a true solution we must go to the foundation.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO VOLUME III.

Among the writers who have contributed to The Arena during the past six months, we mention the following as indicative of the wide scope of thought presented, and the authoritative character of the great writers who are from month to month speaking to our readers on the living issues which are so profoundly agitating the minds of our best and most earnest thinkers.

Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., LL. D.,
Camille Flammarion,
Thomas G. Shearman,
Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D..
Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.,
Count Leo Tolstoi,
C. Wood Davis,
Helen H. Gardener,
Elizabeth Cady Stanton,
Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., LL. D.,
Julian Hawthorne,
Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard,
Pres. E. B. Andrews, of Brown University,
Rabbi Solomon Schindler,
Felix L. Oswald, Ph. D.,
Prof. Jas. T. Bixby,
Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan,
Moncure D. Conway,
Hamlin Garland,
Prof. Alfred Hennequin,
Dr. R. Osgood Mason, A. M.,
Gerald Massey,
Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell).
Henry D. Chapin, M. D.

A FEW NOTEWORTHY PAPERS THAT WILL APPEAR IN EARLY NUMBERS OF VOLUME IV. OF THE ARENA.

As will be readily seen, it is impossible to name in advance many of the most notable contributions which will appear from month to month, owing to the fact that as great problems assume a prominent place in the public mind, leading thinkers and specialists in the various realms of thought are immediately employed to emphasize the lesson the public mind is ready to hear. A great number of the best thinkers of America and Europe are preparing papers for THE ARENA, which will appear from month to month. A few papers of great interest which will be published shortly are enumerated below: —

THE UNKNOWN. BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

Mr. Flammarion is recognized as one of the greatest astronomers of our age, a scientific scholar of the first rank, and one of the most entertaining living essayists. This contribution has, so the illustrious author informs us, required more time than he has hitherto given to any magazine essay. It will be of special interest to thoughtful people as embodying the personal experiences of Mr. Flammarion, Victor Hugo, Victorine Sardou, and other eminent scholars in their investigations of psychic phenomena.

THE LOGIC OF PORT ROYAL. BY PROF. BRENTANO, OF THE ACADEMY OF PARIS.

Translated by Geo. Albert Meyer, under the personal supervision of the illustrious author.

A RADICAL REMEDY. BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

The profound interest manifested in Prof. Buchanan's paper on the Nationalization of the Land indicates how strongly the people are thinking on lines of radical economic reform, and how quickly they recognize able presentations of social problems, even though they may not agree with the methods proposed. In the June ARENA, Prof. Buchanan will advance a radical remedy for our social evils. A remedy which, he believes, the exigencies of the hour demand, and which he thinks would solve the great economic problem with less friction, and in a shorter time than any plan heretofore advanced. The paper is bold, almost startling, in some of its propositions, and will, without doubt, call forth as much discussion as the notable essay on the Coming Cataclysm of Europe and America, which necessitated several extra editions of THE ARENA to supply the demand it occasioned.

THROUGH THE SLUMS OF BOSTON. BY THE EDITOR OF THE ARENA.

This paper which will probably appear in the June ARENA, will be richly illustrated by numerous photogravures, showing the true condition of the very poor in the city which boasts of its freedom from poverty.

THE GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL OF RAILWAYS. BY C. WOOD DAVIS.

No recent contribution to the economic literature of the day has called forth greater attention than C. Wood Davis' paper in the February ARENA, on The Farmer, The Investor, and The Railway. It has stimulated general discussion and been the basis of a great number of newspaper editorials and magazine articles. Mr. Davis is now completing an essay which will prove equally striking on Governmental Control of Railways.

WHAT IS BUDDHISM? BY CHARLES SCHRÖDER.

This paper, which is the third of our series on the World's Great Religions, is a condensation of the salient points in Buddhism as presented by Subhadra Bickshu, translated by Mr. Schröder, with a comparison of Buddhism and Christianity by the translator.

THE IRRIGATION PROBLEM IN THE NORTHWEST. By James Realf, Jr.

Mr. Realf, whose paper on the greatest living Englishman, published some months ago in The Arena, elicited strong words of appreciation from Mr. Gladstone, has been recently making a careful study of the irrigation problem in the Dakotas. The hope of that great territory depends on irrigation. Mr. Realf treats the problem in a practical and entertaining manner.

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY. By Prof. Jas. T. Bixby, Ph. d.

A brilliant exposition of the subject by a scholar who sees no inharmony between the essentials of Christianity and the doctrine of evolution.

THE REALISTIC TREND OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. By Emil Blum, Ph. D.

A strong essay, showing how completely Realism is supplanting the older schools of literature in Germany.

AT HOME. By Amelia B. Edwards.

A fascinating sketch by the illustrious author and explorer, giving an insight into her own home life, describing her methods of study, her favorite books, pictures, etc.

FAITH IN GOD AS A PERSONAL EQUATION. By Rev. C. A. Bartol.

A thoughtful essay from one of New England's best thinkers.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Rabbi Schindler and others.

Rabbi Schindler will continue his scholarly paper on the immigration problem. Other leading thinkers will also contribute to this discussion.

THE MALUNGEONS. By William Allen Dromgoole.

The strange race who live in East Tennessee have attracted great attention since The Arena published the first of a series of papers, written for the review by Miss Dromgoole. In order to make these papers strictly correct and authoritative, the brilliant young Tennessee authoress recently set out from Boston for a second visit to the home of the Malungeons. She spent several weeks among this strange and hitherto almost unknown people, during which time she collected data for the first and only authoritative series of papers ever published, treating on the Malungeons. These papers will be continued in The Arena.

THE DANGERS OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE EDUCATED CLASS IN A REPUBLIC. By Helen H. Gardener.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE PRESS. By Julius Chambers.

WORKING-GIRLS' CLUBS. By Helen Campbell.

THE NEW OLD TESTAMENT. By Rev. John W. Chadwick.

The above partial list of papers of great merit which will appear within the next few months in The Arena, merely indicate the scope and character of the work which will fill the pages of this review. Portraits of leading thinkers, the story, biographical sketches, and the editorial notes will continue in the future, as in the past, to be features of The Arena. No expense will be spared to make The Arena, in every respect, the leading liberal and progressive review of the age.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. C. WOOD DAVIS' GREAT PAPER ON THE WHEAT PROBLEM.—We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the remarkable paper of Mr. C. Wood Davis in this issue of THE ARENA. Almost a year was required by Mr. Davis to secure from Europe, Asia, Australia, South and North America the official data employed in this essay. It is probably the most complete and exhaustive examination of the wheat problem that has ever appeared in any review. This paper will be followed by a brilliant paper on governmental control of railways, by Mr. Davis.

A NOTABLE DISCUSSION.—In this number of THE ARENA appears a most notable debate between the eminent novelist and critic, Julian Hawthorne, and the great leader of Unitarian thought, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, on "Is Spiritualism Worth While?" This theme has been rendered peculiarly opportune owing to the remarkable discoveries that have been made in the psychic realm during the past two decades by prominent scientific investigators. The great work which has been accomplished by the English Society for Psychical Research, the remarkable demonstrations made by French physicians and scientists through experiments in hypnotism, have awakened the serious interest of the best thinkers in the civilized world, on the marvelous and hitherto unsuspected powers of the human mind. The psychic discussion in this number of THE ARENA leaves the field of scientific research and discusses what in the opinions of two eminent thinkers, would result from the demonstration of immortality, which spiritualists claim will follow a careful, impartial, and scientific investigation of psychic phenomena.

THE WORK INVOLVED IN MAKING A GREAT MAGAZINE.—Few people stop to think of the immense amount of work required to give them each month, in a concise form, the best thought on the great problems of the day, and the important facts relating to questions of general interest, which are found in our great magazines. Aside from the mechanical work, the editorial labor involving the selection of subjects and authors to ably treat them, and the numerous other details essential in making a magazine a pronounced success in this age of giant monthly serials, there is the laborious work of the scholarly contributor, who in a few pages frequently condenses the accumulated knowledge of many years of profound study. To bring within the compass of a magazine essay a mass of evidence, make deductions, and answer objections, requires far more skill and labor than many people imagine. Let us take, for instance, the first paper in THE ARENA this month. In order to authoritatively treat his subject, Mr. Davis had to procure official data from the various wheat-growing and wheat-consuming countries of the world. Statistics from Europe, India, Australia, South and North America, were essential to the proper treatment of the subject, though it required months to procure them. When once at hand all unnecessary facts had to be eliminated, comparative tables made; after which the labor incident to writing a comprehensive paper setting forth facts heretofore beyond the reach of the general reader was required. The result will prove eminently satisfactory to the busy scholar who has no time to wade through libraries or official reports, but who desires to keep abreast with the facts of the day. This illustration is suggestive. The great reviews of to-day are really condensed libraries in themselves,—libraries filled with the best thought written by specialists in the various realms of thought, and condensed so as to enable the general reader to keep well informed in the midst of a busy life

OUR SECOND PAPER ON THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS. — Prof. Abram S. Isaacs, of the University of New York, gives us an admirable paper on "What is Judaism?" in this issue. This is the second of our series of papers on the world's great religions, the first being by Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled "What is Christianity?" In an early number of the paper will appear a paper on "What

is Buddhism?" and a careful comparison of Buddhism with the teachings of Christianity, showing the points of agreement and difference. It is our determination to give our readers a full, fair, and able exposition of the aims and objects of the great world religions as given by leading representative thinkers. An admirable portrait of Rabbi Isaacs accompanies his paper.

AN ORTHODOX VIEW OF NEW TESTAMENT INSPIRATION.—Prof. J. W. McGarvey, Professor of Theology in the Divinity School of the Kentucky University, presents a paper on the Inspiration of the New Testament in this number. Professor McGarvey is a leading thinker among the conservative element in the religious world. His work on Palestine, published by Lippincotts, is considered by many scholars one of the ablest books on the Holy Land that has appeared in recent years. Occupying the position he does, as the leader of conservative thought, his views will not be accepted by many of our readers, who, however, will enjoy perusing the other side. We can only hope to arrive at the truth by hearing all sides of all great problems.

MAX O'RELL ON PARVENUES IN RELIGION.—Paul Blouet, known in the literary world as Max O'Rell, contributes a very timely paper on parvenues in religion, in this issue of THE ARENA. Mr. Blouet aims at more than merely amusing his readers; he brings home one of the most important lessons to be learned by the religious world of to-day.

A FRIEND'S OBSERVATIONS. — "THE ARENA," writes a valued friend, "is not only a great moral force in itself, but the influence it is exerting on periodical literature is very marked. Since you published your symposium on destitution, and have so vigorously followed it up with 'The Froth and the Dregs,' 'Deplorable Social Conditions,' and other papers well calculated to arouse the consciences of the people, the other reviews are waking up, as will be seen by the April N. A. *Review* and *Forum*, each of which treat the problem of poverty at length."

To me, of course, this growing interest in the real burning problems of the hour is most gratifying. The interest in social purity has also been greatly stimulated as is reflected in recent issues of leading magazine and reviews since the appearance of Helen Gardener's great novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" and THE ARENA'S outspoken demand for an equal standard of morals. When the interest of the thinking world becomes centered in the consideration of the great basic principles upon which true civilization depends, reforms of enduring value will follow. The influence of our great magazines has too frequently been thrown in the wake of popular thought. Their discussions have too frequently been devoted to superficial appearances, rather than the fundamental causes of the evils which are apparent. Let us hope that an era of moral courage has opened.

A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE SLUMS OF BOSTON.—A feature of our June number will be a description of a pilgrimage through the slums of Boston by the editor of THE ARENA. It will be profusely illustrated by photogravures made from flash-light pictures taken for this paper. These pictures will greatly aid our readers in understanding the true condition of hundreds, nay more, of thousands of our fellow-citizens in the modern Athens. A few months ago, in response to a request to contribute to our Symposium on Destitution in Boston, one of the greatest divines of this city replied, "It is a singular fact that we have little poverty in Boston." In this paper the real facts will be brought to light. It has been our policy from the first to publish, as a feature of THE ARENA, portraits of the leading thinkers of the age, and to employ illustrations when the text rendered such essential to a perfect understanding of the subject under question. In this case we are convinced that several finely executed photogravures will speak more eloquently than words of the exact condition of many of our fellowmen who dwell almost beneath the shadow of the gilded dome of our State House.

THE UNKNOWN, Camille Flammarion's greatest magazine essay, will appear in the June ARENA. The distinguished French astronomer, in a recent letter to the editor, says:—"I have put more time in this essay than any I have ever contributed to a review." It is in truth a wonderful paper, dealing with the personal experiences of M. Flammarion, Victor Hugo, Victorine Sardou, and other master minds in their investigations of psychic phenomena, during the past twenty years. The great astronomer appears at his best in this remarkable contribution; he sounds the profoundest depths, and dwells at length on the problem of immortality.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN.— The evidences of the pulpit becoming aroused on the subject of social purity are multiplying daily. Recently, Rev. H. A. Adams, Rector of St. Paul's Church, in Buffalo, N. Y., preached a series of sermons, remarkable for their fearless exposure of masculine immorality in his own city. Mr. Adams' sermons were at once brave, startling, and wonderfully suggestive. On the 15th of March, the *Age Herald*, of Birmingham, Ala., published an address delivered the day before, by Rabbi Ullman on "Our Present Social Conditions." The learned Rabbi spoke at length on Helen Gardener's story, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" and on Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward." He seems to regard these two remarkable novels as epoch-marking works. His tribute to Helen Gardener and her book was particularly noteworthy; like the gifted novelist, he feels that one of the greatest curses of this age is the double standard of morality, which "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" reveals in such a startling manner. He urged all his congregation to carefully peruse the story. The *Eagle*, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, on March 23d, gives an account of a discourse at the Unitarian Church, by the Rev. Mila F. Tupper, on "*Is This Your Son, My Lord?*" from which we make the following extracts:—

The sons of the story, Fred Harmon and Preston Mansfield, were the victims of parents who were imbued with false ideas and motives. These parents were, in turn, the product of prevalent standards among the people. So that to the question, "Is This Your Son?" every one of us must give an answer, for we all help to make the environment of the young men of our time. The book gives us courage, for it shows more of good men than bad, and Harvey Ball is an example of what the higher standards in many circles have effected. It shows even a Preston Mansfield aroused to a noble despair through contact with pure souls who believed in him.

How can society free itself from blood-guiltiness for such sins? By ceasing to wrong manhood in expecting less of it than of womanhood. A growing class of men are coming to resent the public sentiment which denies them the power to stand upon as high a plane as their sisters.

We do not ask that the same condemnation be heaped upon men that has crushed women in the past. Such harshness and bitter inhumanity has too long denied the example of Jesus toward the erring woman. We do not ask that society double its sin in this way. But that it aid man as it has woman to keep high and clean by unwavering faith in the essential nobleness and purity of his nature.

Men may help to change this standard more than women, by being so pure themselves that their unconscious influence will give the lie to the low standard; by conscious influence and counsel which may be widely helpful if one is on the alert for opportunities; by demanding that in conversation the presence of gentlemen be respected as well as the presence of ladies; by trying to create a sense of chivalry which shall include all women as well as sisters and personal friends; by demanding that our laws cease to disgrace every citizen by protecting villains from the penalty of crimes against those who are not more than children.

Other ways were given in which all may help. Are these sane laws? Yes, if we are indifferent to the ways in which we may help or hinder. No, if with all our faith we cling to the faith in noble manhood which true men inspire and confidently expect of it a purity high as that which is reverently ascribed to womanhood.

Here we have brave and fearless pleas for an equal standard of morals being uttered in the pulpits of three denominations who differ as widely in religious faith as they are removed from one another in temporal abode. They are voices from the East, the South, and the West. Voices from Orthodoxy, Judaism, and Unitarianism, demanding a higher stand-

ard of morals. Even the daily press is feeling this thrill of moral energy; in a recent issue of the *Rocky Mountain Daily News* of Denver, we find the following note suggested by the paper on "The Froth and the Dregs," in the February ARENA.

No magazine article of recent date has attracted greater interest or wider comment than "The Froth and the Dregs," from the pen of B. O. Flower, the editor of THE ARENA, which appears in the February number of that widely-read periodical

It seems as though not only very thoughtful scientific people, but literary men and women of leisure, as well, were turning their attention to these subjects both in public and in private. This peculiar phase resembles greatly the commentaries of encyclopædists upon high life in the salons of France as compared with the hunger and misery of the many outcasts of poverty at the period preceding the French revolution, and that many of the same social symptoms now exist.

OUR NEXT PSYCHICAL PAPER.— Camille Flammarion's great paper, "The Unknown," will be one of the most valuable contributions made to the psychical literature of our generation. Coming as it does from the foremost French astronomer of the day, it will possess peculiar value. THE ARENA is the first review to give the thoughtful magazine readers a strong series of papers from thinkers of recognized ability and world-wide fame, on the psychical phenomenon, which is every year attracting more and more the consideration of leading scholars. Alfred Russell Wallace, Camille Flammarion Richard Hodgson, LL. D., Rev. Minot J. Savage, are names well known in science and literature; all have given great study to the subject. They write as only specialists can write.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR OF RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.— The paper on Russia of To-day by Prof. Emil Blum, in this issue of THE ARENA, is peculiarly valuable, coming as it does from a native Russian who, after his Austrian education, became the head of an important educational school in Odessa. No writer is better able to render a faithful picture of Russia and her peculiar institutions than Dr. Blum. And the fact is noteworthy that while he is now an exile, owing to his being educated in Austria and serving in the Austrian army, he treats the subject in an eminently impartial or judicial spirit. Dr. Blum, born in Odessa, 1856, removed with his Austrian parents at an early age to Austria; studied at the Gymnasium (Latin school) in Prague from 1864 to 1872; went to University to Vienna, graduated 1876, and obtained the degree as Ph. D. in 1877. Having served in the Austrian artillery the obligatory one year while studying at the University,— as is permitted there,— entered the army in the rank of second lieutenant as teacher of German literature, in the Military Academy of Vienna, in 1877; was selected to follow as orderly of General Baron v. Buol to study the then pending Russian-Turkish war in the headquarters of Osman Pasha; was present at the siege of Plevna. In 1878 participated actively in the suppression of the Bosnian insurrection, received a decoration, and was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. Made a tour of the world from 1879 to '81 as private tutor of Prince Poninski. Established in 1882 a college for boys and girls in Odessa, which flourished until 1890, when it had to be disbanded, owing to Dr. Blum having received notification from the Russian government that, being an alien, he must leave at once.

OUR PICTURES OF THIS MONTH.— The frontispiece this month is an exact reproduction of Mr. Savage's latest and best photograph. No picture has ever been made which can compare with this as an accurate representation of the strong, thoughtful face of the great Unitarian divine. Julian Hawthorne and Professor Isaac's pictures also are most admirable and from recent photographs. THE ARENA is the only great review which gives, from month to month, full-page portraits of the leading thinkers of the age.

TWO ADMIRABLE BOOKS.—In our literary bulletin will be found an advertisement of Rev. Minot J. Savage's delightful story entitled "Bluffton." Pure, whole-

some, and fascinating is this novel,—a love-story, and a sermon. All persons who enjoy the able essays contributed from time to time by Mr. Savage should have this charming story in their library. Another work which our readers will enjoy, is "Almost Persuaded," also mentioned in our Literary Bulletin. It, too, preaches a powerful sermon, but in such a manner that those who read the opening chapters will find it difficult to lay the work down until they have reached the last page.

OUR STORY.— We regret to state that a delightful story by Hamlin Garland, entitled "A Prairie Heroine," is unavoidably crowded out this month. We have, however, published the interesting and instructive paper on "The Malungeon Tree and Its Branches," which with Mr. Powell's fine criticism of Thomas Jefferson in a measure takes the place for one month of this popular feature of THE ARENA. After this issue, a story will appear in each issue from the pen of a leading author.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.— Last month we published a critical essay on Alexander Hamilton from the scholarly pen of the well-known scientific author, E. P. Powell. This month we give from the same contributor a paper of great interest on Thomas Jefferson. The valuable contribution belongs to our series of papers on popular leaders, past and present. In this series a paper will shortly appear on James G. Blaine, prepared by Charles J. Noyes, for many years speaker of the House of Representatives in the Masachusetts Legislature.

THE NO-NAME PAPERS.— A great number of persons voted correctly on our "No-Name" paper in March. The author is the Rev. Minot J. Savage. The first correct vote was from Mrs. Jennie Fuller, of Waterville, Me., who will receive THE ARENA for the ensuing year free. All others who have sent in correct guesses will receive the May ARENA free. No votes will be received after the 25th of April for the correct guess for the "No-Name" paper in April ARENA, as the index of this number gives the author's name. A number of correct guesses have already been received. Our "No-Name" paper, "At a Patriarchs' Ball," in this issue, offers another opportunity for discerning readers to receive THE ARENA free.

SOCIAL PURITY.— The *Philanthropist* published by Mr. A. M. Powell, of New York, refers to our editorials in the February ARENA in the following language:

"*The Arena*, for February, has editorials upon 'Masculine Immorality,' 'The Age of Consent,' and 'More Facts and What They Reveal," which deal very vigorously and thoroughly with the general subject of social purity, in its several aspects, and make a powerful plea for an equal standard of morality for men and women. Referring to the shocking moral delinquencies of men, it affirms that: 'The ethical standard for man must be raised, or the degradation of women will follow.' It presents in a striking light, the gross immorality, and the cruel injustice of the 'age of consent' legislation, as it at present exists in most of the States, and it would have the age of legal protection for girlhood raised to at least eighteen years in all. In another number, with more space at our command, we shall hope to share extracts from these most encouraging articles with the readers of THE PHILANTHROPIST."

In referring to the papers in recent issues of THE ARENA, *Contemporary Review*, *North American*, and Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews The Philanthropist* observes that:

"It is noteworthy and significant that the Social Purity Movement is latterly being powerfully reinforced by the advocacy of sundry representative periodicals."

THE DEATH OF MRS. BUCHANAN.— Since our last issue a great affliction has overtaken one of the most valued contributors to THE ARENA — Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan, whose wife passed from this life on Thursday, March 26th. Mrs. Buchanan was one of the most beautiful spirits I have ever had the good fortune to meet. The spiritual side of her nature was wonderfully developed. She was one of the finest psychometric readers that this century has produced. She was one of those rare natures who seemed

to carry the atmosphere of harmony wherever she went; refined, cultured, and sympathetic, she attracted all whose fortune it was to meet her. It is needless to say the blow falls with great severity upon my venerable friend. Seldom, if ever, have I known a married life to be more truly and ideally a union of souls. Yet the affliction came not unexpectedly, though until the stroke of paralysis, which came a few hours before her death, she was reasonably well; so well, in fact, that the day preceding the stroke, she went to the market. Yet for many months the Professor has been cognizant of the coming blow. Many have been the expressions of profound sympathy received from all parts of the land by Professor Buchanan. The following extract from a poem written by one, who for many years has been an intimate friend of Doctor Buchanan, depicts in beautiful phraseology the worth of Mrs. Buchanan:

Silent the lute of divine-tempered clay,
Broken the mirror, celestially given.
Give place, O Philosophy! grief must have way
Ere the heart can look into heaven.

Grief for a space, then the calm inner eye
May follow unfaltering the free spirit's flight;
Still feeling its presence potentially nigh,
When lost in ineffable light.

Better the world for such well-bestowed life,
Closer the harmony sent from the spheres
Cometh to regions where warring is rife,
And bigotry curseth the years.

"Broken," O seeress — vain word! 'twas release
To thy wonderful gifts from mortality's clod;
They live in the rapturous music of peace
And widening vision of God.

OUR BOOK CHAT THIS MONTH.—I trust every reader of THE ARENA will carefully peruse our Book Chat this month, as it contains a Harvard student's criticism of Helen Gardener's celebrated novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" and the author's reply. As this reply answers many questions that are constantly being asked, it will, I believe, prove a valuable contribution to the general agitation now going on in the interest of honest thought and a higher ethical standard.

AN ATTRACTIVE PAPER FROM MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.—The celebrated traveller and author, Amelia Edwards, has prepared a charming autobiographic sketch entitled "At Home," describing her habits of life, her home, methods of study, books, pictures, etc. This important paper will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA, and will be read with great interest by Miss Edwards' host of admirers.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF FRANCE.—Mr. Theodore Stanton, for some time the Paris representative of the New York Associated Press, has improved the splendid opportunity offered him to carefully and impartially study France of to-day and the probable future of this wonderful nation. He has prepared for THE ARENA a paper embodying his views, which will be of special interest in that they come from the pen of a thoughtful writer, whose facilities are unexcelled for a thorough knowledge of his subject, while his mind is free from the bias that would naturally color the writing of a Frenchman. Mr. Stanton's paper is entitled "Some Weak Spots in the French Republic."

IMPORTANT PAPERS ON THE SWISS REPUBLIC.— W. D. McCrackan, whose paper in the March ARENA on the Swiss Referendum attracted general notice in America and Europe for its clear and concise presentation of the subject, has recently returned from Switzerland where he has been personally studying the life, customs, and government of this unique republic. We have completed arrangement with Mr. McCrackan for a series of papers which will appear in early issues of THE ARENA, on "The Peculiar Features of Swiss Government," believing that a better knowledge of the truest republic that exists, will prove of special value to us.

DR. CHAPIN'S PAPER.—The thoughtful paper in this month's ARENA from the scholarly pen of Dr. Henry D. Chapin, of New York, will be read with interest by those who are in sympathy with true religion and the duties which we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves.

A Graceful Tribute to "Lessons Learned from Other Lives."—The *Rocky Mountain Daily News*, of Denver, Colorado, in its issue of March 29, pays the following graceful tribute to "Lessons Learned from Other Lives":

The Arena Publishing Company, of Boston has recently issued an attractive volume entitled "Lessons Learned from Other Lives." Mr. B. O. Flower, the well-known editor of *The Arena*, has given us under this name a number of brief historiettes, illustrative of different phases of character. Mr. Flower modestly dedicates his work more especially to the young, but the admirable style, the terseness, and keen analysis of these character sketches will recommend them to all classes of readers. Biography should be especially interesting, but not every one has the ability to render it so. Mr. Flower has this happy faculty to an unusual extent. His essays are equal to his editorials, and more cannot be said.

Dr. Blum's Position on Russia, Seconded by a Leading Hebrew of St. Petersburg.—A very interesting paper appeared in the New York *Herald* of April 7, entitled "The Jews in Russia." As we are just going to press, it is impossible to give an extended notice, but it is a significant fact, that one of the leading Jews in St. Petersburg who was interviewed, expressed an opinion of Russia that exactly coincides with the striking paper by Dr. Emil Blum in this issue of The Arena. The article closes with the following paragraph.

All the armed combinations of Europe cannot hold back the mighty force of Russia, nor can the Stepniaks, nor Kennans, nor others who have thus far had their swing, deter the Czar from his dignified policy of governing Russia for the interests of the Russians and not for the interests of Great Britain nor any other political foe.

Everybody outside of Russia had received their ideas of Russian prisons from men like Kennan and Stepniak and from the London *Times* until the Prison Congress met here last year and smashed the idea of torture cells, starvation, and underground dungeons beyond all hope of resurrection.

Abusing Russia is a paying thing for lecturers, authors, and politicians unless somebody happens to investigate the facts.

Is Socialism Desirable?—In an early issue of The Arena, my editorial "Is Socialism Desirable?" will be answered by one of the best thinkers among our New England Socialists. While feeling it my right to freely express my views, I also hold it is equally my duty to allow those who do not agree with me to be heard. In this way alone will truth triumph.

OUR FUND FOR RELIEVING DESTITUTION AMONG THE DESERVING POOR.

LAST month I made an appeal in behalf of those who are suffering through uninvited poverty in our midst. I tried to show that a solemn duty rests upon each and every one to aid in relieving this want, while the great agitation is going on which will eventuate in measures calculated to abolish at least a large per cent. of the uninvited poverty from our shores. As this is written only six days after the April ARENA has been mailed, and less than five days since it has been placed on sale, I have not had time to hear from many. However, already we have a substantial beginning to our fund. As will be seen elsewhere I propose shortly to publish an article describing the slums of Boston as I have found them from personal investigation. I will publish several pictures made from flash-light photographs, which will convey in a measure the actual condition of hundreds of families in Boston to-day. Once again I wish to press home the thought that we owe it to ourselves as well as our fellowmen to aid the suffering.

No soul which is permeated with selfishness can blossom forth in beauty. It is a fact as inexorable as the law of life that the highest pleasures come only to those who cultivate the loftiest virtues, not from selfish motives but because it is right and because we desire to approach the noblest ideals that haunt the soul.

As I explained last month, every cent contributed will be acknowledged in this department of THE ARENA, and every three months we will publish a full statement of the disbursement made by those to whom the funds are entrusted. As I also stated last month this money will be disbursed by those who are known to be noble, unselfish, and strictly honest, and who are devoting their lives to relieving the misery of the very poor, and bringing them into a higher and purer atmosphere. As far as possible I will personally co-operate with those who disburse the money, but beyond this not a cent will be expended for any other purpose than that for which it is paid, namely: relieving the suffering of the destitute and helping them into a better life. By publishing quarterly a full account of the disbursement of all sums subscribed, every donor will be acquainted with the expenditure of every cent of the money and will thus readily see it is not thrown away or spent for salaries, public meetings, or any other purpose than that for which it has been given. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged. I believe that each reader of THE ARENA can give something, if it is only fifty cents, and that sum, small as it may seem, will do much good, used judiciously in homes where starvation and abject destitution prevail. Will not each reader do something? I do not ask you to cripple yourselves, but I think all can do something, be it ever so small, without feeling it. To give an idea of the character of the work being done, I will cite two illustrations of the application of a small portion of our fund. (1.) On a recent tour through the slums of the North End of this city, in company with the Rev. Walter J. Swaffield and his assistant, the Rev. English (two noble, self-sacrificing men who have charge of the Bethel Mission and are giving their lives for the cause of humanity), I visited a wretched tenement which I will describe fully at another time. Suffice it to say that on the floor lay a fine-looking man, who for two years had been paralyzed in his lower limbs and unable to sit up. The floor was his only resting-place. He and his wife are temperate; the wife manages to make enough to keep body and soul together, for her husband, two children, and herself, with her needle, although she suffers much with rheumatism in her hands. A portion of the money subscribed has been used to procure a comfortable bed for this poor man and in many other ways add to the comfort of this struggling household. (2.) In an attic up four flights we found

a poor woman bending over a little cradle where lay a little child frightfully emaciated. The poor mother was behind with her rent and in great terror lest she should be evicted while her child was in this critical condition. And thus while she rocked and petted the child the tears ran down her furrowed face, while her fingers were busily engaged in making pants. The rent was paid and a great load lifted from the poor woman's heart. These are typical cases showing how a little money properly expended brightens life, lightens the terrible load, saves life and untold agony. To do this noble work while we continue to agitate and appeal to the conscience of our people; to ameliorate the condition of those who are in the depths, while we are aiding in bringing about the great social and economic revolution which will reduce poverty to a minimum, is our simple duty. To shirk it, is to dwarf our own souls, close the door against our higher self and banish the elusive afflatus which seeks to lead us up to a higher and holier plane of existence. Besides the money mentioned below as contributed to our fund, one friend of THE ARENA, who lives in a neighboring State, through our agitation of this subject forwarded one hundred and twenty-five dollars to Mr. Swaffield to relieve the very poor. As stated above, every three months we will publish a statement of disbursements showing where every dollar goes.

Money already subscribed and paid into THE ARENA fund:

Mrs. R. T. Reed, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	$100.00
A friend in Philadelphia	55.00
Mrs. M. L. Jackson, Philadelphia	10.00
Gertrude Binley, Boston (little girl eight years old, who made this amount teaching dancing and painting)	3.00
W. R. Hale, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
A. F. Jewett, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Mass.	5.00
Editor of ARENA	100.00
A friend in Livingstone, Montana	2.00
	$281.00

This, with the amount previously given by persons who were led to contribute through THE ARENA agitation, equals $281 + $125 + $5 or a total of $411. Of course it is only a beginning. The work demands much more money. Every dollar will be conscientiously spent in relieving actual suffering. Not a penny will be promiscuously expended or given in such a way that it may be used for drink or other purposes than relieving, adding to the comfort, and enlarging the vision of hope in those lives over which broods a cruel adverse fate. I ask our readers in the name of humanity, in the name of the great brotherhood below, to aid this work even if it is only with a mite.

BOOK CHAT.

HELEN GARDENER'S NOVEL CRITICIZED BY A HARVARD STUDENT.

[Many critics of Helen Gardener's novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" have questioned the truth of her portrayal of college life, saying in substance: "If there is foundation for such a work there should be prompt and persistent agitation, but it cannot be true." Others have boldly asserted that no woman could intelligently write on the themes discussed, that the portrayal was false. These persons, we may suppose, would fight all efforts to repeal the infamous age of consent laws. Still a third class have said, we know only too well the truth of the portrayal, but what is to be done? In view of these conflicting opinions the following paper by a Harvard student and Helen Gardener's reply, will prove both interesting and instructive. A great moral revolt is taking place. The best and purest people of the age are taking up the questions of a higher morality in a brave and noble manner.]

When a leader in the world's progress raises his voice in solicitous protest against the wrongs and follies of wornout dogmatism and superstition, and asks its worshipping slaves to shake the shackles from their limbs and fall into the ranks of progress, their answer is sure to be: "What have you to give us in place of that which you ask us to throw away? You ask us to cast off these golden chains, — our cherished inheritance from the dead past; of what more precious metal are those you have to offer us forged? You ask us to cast down our idols; what gods have you got to set up in their stead?"

When a religious reformer of to-day asks us to emancipate ourselves from the bondage of the past, he does not need to offer a new tyranny to replace the old. The purpose of the theological reformer of to-day is not to make new gods, but to pull down false ones; his purpose is not to forge new chains for our struggling conscience, but to strike off those we have inherited from a cruel age. Doctrine and creed might be swept to oblivion to-day, and nobody would miss it to-morrow.

But when a social reformer exclaims against established social relations, as for instance, that existing between the sexes, then we have a right to demand of that reformer what substitute he has to offer. There must be some relations established between the sexes. We may annihilate a creed — a thousand of them, but we cannot annihilate nature. You would have us abandon a social condition; what condition would you have us adopt in its stead? You have discovered a disease and you tell us to get rid of it. Very well. What remedy do you propose? A condition like that so ably attacked by Helen Gardener in "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is not one that can be laid down at the first note of alarm; it is one that is bound up in the very root and fibre of our civilization. The fair and gifted authoress of that somewhat singular book has taken considerable pains to hold up before us pictures that we are sick of beholding in their hideous reality,— realities that are continually forcing themselves on us in every-day life. We grow weary of witnessing the weaknesses of our fellows, and we grow sick at sight of the awful penalties inflicted by relentless nature on the hapless victims. We turn to seek consolation where we have a right to expect to find it. Hark! A trump is sounded, and we turn hopefully in the direction of the note, and find that someone has just discovered what the world is sick of beholding, and is anxious to make it known. No one will ever remove a social wrong by keeping it before the eyes of its victims. The physician who spends his time in holding up the disease in its most hideous aspects before the gaze of its victims will do but little towards effecting a cure.

Everybody knows that such evils as those presented in "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" exist. We do not need to be reminded of them. Helen Gardener, in common with most writers on the subject, seems to make the mistake of supposing that the evil of which the young "hero" is guilty at his first appearance on the stage, is always the result of ignorance, — which is very often true, but by no means always; there are young men, — and I can point out numbers of them here in college, — who are gliding down the dark current in that hell-bound boat, knowing well enough where it is bearing them, but they have not the power to get out of it; they shrink

from following their companions in what they believe to be the injury and degradation of the other sex, and still nature hounds them on, and what are they to do? As an able critic in the January ARENA asks, "Must they perish?" or what may be worse under our present state, "get married?" There seems to be two destinies marked out by society for the youth with life and vigor in his fibres and blood in his veins: the insane asylum on the one hand, and moral and physical degradation on the other.

Another fallacy that seems to be shared by most writers on this subject, is the idea that the young man is always the tempter, and never the tempted. How about the young man that Solomon saw through his casement, and that we see to-day "passing along the street near her corner?" But then, poor fellow, his temptation was too great for him, and we must throw a mantle of charity over him; and none are so ready to shield him as they of the gentler sex themselves; but let one of their own sex fall in the hour of temptation, and it is they who are foremost in branding her damned.

Helen Gardener's characters are real; they are such as may be seen any day by any one who is awake to the condition of our social institutions, — albeit they are drawn without the art of the novelist. Her acting, so far as truth is concerned is faultless, if it does show lack of dramatic power. And here let me suggest to those whose delicate feelings are hurt by this "horrible book," and who condemn it because such things are "simply horribly impossible," that it might be well for them to take the trouble of glancing at the realities of which the book is but a mild reflection before passing judgment so severe on efforts that are honest as they are fearless.

The purpose of our authoress is good and her pictures of social institutions are true pictures, even if she does lack that rare quality which alone can give to a work its literary value, — and why should a social reformer care for literary fame. But is such a book necessary? Is it worth the effort that it cost to put it forth? I am speaking, of course, entirely from a reformatory standpoint. Would not the writer's time and talents be much better devoted to advocating some measures of reform? It seems to me that there is too much tendency among those who take it upon themselves to be leaders in reformatory movements, to follow in each other's footsteps. It was discovered long ago that our marriage system is a curse to civilization, and the marital problem was raised; and yet somebody is continually discovering the fact, but no attempt is being made to solve the problem. I think it would be well for those who desire to work for the betterment of society to devote their time and abilities to the search for some remedy that will purge it of those filthy diseases that are putrefying in its very core, or leave it to those who are able to discuss the natural causes of such conditions.

Helen Gardener unfortunately mixes up social, religious, and political problems in a way that is somewhat bewildering; she evidently makes the mistake, so common amongst writers of to-day, of supposing that social and religious conditions are in some way bound up with each other and inseparable. She continually shifts from the main purpose of the work to the minor consideration of religion: and one of her critics complains that she has reserved all her virtues for her "agnostic" heroes. Are we, then, to recognize creed in dealing with the social problem? Such petulance we might expect from a girl, but it is scarce worthy of a popular educator and leader in advanced thought. GEO. GORDON, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

THE AUTHOR'S REPLY.

It is always a pleasure to meet frank, sincere criticism, and to supplement one's own work where it has fallen short of satisfying those who have read with an awakened hope which failed of fulfilment. The spirit with which the college men have accepted the story "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" has been so fair and earnest that I am confirmed in the belief that the younger men are not only ready for

such a book, but that they are ready for the work in a sociological field that is only fenced off or staked out — if one may use the frontier expression — by such works as this.

The official organ or magazine of the senior class at Princeton, after reviewing the book says: "We ask ourselves not, is it your son; but Is it I? Is it I?" My present critic — a Harvard man — says: "We all know that this condition exists — that far worse is true." And his complaint is that I have presented facts that are already familiar, while he and his fellows have looked vainly to me to offer the solution of the sociological problems involved.

Many others have written to me in the same spirit and with the same demand.

I have said before for the benefit of those who doubted my facts, that this novel was not written as history, although every material point in it is based upon fact. I may here add for those who assume that the facts are too familiar to need to be stated at all, that this novel was not written as a sociological treatise; but it did hope to suggest one basic theory, which, to my mind, is the foundation stone upon which sociological development must be founded before it may hope to become either stable or steadily progressive.

My young critic assumes that all men are so entirely freed from what he calls "the wrongs and follies of worn-out dogmas and superstitions" that it is quite useless to have disturbed the printer's press to handle such bits of theological discussion or suggestion as I have presented. To those of us who recall or who read the history of the past — even within twenty years — with its bitter denunciation of those who publicly questioned what was called orthodox religious beliefs, the calm assumption of this younger generation is not only a marvellous revelation of the power of a free press and free speech, but it measures the distance we have travelled from the old standards and beliefs and mental attitudes (for good or ill, according to the point of view we take) in the past decade.

I shall not respond, therefore, to this phase of his criticism, because, to my mind, in a country with several millions of people who firmly believe in the dogmas he so easily waves aside, there is still reason to present what I believe to be the higher and firmer claims of natural or scientific morality as against revealed or (so-called) Christian or religious morality.

However plain it may appear to my Harvard critic that natural, scientific morality or ethics are superior to and more stable than those which are claimed as revealed, I am quite sure that the company which stands with him is yet far from embracing even all of the present youth of the country. Therefore, I shall simply allow my ethical and religious arguments to stand where they are, and beg my Harvard critic to believe that there are many yet living to whom such will seem not only not self evident (as they do to him) but to whom they come with a distinct shock of surprise and revelation.

But my critic insists that my readers had a right to expect from me the solution and not merely the presentation of the tangled sex question — the relations of man and woman. He says — just what I assumed to be true — that the younger men (many of them) are unwilling to travel the old road, and they have found no new one. That is exactly the point I tried to illustrate in the person of Preston Mansfield. The new manhood, with an enlightened ethical sense of justice, an appreciation of the woman for some deeper reason than for her form and face, with a contempt for an alliance (called marriage) which carried with it no mental comradeship and no reciprocal sense of honor and integrity, is reaching out after a solution that shall bring not only comradeship and confidence into marriage, but which shall enable both parties to the contract to be self-respecting, free, frank, and mutually contented human beings.

It is not only the educated young women who despise that form of immolation formerly called marriage, in which a woman was taught to sink all individuality, and become the mere tool and plaything or drudge of her husband, which had its poetic

illustration in "He for God—she for God in him." No less true is it that the awakened young manhood of the world demands that it be allowed to keep its manhood in its relation to wife and daughter.

The younger men do not wish to own their wives. They do not wish to marry women willing to be owned. They are dissatisfied with the social system that places them in a position that is dishonoring to themselves and disgraceful to their sisters.

They are early pushed, by the old order of things, into acts and thoughts which throw a shadow over their later years.

They are humiliated by their own past, when in the presence of a true and honest love.

This new sensitiveness does not touch the old order of thinkers. They were not humiliated in their own eyes because they deceived those they loved. They were and are quite willing to demand more of honor, goodness, and purity than they are willing to give.

They are not hurt by their own duplicity. They cannot conceive of a nobility of soul which scorns to accept a loyalty and honor which it cannot return.

They do not shrink from using power brutally—from demanding the pound of flesh from woman in exchange for spurious coin of the realm.

But to the younger generation of men the old outlook is impossible, and so the cry goes forth, "Give us a remedy! What is the panacea?"

My Harvard critic says:—

"A condition like that so ably attacked by Helen Gardener in 'Is This Your Son, My Lord?' is not one that can be laid down at the first note of alarm; it is one that is bound up in the very root and fibre of our civilization."

. . . . . .

"There are young men—and I can point out numbers of them here in college—who are gliding down the dark current in that hell-bound boat, knowing well enough where it is bearing them, but they have not the power to get out of it; they shrink from following their companions in what they believe to be the injury and degradation of the other sex, and still nature hounds them on, and what are they to do? As an able critic in the January ARENA asks: 'Must they perish?' or what may be worse under our present state, 'get married.'"

. . . . . .

"Helen Gardener's characters are real; they are such as may be seen any day by anyone who is awake to the condition of our social institutions—albeit they are drawn without the art of the novelist. Her acting, so far as truth is concerned, is faultless."

. . . . . .

"It might be well for them to take the trouble of glancing at the realities of which the book is but a mild reflection, before passing judgment."

My critic here answers himself. It is because there are many persons who still insist that "such things are simply horribly impossible" that it became necessary to place such facts before the world in a form to reach those who not only say (but, alas! *believe*) that they are impossible. The perfidy of those who say this (knowing better) and the ignorance of those who believe it are the bulwarks behind which lurks all the danger. The ignorance of too many good people, and the mendacity of those who profit by such ignorance, have been sustained by the policy of silence and the mock modesty of pretence, until the younger men are able to say: "*The facts here stated are but a mild reflection of the realities of every-day life!*"

Yet my critic asks, "Is it worth the effort that it took to put it forth?" "Would not the writer's time and talent be much better devoted to advocating some measures of reform?".

The writer of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" believes most sincerely that no measure of reform on this subject will be in order *until people generally understand that the condition exists.* And when she says people generally, she means women as well as men. She believes very little indeed in moral or ethical specifics. But her faith is deep and abiding in the efficacy of free, frank, earnest, honest discussion. She believes that no human being is able to give a remedy that will cure all such social ills. But she also believes that the first step toward the cure of a disease is

to know that you need a remedy. She believes, too, that so long as this condition is "woven in the root and fibre of our present civilization" that he who would pretend to offer a "ready relief" would be a charlatan or a bigot.

It has taken the human race a long time to arrive at its present complicated state of semi-barbarism (ordinarily called civilization). It has come thus far on one leg. Hopping along, falling down, stumbling, it has come. It has used but one eye and but one hand. It has, alas, used but one side of its brain. Under the circumstances it has done well to get so far as it has.

Man has believed, and has made woman believe that she could neither see, think, nor walk, except directly behind him in his shadow. This has been done partly in ignorant egotism and partly in mistaken tenderness. The writer of this book believes that the day has come for the bandage to be taken from the eyes of the other half of the race, that the step may no longer be the lock step, but that man and woman shall travel side by side, and together devise ways and means to surmount the obstacles in the path.

The part of this book to which my young critic chiefly refers, did aim to indicate what I believe the first and basic step toward a remedy of the terrible evils of which he speaks so feelingly.

When a double standard of morals for men and women is no longer upheld, when one sex is not dependent upon the other for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, when both halves of the human race stand equal before the law, in opportunity, liberty, and independence; when a great college like Harvard is ashamed to offer to young girls the meagre crumbs of education flung to them as an "Annex" while spreading the wealth of its intellectual table before their brothers, when the mothers of the race eat at the first table, she believes that these great problems will solve themselves — not in a day; not because she or any one else prescribes *the* remedy, but because the combined interest, intelligence, and love of men and women will solve them one by one as they arise. My critic demands of me individually that which I do not believe the combined wisdom of men will ever accomplish — that which I firmly believe it requires the combined wisdom, justice, and love of both sexes to meet with success. One-half of the race has been diseased in its egotism and in its masculinity. Nothing better illustrates this fact than my critic's remark about "the insane asylum and moral and physical degradation," and the naive remedy suggested by him and by another able and older critic, — "early marriage." The time has past when woman is content to be looked upon (whether in or out of marriage), as either a medical remedy or a reformatory. "Early marriage" from the point of view here intended is surely no solution of the problem. It is simply a moral anæsthetic for one sex and one generation while it leaves the descendants of such a man even more hopelessly the inheritor of an abnormal condition.

Suppose I illustrate.

A man has a taste for whiskey, he craves it constantly. He inherits the craving from a liquor-diseased father and grandfather. He is ashamed and afraid of his malady. He wishes to check or cure it. He therefore applies for a license to own a private still, where he may stimulate his appetite legally on his own premises, and inside the law. If he stays at home he will not have to either buy his dissipation nor be arrested for disorderly conduct; but has he solved the problem? Has he not simply farther degraded himself, and (if he have children) legally intensified the sad inheritance he hoped to eliminate?

Oh, no, surely it is plain to see that "early marriage," from this point of view, does but intensify and make legal a condition of social and ethical civilization which is enfeebling the race and making sex maniacs. And just here I may be permitted to remark, that there are many who believe that the social condition which has led even good men to look at "early marriage" as a remedy for the ills referred to by my Harvard critic, is the very root of the evil, — that the sons of such men are no less likely to be candidates for "moral and mental degradation or the lunatic

asylum" than are the sons of those who took a less legal but no less dangerous view of the malady and its remedy. My critic is kind enough to say that he had a right to expect a solution of the problems raised in "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" from me.

I can but repeat that I do not assume to be wiser than all men and that I believe it will require the combined wisdom of all men and women working on an equal footing in the sociological questions of the race to untangle the social snarl.

I believe it will take patience and time. It will require all the brain, all the love of the race to solve a problem so profound and to devise a (not *the*) remedy for the most deep-seated ills and wrongs of mankind.

Perhaps it will not be out of place here for me to sincerely thank, not only my young Harvard critic for the tone and earnestness of his paper, but to express my profound gratitude to the Press of the country for the reception it has given the book, and the tone of its reviews and criticisms. I have so far had sent to me the criticisms and reviews in over one hundred of the leading magazines and papers of the country, and in that number there are but six that have treated either my motive or the book with intentional unfairness or discourtesy. Nothing could more beautifully illustrate the fact that fair-minded thinking men are groping along this line of sociological reform for better things in the future, and that they are willing and ready to discuss, and help push along the car of progress toward sex justice and a fair and frank understanding of the field to be cleared and to help devise plans for the new social structure to be erected thereon.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

"A MYSTERY OF NEW ORLEANS," by Dr. W. H. Holcombe, is a charming psychological story published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Thought-transference, hypnotism, and clairvoyance are called into requisition. The story is well told,—at times highly dramatic. It is not a work that will find favor with Spiritualists, as Dr. Holcombe, whom we believe to be a Swedenborgian, dismisses as untenable any hypothesis that depends upon the agency of disembodied spirits to account for extraordinary psychical phenomena.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA," by C. C. Post. F. Schulte & Co., Chicago. Paper, pp. 414, price 50 cents.

"FOOTPRINTS OF THE SAVIOUR," by Rev. Julian K. Smyth. Roberts Bros., Boston. Cloth, pp. 232.

"MONEY," by Emile Zola. Paper, pp. 435, price 50 cents.

"LIVE QUESTIONS," by John P. Altgeld. Donahue & Henneberry, Chicago. Cloth, pp. 320.

"THE CHEVALIER OF PENSIERI-VANI," by Henry B. Fuller. J. G. Cupples & Co., Boston. Paper, pp. 166, price 50 cents.

"THE MISSING SENSE," by C. W. Wooldrifge, M. D. Funk & Wagnall. Cloth, pp. 98, price 60 cents.

"AN ANTI-MORTEM STATEMENT," by E. W. Howe. Globe Publishing Co., Atchison, Kans. Paper, pp. 188, price 50 cents.

"THE DOWNFALL OF A POLITICIAN," by Hon. Bell Eli. J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky. Paper, pp. 216, price 50 cents.

RECENT PRESS COMMENTS.

Mr. B. O. Flower has founded a new review which is bound to become very successful, even by the side of its two great American rivals, The Forum and the North American Review. More liberal in its ways than its two elders, it opens its columns to opinions the most diverse and the most advanced which have been emitted upon all social questions of the day in the New World as well as in the Old. Its collaborators are among the most distinguished men of the land.— Revue Sociale and Politique, Brussells, Belgium.

The March number of The Arena continues in the gratifying trend marked out by its predecessors and stands the equal, if not the superior, of any contemporaneous publication as an exemplar of all that is best in American magazines. Its development has been truly remarkable and its success as truly deserved.— Sunday Press, Albany, N. Y.

The success of The Arena has no parallel in the history of high-class monthlies. No one who cares to follow our ablest thinkers in the treatment of vital current problems can afford to be without this newest of practical publications.— Daily News, Denver, Col.

How one enjoys a walk along broad, well-shaded avenues after he has been plodding through sidewalkless lanes, narrow and crooked. It is just the same measure of relief that is felt by the new reader of The Arena, after wading through the bigotries of two past decades. B. O. Flower, the able editor, has a fearless and honest pen himself, but is broad minded enough to allow others to differ from him.— Western Banner, Kansas City, Mo.

The Arena for March is a capital number. This magazine aims to keep abreast with modern thought and popularize the conclusions of the topmost minds.— Church Bells, Dubuque, Iowa.

The Arena for March is an arena where brave and courtly knights give battle in defence of what they believe worthy subjects of careful thought. All is manly and above board, no unfair advantage is taken, but the fight is none the less hot on that account. For those who care to know of the problems with which modern thought is interesting itself there is no monthly so rich in interest and suggestions as The Arena. To mention but one in the March number, Rev. Howard MacQueary's paper on "Shelley, The Skeptic," outlining as it does the answer which scientific theology is giving to the great problems of life and fate, will claim the eager attention of all earnest minds, not only for the broad and catholic spirit in which it is written, but also for the hope which it offers that the war, falsely so called, between religion and science promises to be at an end. Editor Flower has a corps of our very best writers and he keeps them writing on topics of profound interest. The result is the new Boston magazine is a power in the land and is growing in influence with every number.— Democrat, Laconia, N. H.

This Popular Review comes to us, this issue fairly loaded down with a literary feast. Its contributors are some of the brightest and most original thinkers of the age. Not to buy and read it each month is to miss an intellectual treat.— Record, New Britain, Ct.

The Arena is fast taking the leading place in the discussion of all the wonders of the closing years of our century.— Daily Times, Hartford, Conn.

This issue of The Arena is at once rich in variety and strong in its presentations of great fundamental problems which are agitating the popular mind at the present time.— Daily Farmer, Bridgeport, Ct.

This issue of The Arena is at once rich in variety and strong in its presentations of great fundamental problems, which are agitating the popular mind at the present time. No magazine of the present age is in such perfect touch with progressive and reformative thought as this review.— Times, Danville, Va.

The Arena is as bold and incisive as ever. It delivers its message in such a manner that men must hear, and it shuns no moral or social problem. It is the magazine for thoughtful readers.— Educational Courant, Louisville, Ky.

We are sure that one who has once made the acquaintance of The Arena will never again miss a number ; the subjects discussed in it and the writers who enliven its pages are sufficient to explain the phenomenal success it has achieved in the comparatively short time of its existence. May The Arena continue to prosper ! — Jewish Voice, St. Louis, Mo.

The Arena takes advanced ground, treats its subjects from advanced standpoints, and fearlessly and vigorously attacks existing evils in its editorial department. It's a magazine abreast of the times.— Times, St. Paul.

The April number of The Arena is brim full of thoughts evolved from the brain of the ablest modern writers. The variety and nature of the subjects discussed furnishes a feast of reason even better than that which the readers of this leading magazine have been taught by education to expect with each successive issue. This magazine occupies a field entirely its own, and is open to the free and fair discussion of every social, political, and ethical subject that comes up for solution. It has attracted to it many of our greatest modern thinkers and literary artists, and consequently is enjoying a phenomenal success.— Daily Sentinel, Alton, Ill.

The Arena for March contains a remarkably varied and inviting table of contents. The contributors also are marked by deep thought, and represent a reflex of the best ideas of the day, both among liberal and conservative thinkers. There is no secret in the success won by The Arena : it is successful because it deserves to be.— Daily Journal, Milford, Mass.

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